THE XMAS

ROYAL

6D.

Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

No. 26. Vol. V.—December, 1900.

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BANISH ILL-HEALTH.

WHEN SPOTS
WILL RISE
BEFORE
YOUR EYES
'TIS TIME TO TAKE

BEECHAM'S PILLS

BODLEIAN
22·11·1900
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'Oh! ever thus from Childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well
And love me, it would pass away.'

—MOORE.

ACCIDENTAL INDIGESTION.

BEFORE AND AFTER THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

THE BLESSINGS OF THE POOR, NOT THE RICH!

'HEALTH *and* LONG LIFE *are usually blessings of the poor, not of the rich, and the* FRUITS OF TEMPERANCE *rather than* LUXURY AND EXCESS. *If a rich man does not in many things live like a poor man; if he does not* EXERCISE, *which is but* VOLUNTARY LABOUR; *if he does not restrain appetite by choice, as the other does by necessity, he will certainly be the* WORSE FOR HIS RICHES.'—*Sir W. TEMPLE.*

CHRISTMAS EVE!

POWER OF LOVE.

As time rolls his ceaseless course, Christmas after Christmas comes round, and we find our joys and sorrows left behind; so we build up the beings that we are.

WHAT MAKES A HAPPY CHRISTMAS?

HEALTH AND THE THINGS WE LOVE, AND THOSE WHO LOVE US.

What higher aim can man attain, than conquest over human pain?

Every Travelling Trunk and Household ought to contain a Bottle of

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved, literally, from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

THE POWER THAT CANNOT DIE.

'There's dew for the floweret, and honey for the bee,
There are bowers for the wild bird, and love 'tween you and me.

There's care that will not leave us, and pain that will not flee,
But on our hearth unaltered sits love 'tween you and me.'

***THE FESTIVE SEASON.*—HOW TO ENJOY GOOD FOOD** which otherwise disorders the digestive organs, causing bilious headaches, and impure blood, use **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,'** a simple remedy for **preventing and curing** by **natural means** all Functional derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet—eating or drinking—Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Constipation, Thirst, Skin Eruptions, Feverish Cold, Throat Affections, and Fevers of all kinds.

"I HAVE served for more than a quarter of a century with my regiment in the West Indies and on the West Coast of Africa, and have constantly used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have always found it of the utmost use, especially during the Ashantee War, under Sir Garnet Wolseley. I have been through several epidemics of yellow fever during my military career, but have never had an attack. This I attribute to the use of 'FRUIT SALT,' which I strongly recommend, more especially to those living or travelling in tropical countries."—(Signed) ————, Captain Retired Pay, West India Regt., Spanish Town, Jamaica, 9th April, 1900.

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on any DISORDERED and FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—*See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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TASTEFUL, ECONOMICAL TEN-GUINEA SUITES.

This Bedroom Suite consists of Wardrobe, 3ft. 6in. wide and over 6ft. high, with large full-length highly-polished mirror with bevelled edges, carved panels; the inside is lined and fitted with swivel hooks and a very large drawer comes underneath. The Dressing Table is fitted with a beautiful large bevelled mirror, and has in addition 2 jewel drawers, 2 small drawers, and 2 extra large ones. The Washstand is fitted with a fine Sicilian marble slab, 2 double rows of artistic tiles at back, pedestal cupboard underneath, while at side is attached a towel rail. 2 Cane-seated Chairs are also supplied with the Suite. This Bedroom Suite can be supplied in either American Black or Satin Walnut, Mahogany or Oak, and is solid throughout, every article being well polished by hand labour. Price, delivered free to any part of the United Kingdom, 10 Guineas Cash or on our instalment plan, 1 Guinea Cash with order and 10 monthly payments of 1 Guinea each, or 21 monthly payments of Half-a-Guinea. In ordering, please say wood required.

EACH SUITE
£10 10s.
CARRIAGE PAID
to any Railway Stn
in the Kingdom.

CASH
or
CREDIT
as preferred.

Our special Parlour or Dining Room Suite consists of Couch, Lady's and Gent's, and 4 Small Chairs. In Solid Oak, Walnut, or Mahogany; soundly constructed and luxuriously upholstered in the best Imperial Saddlebags richly embossed figured Velvet, or Crockett's best quality Leather Cloth, the backs of both large and small Chairs being padded with the same material. The quality of the coverings and of the stuffing is such that with ordinary wear and tear the suite should last a lifetime. Price, delivered free to any part of the United Kingdom, 10 Guineas Cash, or on our instalment plan of a Guinea Cash with order and 10 monthly payments of 1 Guinea each, or 21 monthly payments of Half-a-Guinea. In ordering, please state the wood and colours of coverings preferred. Extra Small Chairs can be supplied at 1 Guinea each. Every article is spring-seated.

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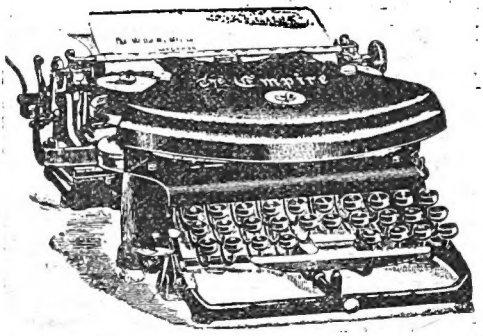
FOR
MODERN METHODS.



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HAS COMPLETE VISIBLE WRITING.

A reliable Writing Machine at a fair price. Thousands in use throughout the Kingdom.

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£20
Hairdressers' Shops Fitted. Estimates free.

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Tobacconists' Outfitting Co. (*Regd.*)
186, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON.
N.B.—The largest and original house. (A reputation of over half a century.)
Manager—HY. MYERS.

HAVE YOU TRIED KEATING'S LOZENGES FOR YOUR COUGH?

ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU "there is no better Cough Medicine."—One gives relief: if you suffer from cough try them but once: they *will* cure, and they *will not* injure your health; an increasing sale of over 80 years is a certain test of their value. Sold in 1½d. tins.

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and Head Noises relieved by using
WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE EAR DRUMS.

Drum in position.

A new scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are safe, comfortable, and invisible; have no wire or string attachment.

Write for Pamphlet. Mention this Magazine.

WILSON EAR-DRUM CO.
D. H. WILSON, 11, Newington Road, EDINBURGH

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Tortoise-shell Mixture

Mild with Silver Shield.
Medium Strength Green Shield.

Sold Everywhere.

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YOU CAN BUY CHEAPER BOOTS THAN

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but you will not get the same comfort in wear and ease in walking. The men who are getting the most comfort in foot wear and feeling better shod than ever before are wearing our

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Boots. By our method laces are dispensed with, the boot being simply fastened by a strap as shown in the illustration. This enables you to put them on as quickly as elastic sides, and the strap supports the ankle.

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PRICES 12/6, 14/6, & upwards. Postage **6d.** extra British Isles; 2/- Europe; 3/6 Colonies.

London Address–35 Norfolk St. Strand, W.C.
Where Catalogues may be had, and measurements taken for Boots.

BOOTS MADE FROM CUSTOMERS OWN LASTS.
Write for Illustrated Catalogue (free) to

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KIRKSTALL ROAD, LEEDS.

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Addressed to

EVERYBODY EVERYWHERE

A Handsome Volume of nearly 200 pages adorned with over 3000 beautiful engravings will be sent you **Absolutely Free of all Charge**; all you need to do is to send us a postcard and ask for

H. SAMUEL'S BARGAIN BOOK

the most wonderful work of its kind ever issued. It is as interesting as a novel and enables you to save nearly 50 per cent. It is crammed full of **SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS**, Handsome Gold and Silver Watches, Bewitching Diamonds, Charming Jewellery, Plate, Cutlery, &c., all at **Wholesale Prices.**

MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS SAVED.

No. 1.

21/-

Lady's Solid Silver Watch, keyless action, jewelled, richly ornamented dial. Five years' warranty. **21/-**

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

A Month's Free Trial Allowed

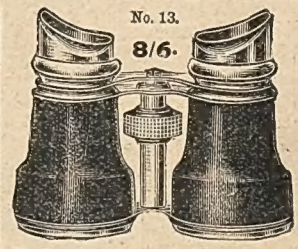
with all Goods. Don't omit to **Write To-Day!**

SOLID GOLD BROOCH, Government Stamped, **8/6.**

No. 6—**8/6.**

BONUS REWARDS to Purchasers.

No. 13. **8/6.**



Handsome PAIR of OPERA GLASSES. Wonderful Value. **8/6.**

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Lady's 18ct. GEM RING, set with 3 real Diamonds, **17/6.**

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Five Stone DIAMOND RING, half-hoop, Set in 18ct. Gold Mount, **45/-.**

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Handsome 15ct. Gold BROOCH. Government stamped, Set with 5 real Diamonds, **30/-**

Lady's Real Gold Watch, jewelled movement, key winding, richly engraved case, white or gilt dial, **35/-**

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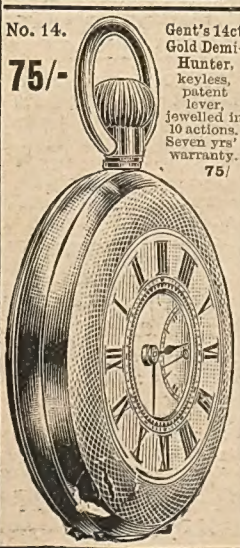
A CHARMING AND ACCEPTABLE PRESENT.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

No. 14. **75/-**

Gent's 14ct Gold Demi-Hunter, keyless, patent lever, jewelled in 10 actions. Seven yrs' warranty. **75/**



H. Samuel's "Acme" Lever Watch, in solid Silver case, all latest improvements, fully jewelled, removable cap. Seven years' warranty. **25/-**

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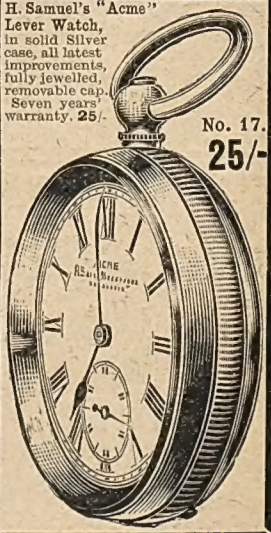

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contains full particulars of the **Grand Distribution of Bonus Gifts to Purchasers**. Ten lists of Presents to select from are enclosed.

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FOR THIS MARVELLOUS VOLUME.

H. SAMUEL (Dept. 39.)

95, 97, 99, 101, 33, 89, & 121, Market Street, MANCHESTER.

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UNDER THE ROYAL PATRONAGE OF

H.M. THE QUEEN OF GREECE.

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE OF GREECE.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SPARTA.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF SPARTA.

H.R.H. PRINCESS HOHENLOHE.

H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.

(*High Commissioner of Crete*), &c., &c.

EDWARDS'

"HARLENE" FOR THE HAIR.

THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER & RESTORER

The Finest Dressing Specially Prepared and Delicately Perfumed.

A Luxury and a Necessity to Every Modern Toilet.

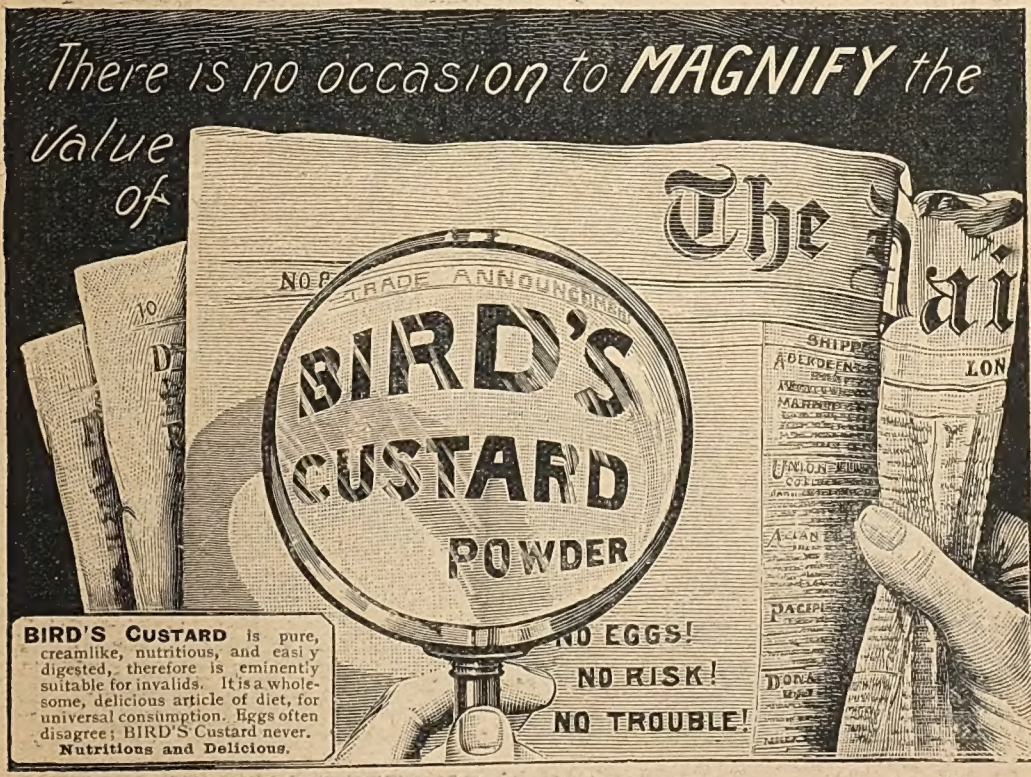
"HARLENE"

Produces Luxuriant Hair. Prevents its Falling Off or Turning Grey. Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache. The Renowned Remedy for Baldness. For Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair Beautifully Soft; for Removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c., also for restoring Grey Hair to its Original Colour.

Full Description and Directions for Use in 20 Languages supplied with every Bottle.

1s., 2s. 6d., and (3 times 2s. 6d. size) **4s. 6d.** per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all over the World; or sent direct on receipt of P.O.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 & 96, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.


There is no occasion to MAGNIFY the value of
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BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER
NO EGGS!
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BIRD'S CUSTARD is pure, creamlike, nutritious, and easily digested, therefore is eminently suitable for invalids. It is a wholesome, delicious article of diet, for universal consumption. Eggs often disagree; BIRD'S Custard never.
Nutritious and Delicious.

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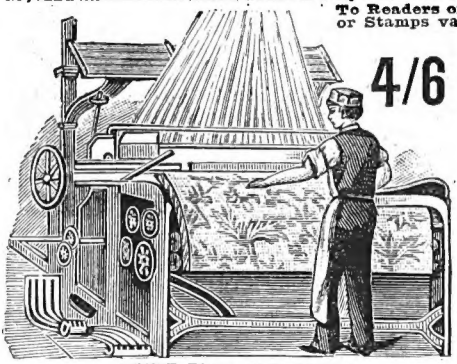
1900 PROCLAMATION.

"OH, YES! REVENUES FROM ECONOMY ARE ENORMOUS."

THE RICHEST PROVISION in **KNOWLEDGE** made **ABSOLUTELY EASY** for the **ACCUMULATION** of this **INCOME.** Write to Messrs. F. HODGSON & SONS, Carpet Manufacturers, of the City of Leeds, who will provide you with full information, posting you free (if, when writing, you mention ROYAL MAGAZINE, Dec., 1900) a large, amazingly interesting, valuable, instructive, and detailed illustrated "Autumn" Reduction Catalogue, showing you what you can save, what to buy, and where to buy Carpets, Mats, and Hearthrugs of every manufacture, including Wilton, Plush, Brussels, Velvet, Antique, Foreign, and Furs, also **QUEEN'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD, PRUDENTIAL, ECLIPSE,** and **ALARM CARPETS** and **HEARTHRUGS** (Regd.) Also Blankets, Curtains, Sheetings, Linoleums, Overmantels, &c., and a thousand other articles wanted in every household. (Copyright.)



DIRECT FROM THE LOOM.

4/6

To Readers of "Royal Magazine," Dec., 1900, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps value 4/6 (Regd.), we will send you the **Largest Genuine Reversible Carpet in Brussels Finish, with Rug,** ever sold at the Price direct from the Looms to any address on receipt of amount. Suitable for drawing room, dining room, bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in Brussels Patterns, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. **Thousands of these Carpets have been already sold at double these prices.**

SPECIAL OFFER.—2 CARPETS and 2 RUGS, 8s.

REAL BRUSSELETTE CARPETS

Admittedly the Marvel of the Age.

Woven and Reversible, rich Brussels and Turkey patterns and Colourings, superior quality, with handsome border to match. A Marvel of Excellence and Beauty. These Carpets are superb imitations of Real Brussels, and, except by the closest scrutiny, the difference cannot be detected.

6 ft. by 6 ft.	2/11 each	REDUCED SALE PRICES.	10½ft. by 12 ft.	11/6 each
6 ft. by 7½ft.	3/11 "		9 ft. by 15 ft.	12/6 "
6 ft. by 9 ft.	4/9 "		12 ft. by 12 ft.	12/9 "
7½ft. by 9 ft.	5/11 "		12 ft. by 13½ft.	14/6 "
9 ft. by 9 ft.	7/6 "		12 ft. by 15 ft.	15/9 "
9 ft. by 10½ft.	8/6 "		12 ft. by 18 ft.	19/6 "
9 ft. by 12 ft.	9/6 "		12 ft. by 21 ft.	22/6 "

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

A Reversible "Brusselette" Hearthrug (Regd.) to match above-Carpets, sent for 1/6 extra, size 2yds. long and 1yd. wide. **SPECIAL OFFER.**—3 Hearthrugs for 4/3, or 6 for 8/-. Sterling Value. CHEQUES AND P.O.'s PAYABLE TO

F. HODGSON & SONS, Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants, **WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.**

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STICKS EVERYTHING

You can have a Sample free on application.

Sticks new or old ware. Invaluable to the Joiner, the Photographer, the Fret Worker, and the professional and amateur in all manufactures. Sticks even iron and textiles.

Tubes, 6d. each, everywhere.

M'CAW, STEVENSON & ORR, Ltd.,
BELFAST.
29, Cannon Street, LONDON.
12, Renfield Street, GLASGOW.
7, John Bright St., BIRMINGHAM.

BOBS: These Two Leaves will never come out again

[28

HIGHLAND WHISKY

WHETHER you are a novice or a connoisseur, you may send here for Scotch Whisky with a feeling of perfect safety, as no misrepresentation, no adulteration, and no substitution is tolerated. Those who are considered the best judges proclaim my blends to be super-excellent. Suppose you try and pass judgment on their judgment.

Buying Scotch Whisky direct from the Blender saves you all intermediate profits, and I sell large or small quantities of the finest Whiskies at prices the ordinary dealer would pay his wholesaler.

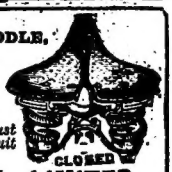
Your next order sent here will show you how much better my blends are than the ordinary.

All goods are sent carriage paid, and cash must accompany all orders. Booklet on "Whisky and Prices" post free. NO AGENTS.

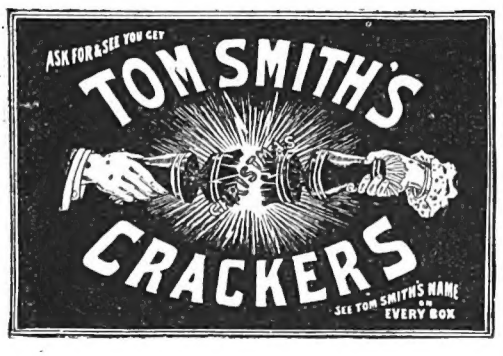
	1 Bot.	6 Bots.	12 Bots.
Old Vatted Whisky	3/3	18/-	35/-
Old Vatted Highland Whisky ...	3/6	20/-	39/-
Old Liqueur Scotch Whisky ...	3/9	21/6	41/-
Extra Special Liqueur Whisky ...	4/3	25/-	48/-

ROBERT WILSON, Scotch Whisky Blender
(R. Dept.), LOCHEE, SCOTLAND.

No. 055
ADJUSTABLE SADDLE,
15/- each.
OF ALL AGENTS OR DIRECT.
The rider may adjust the width of seat to suit himself.



MARTINS - BIRMINGHAM, LIMITED.



THIS IS THE SHOE YOU WANT.

SEE TESTIMONIAL BELOW!!

Made with strong Plaited Jute Soles, which will last much longer than leather, with ordinary wear. Comfortable, healthful, noiseless.

MR. WILLIN, Central Station Restaurant, Manchester, writes (22/5/00): "Feet never seem to get tired in them. They are non-conductors of both heat and cold, and are most comfortable."

Enclose length walking shoe. Prices post free.

Colour—White, Brown, or Black.	Chldrn's.	Ladies'.	Gnt's.
A. Plain Shoes (without strapping) ...	1/6	1/9	2/-
D. Superior Canvas (as per Illustration)	—	2/6	2/9
E. Velvet Uppers (Black)	—	3/-	3/3
Felt Slippers, best quality (Black) ...	1/-	1/3	1/6
Leather-soled Shoes (Superior)	3/6	4/-	4/9
Rubber Shoes (White, Black, or Brown)	—	3/-	3/6
Red Rubber (Brown Canvas)	—	—	5/6

Off Three Pairs at one time we allow 2d. per pair.

N.B.—Post free United Kingdom, abroad extra, single pairs or any quantity. Trade and shipping terms on application.

PATENT CANVAS SHOE CO., 95B, Bath-st., Glasgow.

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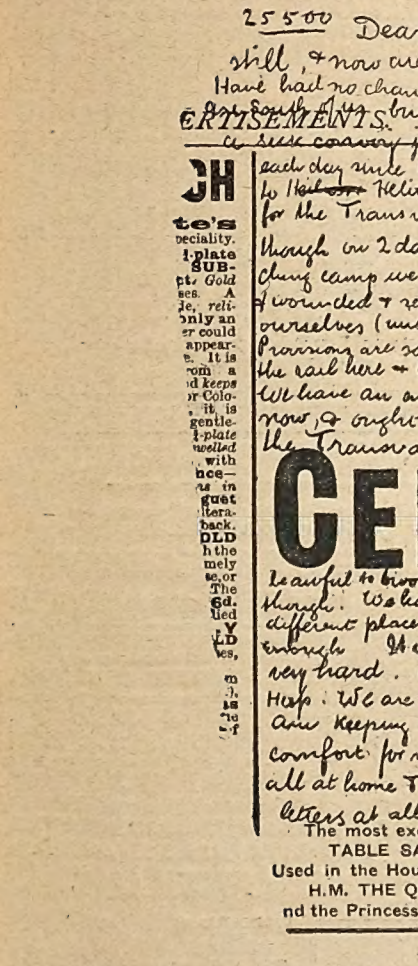
A LETTER

FROM THE FRONT.

The ONLY notepaper available near VAAL RIVER being the "**CEREBOS SALT**" advertisement torn from the "Strand Magazine."


25500 Dear Amy - We are on the march still, & now are near Vaal River, abt 16 miles south. Have had no chance of posting since Brandfort as Boers are south of us, but I will try to send this through. We have marched each day quite leaving Bronkorst Spruit, through Kroonstad to Heliobron & we are now making tracks for the Transvaal. We do about 15/20 miles daily though on 2 days we did 31 & 28. Each night on reaching camp we have to pitch a few tents for the sick & wounded & see them all right before we turn in ourselves (under the waggons or in the open air). Provisions are scarce as the Boers have quite destroyed the rail here & the road is only passable for large forces. We have an enormous strength with this army now, & ought to have no difficulty in getting up the Transvaal. The weather is beautiful about is very fortunate as it would be awful to bivouac in the wet. The nights are cold though. We have now had 19 days sleeping in a different place each night & most of us have had enough. It is wonderfully interesting work though very hard. Have had some nasty wounds in Hosp. We are very eger to reach Pretoria. Am keeping well. My big boots are a great comfort for marching in. Give my best love to all at home & Saltash. Of course we have recd no letters at all lately. Whose you last from Brandfort I hope you will get both that & this letter all right excuse notepaper. Best love from Edwin

CEREBOS

The most exquisite TABLE SALT. Used in the Household of H.M. THE QUEEN and the Princess of Wales.

(REPRODUCED BY PHOTO-ZINCOGRAPHY.)

CEREBOS TABLE SALT

is always "at the front" in Good-class Houses.

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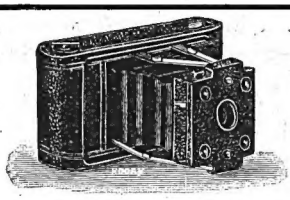
AN ACCEPTABLE XMAS GIFT.



Price £2 10s.

NO DARK ROOM IS NEEDED FOR CHANGING THE FILMS.

The No. 1A FOLDING POCKET KODAK.

The New Kodak gives a picture 4¼in. × 2½in., yet is extremely light and compact. It opens and closes with one rapid simple movement. An eminently suitable camera for ladies, cyclists, and tourists. Write for fully illustrated leaflet, post free.

Grand Prix, Paris Exhibition, 1900.

KODAKS FROM 5s. TO £7 7s. OD.

Of all photographic dealers, or of . . .

KODAK Ltd., 43, Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.

RETAIL BRANCHES:—60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford Street, W.; 171-173, Regent Street, W.; 59, Brompton Road, W. Also at 96, Bold Street, Liverpool, and 72-74, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

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ABSOLUTELY FREE

HANDSOMELY MOUNTED SILVER (HALL-MARKED)

UMBRELLA

(Lady's or Gent's, at your option) to all purchasers, in order to better advertise our

"CHALLENGE" OVERCOATS.

To Measure. **21/-** Carriage Paid.

Send for Patterns and Self-Measurement Form **FREE.**

The Overcoats are made with or without Velvet Collars in Grey, Black, Blue, or Brown, and are Marvels of Value.

HENOCHSBERG & ELLIS,

The Gold Medal Tailors,

UNIVERSITY HOUSE, ISLINGTON, LIVERPOOL.

(Please mention this Magazine.)

CHARACTER IS DESTINY.

Full particulars as to the Casting of Horoscopes may be had from the Editor of

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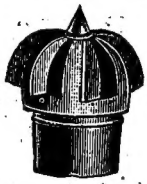

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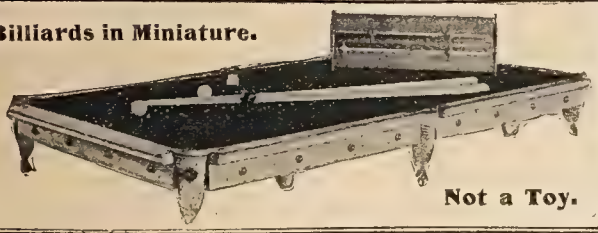

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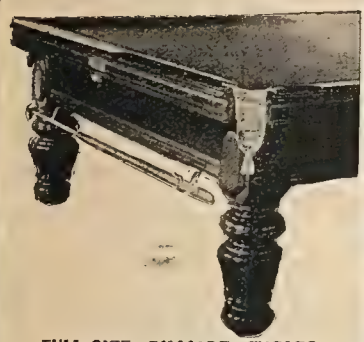

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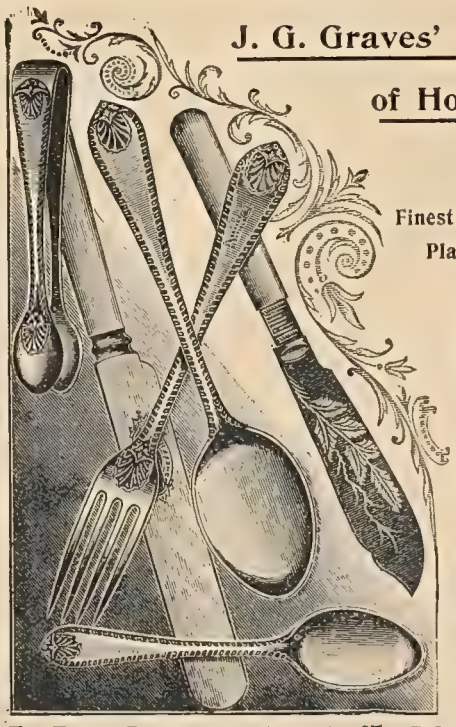

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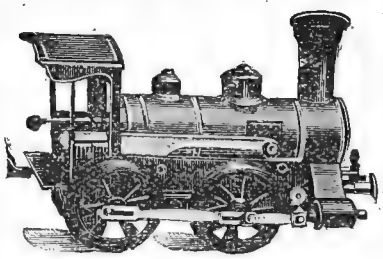

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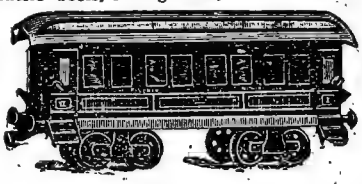

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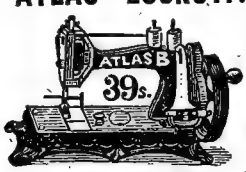

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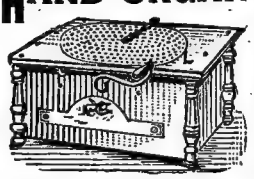

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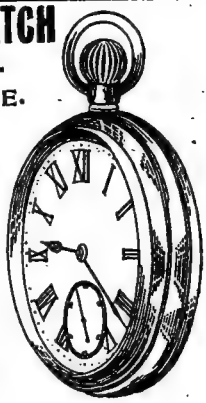

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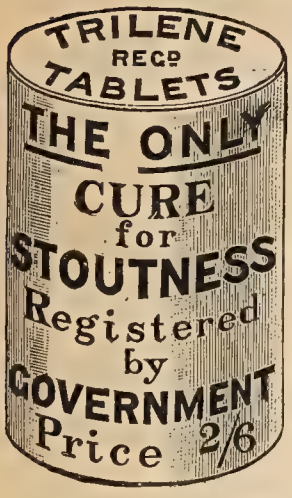

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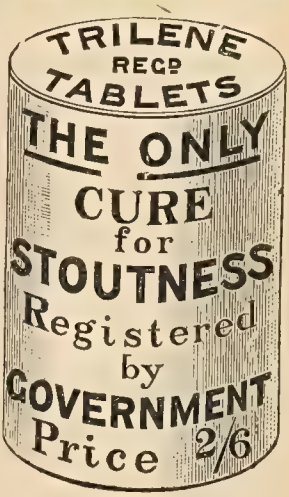

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Mrs. Drew, of 1, Bellevue Gardens, The Nursery, Devizes, writes: "I took Tablets some years ago; they soon reduced me, and I have not got stout since. Send a box for my mother."

Miss Northledge, The Laurels, Riseholme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced me 1st., so that I am cured."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Darnley Smith, of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct, 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests, I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.

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Mr. William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

"77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.

"GENTLEMEN,—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 21lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me. "(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**"

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G. A. Gale, Esq., of Bothenhampton, Bridport, says: "Tablets most beneficial, and greatly reduced my weight. I feel better generally."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Alexander, of 102, Dixon Street, New Swindon, says: "They have reduced me 2st.; in fact I am quite cured."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. James Smith, of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12lb."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

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Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

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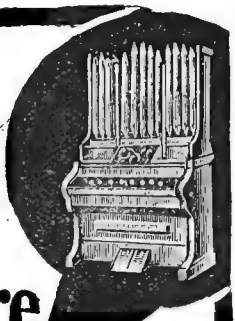

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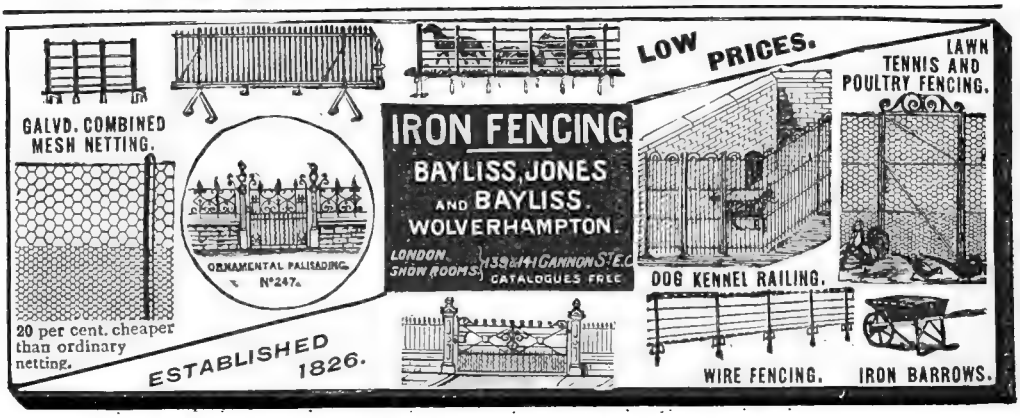

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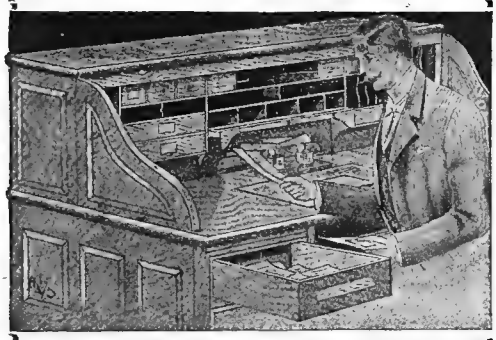

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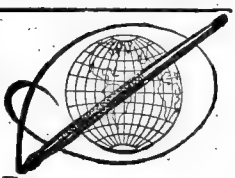

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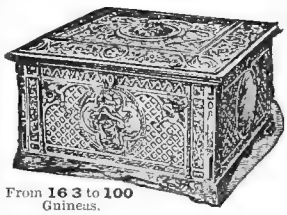

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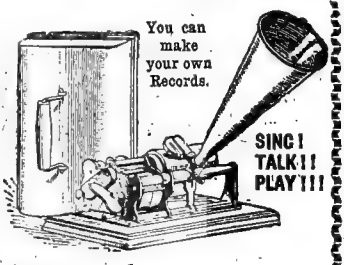

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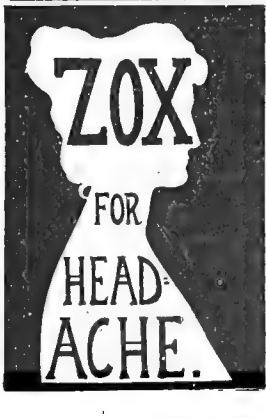

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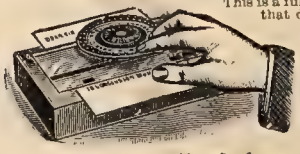

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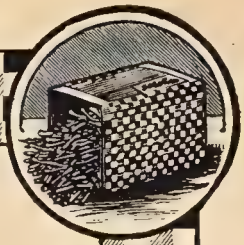

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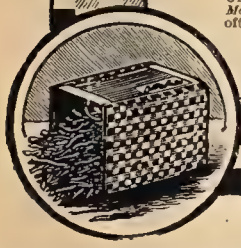

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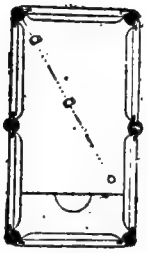

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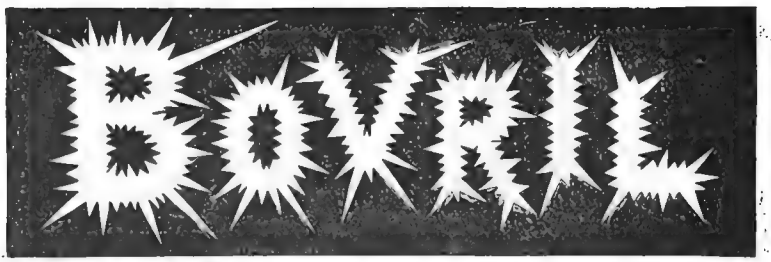

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Photo by Madame Lallo Charles.

"Who would believe a maid demure as she
Were skilled in every wile and witchery?"—*Anon.*

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Photo by Madame Lallie Charles.

"The longed-for day has come at last
When he and I shall meet again!"—*Arnold Greenwood*.

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Photo by Lafayette.

"She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies" —*Byron.*

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Photo by Madame Lallie Charles

"Now as she smiles she seems a summer rose,
Yet sweeter far than any earthly flower."—*Robert Greene.*

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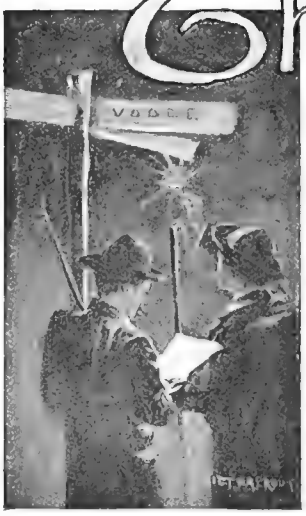

The Twisted Sign-Post.

By J. H. Shaye.

The traveller threw down his evening paper with a look of intense disgust upon his face.

"The people who do that sort of thing ought to be given a week on the treadmill!" he exclaimed.

One or two of us turned round in our chairs, and the journalist, being seriously overworked, said petulantly:

"Now who's been doing what to whom?"

The traveller took up the paper again and read the paragraph out to us. It told of some person who had lost his way on Dartmoor and had been found the next morning almost frozen to death. A sign-post on the outskirts of the moor had been twisted round so that it gave entirely wrong directions to the different places. The path which was pointed out as going to the village in reality took the pedestrian to the moorland. As a thick mist was over the country side the misdirection proved both dangerous and uncomfortable.

"And the paper heads that 'A Practical Joke,'" said the traveller.

"What else would you call it?" said someone. "It was foolish, of course, but I don't suppose the person who turned the sign-post did so maliciously, or with any other thought than a somewhat crude sense of humour."

The traveller looked at the speaker pityingly and then grunted.

"Did I ever tell you——?" he began.

"No," said we all in unison. "But we're quite ready to hear." The traveller smiled, and then drawing his chair nearer to us, told us the following incident.

* * * * *

No one would concede more readily than I that Norway is a country whose beautiful scenery it would be indeed difficult to surpass or equal. Tourists who go there in June or early July return delighted with the country and its inhabitants. But for myself—and I have visited Norway in all seasons—there is no time of the year so delightful as the last week or two of April when the mountains present their glorious snow and glaciers to the climber. About twelve years ago Deston and I took our holiday together, and spent it in Norway. Deston, you may remember, had a Government appointment as a scientific analyst, and had to fit in his time of absence with the holidays of his superiors. Both of us were fair mountaineers, and we had planned out for ourselves an enjoyable little tour, comprising the ascent of one or two peaks of more than average difficulty.

Suffice it to say, then, that our tour was in every way a success. We crossed over from Hamburg to Christiania, and then by coasting steamer and stolkjaere made our way from place to place. We got a little shooting, some fishing, and as much mountain climbing as the most ardent member of the Alpine Club could desire. It was not, however, until two days before we proposed to commence our return journey that the incident which you have asked me to relate occurred.

Accompanied by a guide, we had made that day the ascent of the Kirke Mountain, so called from its church-like shape. The whole day had been taken up in the climb and the descent, and as it had included two or three stretches of "chimney" work, by the time we reached the valley again darkness was on the land, and we were thoroughly tired. The guide

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directed us on our way to Vodde, the village we were bound for, and after we had paid him his couple of kroner, he left us.

Tramping along the road, our ice-axes and ropes on our shoulders, Deston and I talked over the day's work.

"Quite the best climb we have had so far," said Deston; "and our guide was much more reliable than the Norse generally are."

"Did you think so?" I answered, somewhat surprised. "For myself I was not very favourably taken with the man. Indeed, up one of the 'chimneys' he gave such a jerk at the rope from above that if I had not got a firm hold of a piece of rock with my hand the two of us would have been down. A more silent and morose creature I have never met."

Deston laughed.

"That always annoys you," replied he. "You get no opportunity of airing your small stock of the Norse language, and so of scoring off me."

After ten minutes' walk we came to the dividing of the road, one path going due east, the other inclining to the north. We stopped to consider which to take, and consulted our maps for that purpose, striking matches meanwhile to study them by. Unfortunately they lent us but slight assistance, as only one path was marked. I held to the opinion that the path to be taken was the one leading east. Deston, on the other hand, decided very strongly for the northern road. As though to solve our difficulty, I noticed a moment later a three-handed sign-post, which, being in the shade of a tree, had escaped our attention. Going up to it I read the names on the arms, and then gave a satisfied chuckle.

"Just as I told you, Deston!" I exclaimed in a tone of mock superiority. "As usual, I am right."

Deston smiled, and went up to the sign-post.

"Yes, it corroborates your opinion," he said, after examining it, "but for all that—for all that—Vodde should be due north of this, and my compass makes that finger point due east. I still hold to my opinion."

"Of all obstinate, red-tape-bound officials," I declared, "you're the worst? It's a case of compass v. sign-board, and I back the latter."

"And I the former," said my companion.

We laughed heartily over our discussion.

"There's only one way to decide it, then," I said. "You take your road and I'll take mine. Vodde is only a mile further on, so that in either case the one who is wrong can

The girl, who held a small lamp in her hand, looked at me curiously for a moment or two.

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easily join the other by striking across country. Are you agreeable?"

"Certainly," replied Deston, "I've the courage of my convictions."

Closing our argument in this manner therefore, and with a little lively chaff we separated and walked sturdily along the respective paths we had chosen. The moon came out from behind the clouds at that moment and lighted up the surrounding country. All about me was a stretch of wild moorland, plenteously covered with gorse, heather and shrub. In the distance I saw the sparkling waters of a small tarn, and to my delight after ten minutes walking I espied in the distance lights glimmering faintly but steadily ahead.

"Ah!" I thought to myself, "I shall soon have Mr. Deston retracing his steps."

When I came up to the lights, however, I found they proceeded from the merest hamlet of a place. At the most there were a couple of houses, one of which looked more like an outhouse than a dwelling-place. Knowing, however, that it requires the fewest of cottages to make a Norwegian village and that they often straggle over half a mile of ground, I walked up to the more imposing looking building and knocked at the door. My knock was quickly answered by a young girl. Thereupon I brought my knowledge of the Norse language into play.

"Is this Vodde?" I asked.

The girl, who held a small lamp in her hand, looked at me curiously for a moment or two, and then went back into the passage and called for her mother. A minute later the latter appeared, and I repeated my question.

"Oh, yes, surely," she replied hurriedly. "This is Vodde. Did you want lodgings for the night?"

On my replying that I did she ushered me into the house and closed the door.

I glanced round the place as I entered and was pleased with it. It was of course built entirely of wood, but was as scrupulously clean as the most particular traveller could desire. A lamp lighted up the room into which I was shown and threw a soft, pleasant light over the quaint lithographs which adorned the walls. Over the table was thrown a white cloth, and on this the woman busied herself in preparing for me a solid and substantial meal. I told her to lay a place for a friend of mine whom I expected shortly, thinking to myself delightedly of the mistake Deston had made and of the song of triumph which, on his return, I should be able to sing over him.

Deston, however, did not come for some time, and being more than hungry I had my supper served alone. In every way it was admirable. The reindeer was cooked to a turn, the curious jelly pudding was excellent, and they brought me up from the cellars a bottle of by no means mediocre Hocheimer—a luxury I was quite unprepared for.

While I was eating the woman talked. She spoke, as it seemed to me, in a nervous and constrained voice, and so quickly that it was difficult to understand a half of what she said. I gathered, however, that she was telling me about the country and the different mountains which might attract a mountaineer. Finally, just when I was beginning to be anxious about Deston, and was beginning to wonder, too, if there were no men-folk about the house, I heard a step on the path outside and almost instantaneously a knock at the door. The woman left me to answer the door, and I prepared a sarcastic speech with which to greet Deston.

On the door being opened, however, I soon discovered that it was not my friend. Whoever it was exchanged a few words with the woman, and I heard him say: "Well, are they both here?"

The reply was inaudible but the next moment the two of them entered the room. Imagine my surprise when I found myself confronted by the guide whom I had left but an hour ago at the foot of the mountain.

He greeted me pleasantly and I returned his greeting, adding that I thought he had told me he lived in the neighbouring village from which we had started our climb.

"No, no," he said. "This is my wife and I live here. When I parted from you a short time since, it was merely to get some provisions."

I nodded without feeling quite satisfied with his explanation. It was of the smallest importance, however, so I turned from the subject and began to tell him about Deston and the mistake he had made in the road to Vodde. As I spoke the guide listened attentively, leaning his head on his hands and looking earnestly across the table at me.

"Yes, it is a curious mistake," he said, "and I hardly think he will return here to-night. The way across the moors is difficult to find and far longer than you think."

"But where then is the poor fellow to sleep?" I exclaimed. The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, as for that, he will find a bed easily enough. There is a farm along the road he

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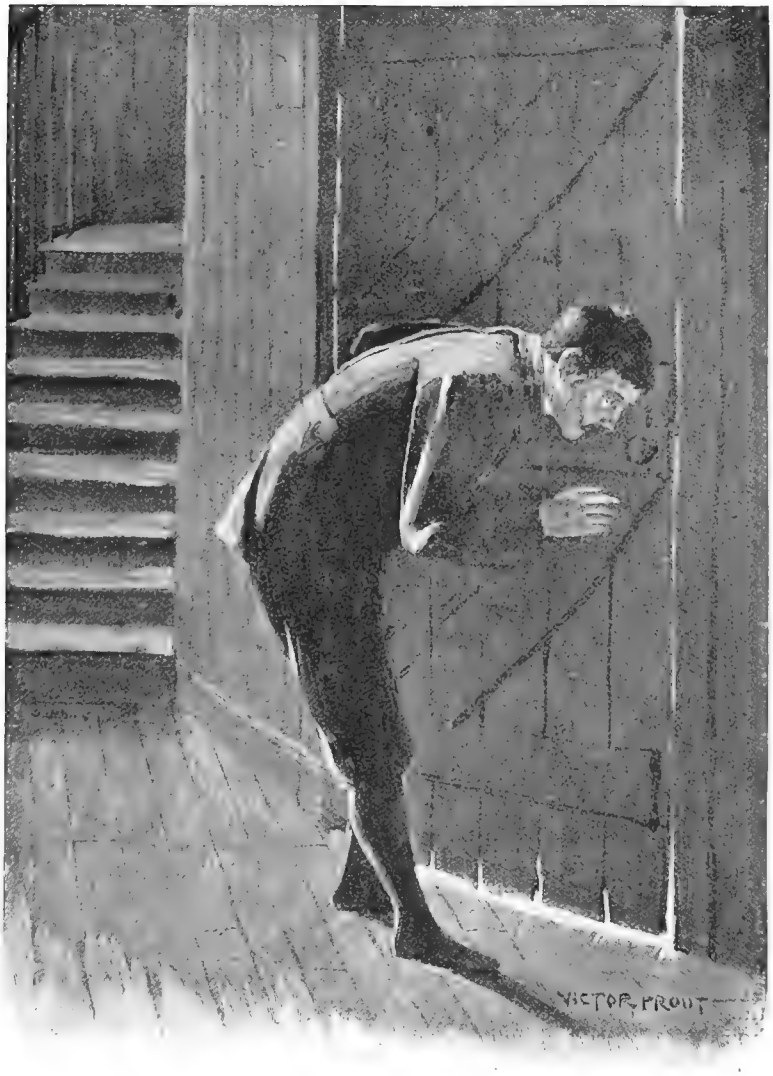
has taken and they will take him in. Do not disturb yourself about that." He smiled curiously, and gave a glance at his wife who was busy stirring up the logs of wood on the hearth.

For the next hour I sat and smoked, waiting in vain for Deston to make his appearance. To be candid, I was beginning to regret that we had not both taken the same path, even though that were the wrong one. I did not like the idea of his possibly being out on the moors looking for me — and then I began to have a vague doubt as to this house in reality being a part of Vodde.

After an hour, however, I rose from my seat and decided to go to my bed. No doubt Deston was comfortably ensconced in his, and, in any case, I could do nothing till the morning. The guide, who had been seated gazing stolidly into the fire, rose when I did and prepared to show me to my room.



Putting my ear, therefore, to the crack, I listened attentively.

"Bring the gentleman his candle," he said to his wife. The woman went to the cupboard, brought one out, and putting it in the holder, gave it to her husband. He looked at it narrowly and then gave an exclamation.

"This is not the one," he said with a frown. "Bring the proper candle. You women have no sense!"

I hastened to protest that one candle was as good as another to me, but he waived my objection aside. One was tallow, the other wax, he said, and he knew gentlemen always preferred the latter.

Somewhat mystified by these proceedings, I followed the man up the stairs, noticing that he carried the candle unlighted, and in his other hand a lamp. The room into which he showed me was small but comfortable looking, and the bed was of the old-fashioned type, which always seems to promise repose and a peaceful night. Lighting my candle, therefore, I bid the man good-night, and prepared for rest.

Hardly had my host gone down the flight of stairs than I was disturbed by a gentle

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knock at the door. Somewhat annoyed, I went to open it, and to my great astonishment found standing in the passage the little girl who had first met me. She was a child of little more than ten or eleven years, and her face bore such a pitiful and anxious expression that I felt inexpressibly sorry for her.

"Well, little one," I said, "what is it you want?"

"I came to tell you," she stammered out nervously, her voice raised hardly above a whisper, "I came to tell you, sir, to be careful. You may be in danger."

Before I had time to answer she had hurried away, and I heard her little feet pattering down the landing to her room. For a moment I thought of following her, but decided not to, and turned again to my room.

A mountaineer is the last person to indulge in an attack of nerves, and I am no more liable to that complaint than others of my kind, but I confess that I began to be from that moment more than suspicious of the place to which I had come, and the people with whom I was associating. In Heaven's name, what was the meaning of the warning the child had just given me? Of whom was I to be careful? Of the man downstairs? True, I did not like his manner, but so far he had done nothing to make me fear him. I heard him and his wife chatting to each other below, and it came into my mind to so far forget my good breeding as to eavesdrop upon them.

Accordingly, a minute later I slipped downstairs in my stocking soles and stationed myself at the door of the room. Except for the sound of the conversation within, the house was quiet. Putting my ear, therefore, to the crack, I listened attentively.

For some time the voices were so low and the speech so quick that I could distinguish nothing that was said. The man, indeed, seemed to be arguing with the woman, and to be insisting on something, but on what it was impossible for me to tell. In a little while they rose from their seats, and I caught the concluding sentence of two of their remarks.

"I tell you, it is perfectly safe," he said. "He suspects nothing."

"Ah, but his friend?" replied the woman.

"His friend will not be here before morning, and by that time the man will be lying safely out on the moor. Go to bed. I will see to it all."

They came towards the door, and as they did so I retreated noiselessly but quickly to my room above, and closed the door behind me.

I was honestly disturbed now. There could be no doubt that the last sentences referred to me. Their meaning, too, was equally clear. I was to be disposed of—in what manner I could not conceive—before Deston returned. I determined that I would show my worthy guide that at any rate to be forewarned was to be forearmed.

In the first place, I decided that I would not for that night divest myself of my clothes. Secondly, I took from my pocket my revolver, and laid it on the small table by the bedside. Lastly, I dragged across the door a heavy chest of drawers which luckily stood only a yard or two away. Having inserted the point of my ice-axe firmly into the cleft between the wall and the door, I felt fairly certain that the room, at least, was safe from an attack from without.

Meantime, while I was taking these precautions I was surprised to find myself unaccountably growing every moment more and more sleepy. Indeed, when I had finished, it was as much as I could do to keep my eyes open. It was difficult to explain this. The long day's climb no doubt had tired me, but it was hardly possible to imagine that it should so suddenly have taken effect. I began to wonder if the bottle of Hochheimer had been drugged, but at once put aside the idea. It was two hours since I had drunk it, and it was far too light a wine to hide successfully any foreign matter.

Then I looked round the room again. The small window was closed, and on the table stood the candle, burning with, as I thought, a curious flickering light. I went up to it, began to trim the flame, and as I did so my sense of sleep increased tenfold. Every breath I took made my respiration more difficult. I felt an uncanny sense of rage against the candle and imagined I saw huge clouds of vapour rising from it.

The next moment I felt my legs gradually giving way beneath me, and as I sank on to the floor I have a vague recollection of striking angrily at the candle, of seeing it flicker out, and finally, as I became unconscious, of hearing the holder clatter noisily on to the boards.

* * * * *

It was to a different scene that I awakened three or four hours later. The sun was shining bright into the hut in which I was placed. In front of me stood two persons, one of whom,

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"It was the work of a few moments to disarm him and pinion him with your mountain rope."

as consciousness very slowly but surely returned to me, I recognised as Deston. The other was a small, well-dressed man, with a pleasant and attractive face. The two of them were engaged in wafting cloths over my brow which soothed and refreshed me.

When my eyes opened I heard Deston give an exclamation of thankfulness, and in another hour I was so far myself again as to be able, with the support of their arms, to walk about in the open air. I asked Deston for an explanation of my present situation and of his appearance. He gave a little laugh and turned to his companion.

"Shall we let him talk, Doctor?" he said.

The little man, who was evidently a Norwegian, answered in rather broken English:

"Yes, I think he may," he said in a kindly voice.

"Then tell us your part of the story," Deston said to me. "Mine comes afterwards."

In as few words as possible, for I was still feeling weak and tired, I recounted everything that had happened since Deston and I had parted. The two men listened interestedly, and from time to time looked across at each other as though my tale was confirming their suspicions.

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When I had finished Deston took up the relation.

"It is much as I expected," he began, "and it may annoy you to learn that I was right about the road to Vodde and the sign-post was wrong."

I looked surprised.

"I am afraid," Deston continued, "that our friend the guide—who, by-the-by, is safely bound and locked in the room in which you slept—had turned the sign-post round so as to entice us to his comfortable dwelling here. Anyhow, I got to Vodde a short time after leaving you and at once made my way to the inn.

"For an hour I waited patiently for you, and it was at the end of that time that my friend the Doctor entered the inn. He knows these parts well, and hearing from me that you had taken the moorland path, he at once scented danger, and proposed that we should go and look for you.

"Yes?" I said, getting interested.

"We got up to this house only in the nick of time," continued Deston. "Hearing a noise upstairs, and the sound of voices, we made so bold as to enter unannounced. The door was very fortunately open, and when we rushed up it was to find that the guide was in your room—he had burst the door—and had your body, dead, as he no doubt thought, in his arms.

"It was the work of a few minutes to disarm him of his burden, and to pinion him with your mountain rope. His wife stood shrieking by his side, and had to undergo the same treatment as the man."

"But my falling to the ground!" I exclaimed. "What on earth made me do that?"

Deston smiled.

"The doctor has his little theory regarding that," he said. "Did you notice anything peculiar about the candle the man gave you?"

"Great Heavens, yes!" I replied, beginning to have a faint inkling of the truth. "I knocked it over just before I became unconscious."

"And probably saved your life by doing so. There was a pellet of opium and myces in it large enough to kill half a dozen people. The doctor lighted the candle again and recognised the smell of the vapours at once. Myces, apparently, is a waxy sort of poison found in a plant that grows on these moors, and the heat of the flame was sufficient to volatilize the pellet and send into your lungs at every breath a fair quantity of the vapours."

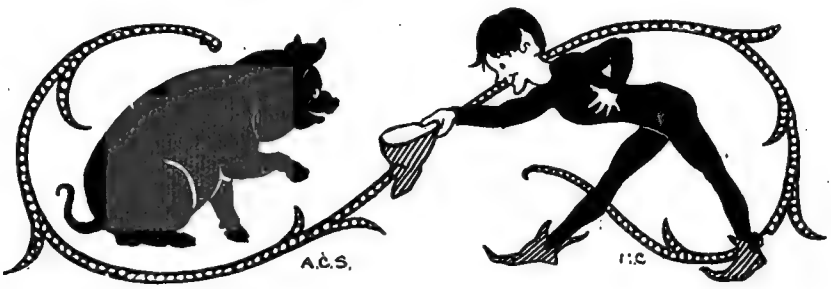
"What an infernally ingenious device!" I exclaimed.

"I am inclined to think," said the little doctor, "that this is not the first time the man has used the same means. There have been two cases of a similar kind. His process, I imagine, has been to carry the dead body out of the house on to the moors. Then it is found in the morning by some shepherd, who concludes that the traveller has lost his way the night before, and has been chilled to death by the exposure. You remember we found you in the act of being carried out by him."

I nodded, and we went inside the house. In half an hour the guide and his wife, both bound securely, were lying in their own cart, and were being driven away to Vodde. The woman was inclined to be noisy, but the man maintained a sullen and non-committing silence.

Little more need be added. Our evidence was given by written statement at the trial, for we had to return immediately to England. The guide, however, I heard afterwards, got his deserts, and is now serving a long sentence of imprisonment.

On our return back from Vodde it occurred to me to get down from the cart on which I was driving and turn the sign-post which had so dangerously led me astray.



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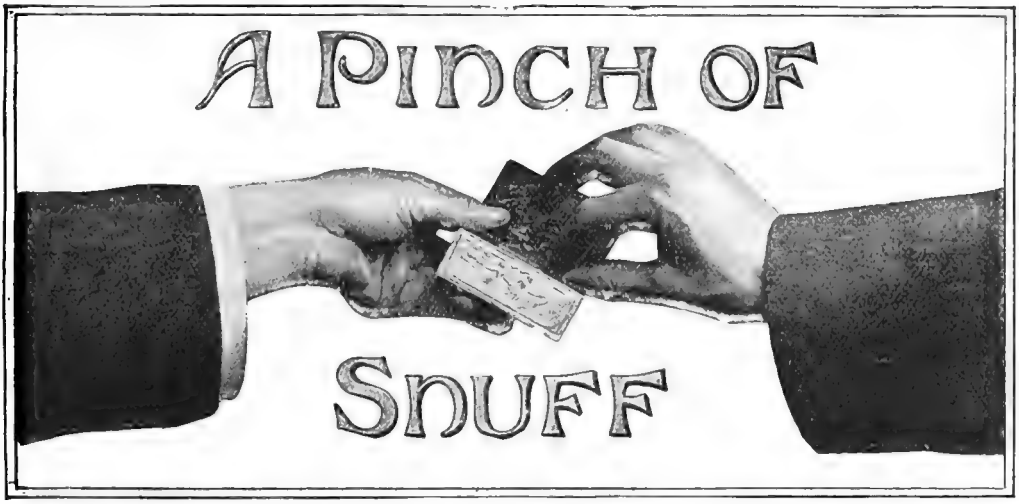
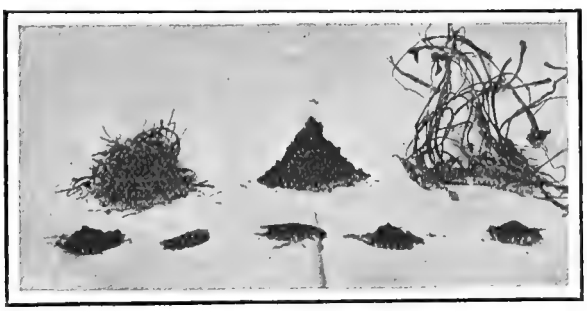


By C. O'Kane Donegan.

Illustrated with Photographs taken specially for this article.

The history of snuff-taking is one of the most interesting studies of the habits of civilised people Since Catherine de Medicis made *L'Herbe de la Reine* as it was called, till the present day, no other habit has received such an extraordinary amount of favour. Royalty, until the end of the Georgian era, made snuff-taking amongst both sexes a fashionable craze; and the gallants of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and first half of the present century elevated it into a fine art. Poet and preacher, philosopher and historian, king and courtier, Cavalier and Puritan, all took kindly to the fashion of inhaling tobacco-powder. Even ladies so universally indulged in the habit that a snuff-box was always one of the first presents lovers made to beauty.



Various kinds of tobacco stalks, with five varieties of snuff made therefrom.

It is often stated that snuff-taking went out with the Georges. This may be true of the world of fashion, but a visit to the snuff mill of Mr. Alexander Lambert at Hackbridge in Surrey, will convince anyone that this habit is still very general. The manufacture of snuff has been in Mr. Lambert's family since 1730; and his mill, prettily situated on the River Wandle, is now one of the largest, if not the largest, in the United Kingdom. It is quite a usual occurrence for as much as five tons of snuff to be sent out by Mr. Lambert in a week.

There is a widespread, but quite erroneous, impression that all sorts and conditions of things are ground up with tobacco into snuff; and if you were to ask that modern eminent authority, the man in the street, to give an instance, he would be sure to mention the well-known extensive demand for the discarded ends of cigars and cigarettes. Whatever the destination of these collected ends may be, it is certainly not the snuff mill. There they are expressly forbidden by law; and the prohibition is enforced by the Excise authorities, under whose supervision, powerfully strengthened as it is by the Government Laboratory, the manufacture is carried on with a strictness that springs from a motive

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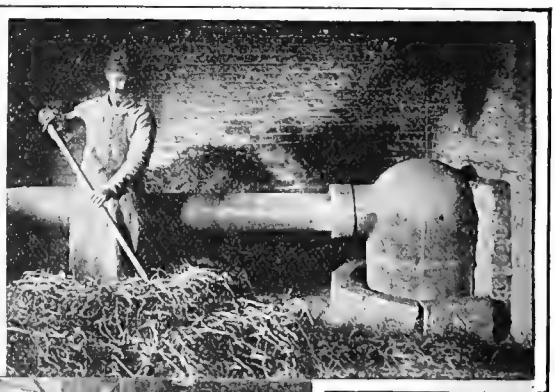
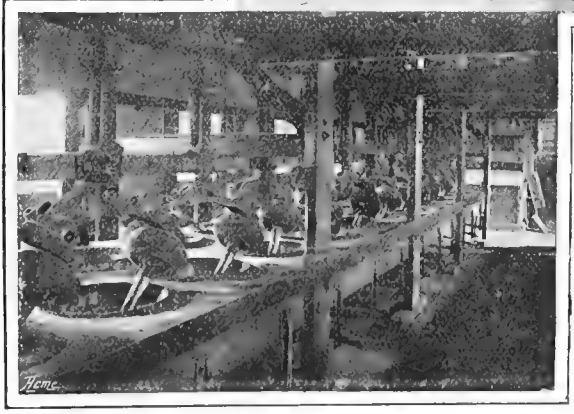
stronger than any solicitude for the delicacy of the snuffer's palate, and that is the interest of the public revenue. But this serves to protect the snuff-taker too; and besides prohibiting the employment of the ends of cigars and cigarettes, the Excise authorities are responsible for seeing that no materials or ingredient prohibited by law—and all deleterious ingredients are so prohibited—shall be allowed to enter into the composition of snuff.

There is one kind of adulteration, however, which neither the law nor the manufacturer takes into consideration, but which is, nevertheless, appreciable, especially to the snuff-taker. One of our illustrations shows what happens to the pestles after one year's wear in the mortars. One of these pestles is new, while the other has been in use a twelvemonth. Although these, like the mortars, are made of cast iron, the amount is quite noticeable that has been ground off the pestle which has been used a year. Now as there are over fifty of such mortars and pestles in Mr. Lambert's mill, the amount of cast-iron snuff, which ultimately, but quite unavoidably, finds its way into the nasal organs of snuff epicures, must be appreciable. And not only is there cast-iron snuff, but there is also granite snuff. Another illustration shows some of the grindstones of the mill. Beneath these grindstones was formerly a level stone of granite. This is now worn away to the depth of from three to four inches.



Turning the tobacco stalks in the drying kiln.

The grindstones at work.



The mull room where the pestles, rolling round the mortars, grind the snuff to the required degree of fineness.

The tobacco best suited for snuff-making is the thick fleshy leaf of a dark colour, the finest qualities of snuff being made from dark Virginia leaf and the Amersfoort leaf of Holland. But, of course, very little snuff is made from these costly kinds of tobacco leaf. All the tobacco received and duty-paid by tobacco manufacturers cannot be manufactured into cigars, cigarettes, or smoking tobacco. There is a very large quantity of stalks from which the leaf has been stripped for manufacture. These, with the chips and breakages from the leaves in the course of manufacture, are sent to the snuff mill to be ground into snuff. Our first illustration shows the stalks, "shorts," and leaf, from which snuff is usually made, and, in the foreground, five different kinds of snuff resulting therefrom.

Except what is intended to be ground wet —such as the material for "black rappee,"

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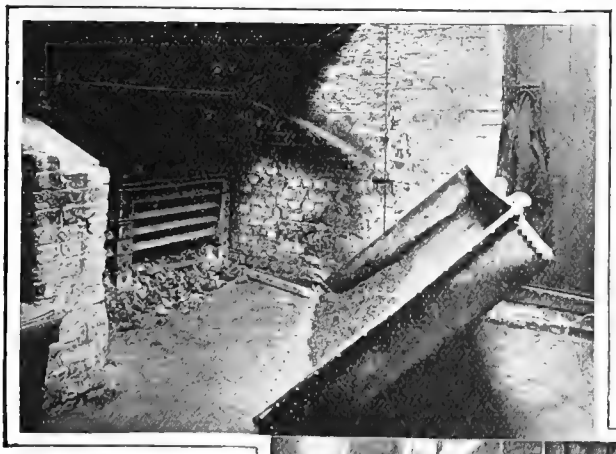
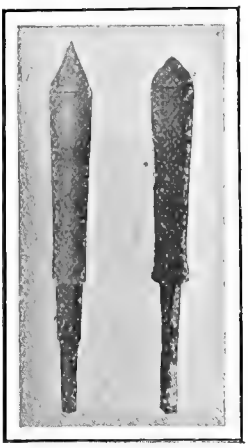
which, unlike what is prepared for other kinds of snuff, is ground undried so as to preserve the flavour—the stalks, &c., are put on the kiln, where they remain from twelve to fifteen hours. Then the stalks are cut up by a chopper, preparatory to being ground in the stone room or in the mull room, where they are ground to the required fineness and colour. This takes from twelve to eighteen hours, the colour being lighter in proportion to the dryness of the stalks, and the amount of grinding they undergo.



The high toast process.

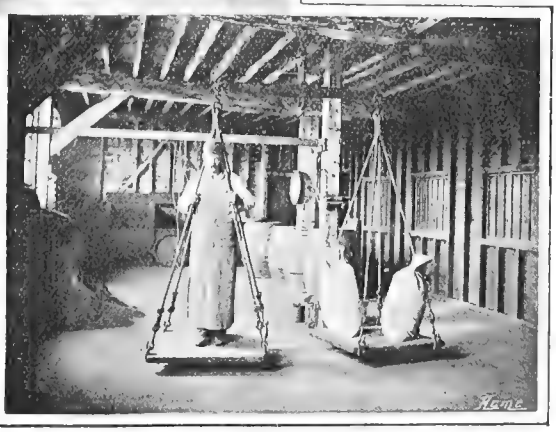
Another method of flavouring the snuff is shown in our illustration of the toasting process. Snuff so made is largely used for sprinkling on the leaf of tobacco before being "liquored" in the course of manufacture, so as to impart the toasted flavour to the tobacco; but it is also used for snuff-taking, and is known as "high toast."

It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that all snuff manufactured is used for snuff-taking, or for flavouring tobacco in the course of manufacture. In fact only a small portion of the total quantity manufactured is so used, the rest being sent to the Customs warehouse, where, after analysis and deductions of certain percentages for moisture and inorganic matter, the duty paid on the tobacco on its importation into England is allowed as drawback. What then becomes of all this snuff on which the tobacco duty is thus refunded? Quite a large industry has been created by this unsnuffed snuff in the extensive demand for it when converted into sheep-wash, hog powder, and numerous other medicinal compounds. Whatever the cause, all civilised peoples seem to have certain sections of society more given to snuff-taking than others. The one great exception is the Jews, who, as a race, do not take snuff, in spite of what a Scotchman has called their "wunderfu' accommodation."



Two pestles—the one new and the other after a year's wear.

After forty years—a snuff-and-sneeze-proof man.



The weight of a man in snuff.

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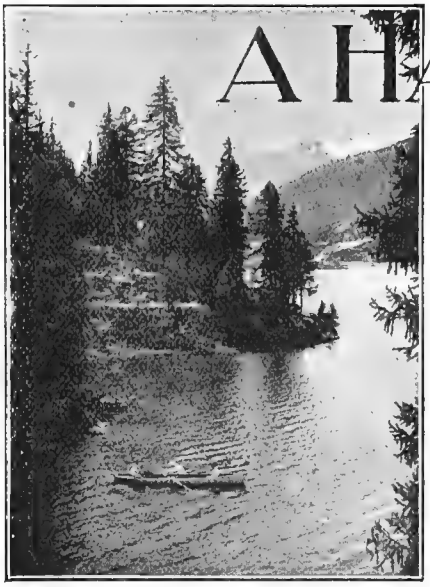
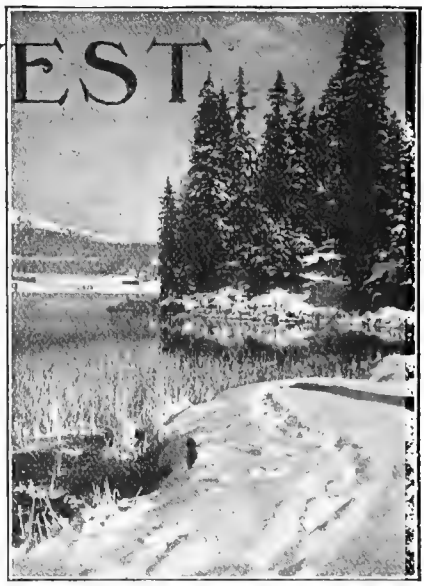
A HARVEST OF ICE

By G. R. BALLANCE.

Illustrated with Photographs.



Davos Lake in summer, as seen from the wood.



Davos Lake in winter, covered with a good surface of ice for skating.

I TAKE it for granted that all my readers have heard or read about Davos, the little Swiss town which of late years has come so much to the front as a winter health-resort for consumptive patients, and also as a centre for winter sports, such as tobogganning, skating, and curling.

It is at Davos that the international skating races are held, and detailed accounts of these generally find their way into the London and Continental papers. But the ice harvest on the lake, surely one of the strangest and most interesting features of the place, is seldom, if ever, mentioned, and it is about the ice harvest I wish to speak in the present article.

Now, thoroughly to understand the accompanying photographs, one must first know a few facts about the extraordinary climate of Davos, for to those who have never visited the Alps in winter it must seem rather incredible that such scenes of ice and snow are to be found within thirty-one hours' railway journey from London. If the present photographs were views of Norway, say, or of Canada, they could be more easily understood. It is the situation of Davos that accounts for its extreme cold. Lying among the Eastern Alps of Switzerland, at an altitude of considerably more than 5,000ft. above the level of the sea, the place is snow and frost bound for fully seven months of the year, and in December and January the cold is so extreme, that the thermometer registers at night many degrees below zero for weeks together. During the day, however, the sun is peculiarly hot, the absolute clearness of the atmosphere and its freedom of moisture, together with the radiation from the snow, allowing the full benefit of the sunshine to be felt.

Davos is reached by the highest adhesion railway in Europe. Each train consists of two or three little carriages which are drawn along by a curious "Puffing Billy" sort of engine, all cylinders and cranks, and with a huge snow-plough over its front wheels. The first view of the Davos Valley, for the town lies between two or three lofty peaks, is obtained across a wide, white expanse of snow, which anyone might easily mistake for snow-covered meadows, there being absolutely nothing to denote that water, to the depth of 2,000ft. and over, lies beneath this innocent white covering. This is the lake, an expanse of two miles long, about half a mile broad, and deep, as is the case with most mountain lakes, beyond all proportion to its length and breadth.

Precipitous mountain-crests rise 3,000ft. or 4,000ft. from the very edge of the lake, and away on its further side may be seen the churches, châlets, and hotels of the famous Alpine resort. The surface of the lake usually freezes towards the end of November, and much excellent skating can then be obtained, to which, however, the slightest

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fall of snow puts a stop, unless enthusiasts are inclined to spend several hours cleaning the ice—a rather waste labour at best, for when once the snow begins to fall it generally continues for several days. Each frosty night adds an inch or so to the depth of the ice, until, by the middle or the end of January, there is a thickness of two or three, sometimes even of four feet.

Then the great ice harvest commences; gangs of workmen, mostly Italian and Swiss, make their appearance on the scene, and start clearing away the surface snow from a space of ice several acres square. When heavy snowfalls occur early in the winter, the snow is generally cleared without the least delay, in order that the cold may penetrate the ice and thicken it more easily. Constant and heavy snowfalls will often delay the ice harvest for some weeks.

As soon as the surface has been prepared, it is marked out in long lines about 2ft. apart; men with ice saws follow these lines, cutting the ice into great blocks, which measure 2ft. by 3ft., vary in thickness according to the frost of the season, and weigh many hundredweights apiece. When separated from the main surface, the ice blocks float in the open water, until new bands of workmen—armed with those ice-picks which we have all seen manipulated outside fish shops in London—haul them on to the surface. The accompanying photographs will, I think, give some idea of the strength and floating capacities of the ice. Workers can be seen standing with one foot on the very block which they are sawing off, and yet I have never heard of any accident happening to these ice men. When hauled out of the water, the blocks are placed together in long rows, then the snow-ice or frozen slush, a thick coating of which generally covers the lake, is cut off, leaving only the pure, hard, green ice, ready to be piled on the sleighs. For the frozen surface is strong enough to bear the weight of any number of horses and sleighs—these, indeed, going right out into the centre of the lake to fetch the ice blocks.

Sawing the ice into blocks.

Hauling the blocks of ice out of the lake.

The ice-blocks being stacked ready for removal to the "lager."

In the old times, before the advent of the railway, the Diligence from Landquart to Davos crossed the lake daily in winter with its freight of passengers and luggage, and now-a-days a regular track

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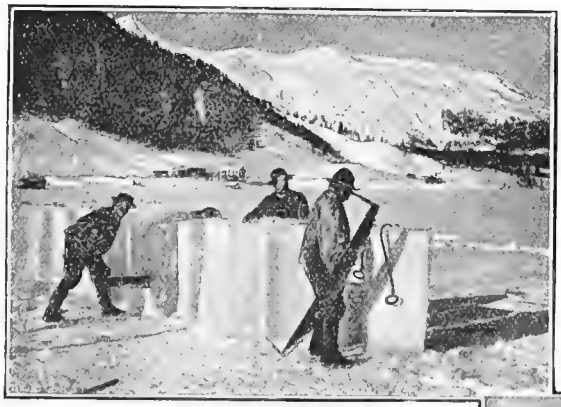

Cutting off frozen snow from the surface of the ice-blocks.

always extends across the whole length of the ice, and is used as a short cut for all manner of sleighs instead of following the winding road along the shores. To a nervous individual and one possessing a vivid imagination, the idea of careering over a surface under which lies a depth of over 2,000ft. of water, is not over comforting and cheerful.

During the ice harvest many hundreds of men are employed, and when they are all busily at work, the lake, viewed from a distance, presents a very curious spectacle. Against the blinding white of the snow are black specks of figures moving here, there, and everywhere, and long lines of sleighs, that look like black serpents, gliding across the lake from morning to night. Much of the ice, of course, goes to the local hotels, much, also, is stored in the adjacent ice "lagers," great wooden erections, fifty yards long by twenty yards broad. Here the blocks are piled up, tier above tier, until the whole "lager" is full, when a thick covering of sawdust and tarpaulin is thrown on the top of the "stack" to keep out the summer heat.

By far the greater part of the ice, however, is sent down by train to the Lowlands, and finds its way to all corners of Switzerland, to the towns and hotels, frequented in summer time by thousands of holiday makers and tourists from all parts of the world.

I often think it a pity that some people do not break away from the round of custom and take their annual holiday for one year, at least, in mid-winter. Of course, in that case, they would have to bear the not over-pleasant summer heat of town; but it seems to me that if a person does not mind the cold, and enjoys skating, tobogganing, and other winter sports, he will be amply rewarded. And what an ideal place Davos would be for a winter holiday! And if Davos is too far off and too expensive, there are plenty of other places, both in Switzerland and Germany, where a splendid winter holiday could be passed. I mean to try it some year or other, and I think my readers would do well to follow my example.

Loading up a sleigh with ice.

Filling the ice "lager," or store.

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CHARACTERS.

The characters, with one exception, should be dressed in those costumes that are suitable, and generally used in fairy pictures. The Doctor should have on a modern costume—e.g. frock-coat, tall hat, etc.

Prince Lovelorn.	
Doctor Jack-of-All-trades	The Prince's Factotum.
King of Sunnyland	The Prince's Neighbour.
Queen of Sunnyland	
Princess Heartless	Their Daughter, loved by the Prince.
Fairy.	

Officers of the Court, Ladies, Attendants, etc., *ad lib.*

Scene.—*Sunnyland's Royal Garden.*

(*Necessary properties—a lawn, two thrones, a few rustic seats, a tree on the stage. Luxurious palace in the background, paths, flowers, shrubs.*)

(*Enter Prince and Doctor.*)

Prince. Thank goodness we've arrived and reached our journey's end.
What say you? Aren't you glad, my good and trusty friend?
Doctor. Glad enough to sing and shout—
I'm off my head with joy.
Though getting somewhat old, I feel exactly like a boy.
The motor that conveyed us is not quite up-to-date—
My heart was in my mouth; I thought we'd be too late.
I think we'll have to start a modern chartered band
To start a railway service twixt this country and our land.
I'll gain the King's attention and convert him to my plan;
It should be easy, for 'tis said he's a progressive man.

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PRINCE. We'll think about that later. For the present help me gain
The Princess, whom I love.

DOCTOR (*aside*). He's really quite insane.
Poor chap, he's got it bad; he's head and ears in love.
Love must be blind—he calls the girl an angel from above.
He thinks and talks of nothing but the girl whom he adores,
And men who do that sort of thing are nuisances and bores.

(*Prince has been looking about him expectantly*)

PRINCE. Where is good Mistress Fairy? She is late for her appointment.

"Alas, the Princess is not good. She lives without a heart."

DOCTOR. I hope she will not fail to come—'twill cause a disappointment.
Remember she's a woman, Prince, and therefore must be late;
Unpunctuality was, is, and will be woman's fate.
And since we have to wait, and I can spy an empty seat,
I'll rest myself in comfort 'stead of standing on my feet.

(*sits on the King's throne.*)

PRINCE. That is the King's—get up! his throne you must not use,
'Tis quite against court manners royal kindness to abuse.

DOCTOR. I beg his regal pardon—hem! I would if he were near;
To tell the plain unvarnished truth, I'm glad he is not here.

(*Enter Fairy.*)

See! here's our friend at last. I hope she'll learn to silent be,
And not tell tales, and mischief make between the King and me.
That is another fault that somewhat spoils the charming sex,
But goes to make "regina" just as powerful as "rex":—
They cannot hold their tongues, which wag and wag and never tire,
Like heads of porcelain Chinamen that wobble on a wire.

PRINCE. A truce to all this folly! Gentle Fairy, pray you speak.

DOCTOR. I cannot help remarking I have had a narrow squeak.

PRINCE. Nay, Doctor, I beseech thee—and command thee—hold thy peace.
Thy chatter's somewhat irksome; for the present let it cease.

FAIRY. The King will hold his court to-day, the King of Sunnyland,
A monarch of a gentle heart, a man of generous hand.
He has a daughter fair to see—you know that, Prince, I ween?

DOCTOR. He cast his optic on her, and since then in love has been.

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PRINCE. 'Tis so, I've never loved before; none other will I wed.

DOCTOR (*aside*). Since Adam's time that same remark has very oft been said.
I've said it more than once myself, and hope to feel again
Love's bitter-sweet sensation, and strange ecstatic pain.

FAIRY. Alas! The Princess is not good; she lives without a heart.

PRINCE. I'll give her mine to make her love and feel, ere I depart.

DOCTOR. Pooh! pooh! what next? She must have one. Sir William Jenner shows
That blood both from and to the heart quite regularly flows.

FAIRY. Well, if she has a heart, 'tis dead. She isn't kind and good.
She doesn't help the ragged poor, nor give the hungry food.
And so His Royal Majesty has quite made up his mind
To give the girl to any man who'll teach her to be kind.

PRINCE. Mine be that task! For surely one so beautiful to see
Should not so cold and heartless live, but sweet and gentle be.

FAIRY. To help you I've come hither, for I fear without my aid
You never could succeed.

DOCTOR. On the shelf you would be laid.

FAIRY. So take this precious heart and key; they're made of purest gold.
(Such goods in market overt are, believe me, never sold.)
Give them to her; the talisman will surely work the spell.

DOCTOR. And with great Shakespeare we will say "All's well that endeth well."
I'm proud to know you, lady fair; you seem a real good sort,
The genuine golden article is given but never bought.

FAIRY. The pleasure's mutual. (*to the Prince*) Fare thee well! Heed everything I say;
The Princess may become thy good and loving wife some day.

(*Exit Fairy.*)

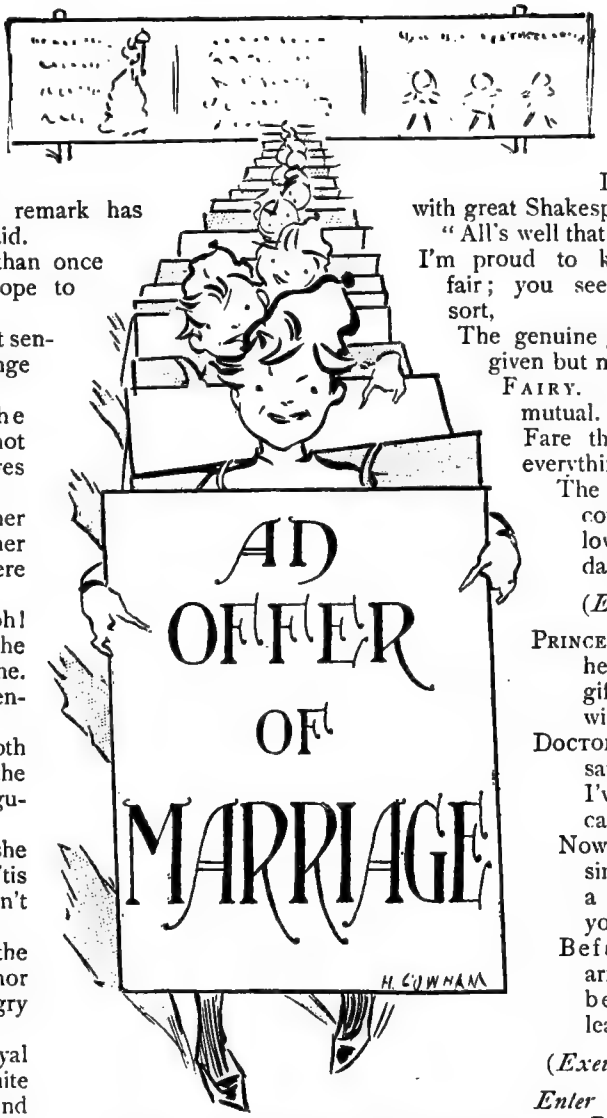
PRINCE. With her kind help and with this gift I'm bound to win the race.

DOCTOR (*aside*). Insanity is his disease, I've diagnosed the case.
Now, good my Lord, since you have got a trump card up your sleeve,
Before the King arrives I think we'd better take our leave.

(*Exeunt arm in arm.*

Enter King, Queen, Princess, and Court. Outward show ad nauseam. *Their Majes'ies seat themselves on the thrones. The Princess takes a rustic seat. The Court arranges itself gracefully.*)

KING. Welcome, gladly welcome, my noble people all!
Welcome, gladly welcome to my ancestral hall!
(*Aside*). Methinks our rhyming author has made a slight mistake;
We are not in a hall at all—he fairly takes the cake.
(*To the Court*). My proclamation ye have heard; it's been well advertised



"It's been well advertised, by posters bold and sandwich men."

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By posters bold and sandwichmen and other means devised.
Our daughter, Princess Heartless, little satisfaction gives;
Without a tender heart an idle wasted life she lives.
And so my gracious Queen and I have made a royal decree—

QUEEN. To give the girl to any man who teaches her to be
Sweet-natured, truly good and kind, devoid of haughty airs—

KING. Full mindful of the grateful love that's due to our grey hairs.

(*A trumpet sounds. The Court thrills.*)

Whom have we here? Go look and see whose trumpet sounds so bold (*to a herald*),
It isn't meet that any guest be left out in the cold.

(*Herald goes and returns.*)

HERALD. Prince Lovelorn greets you courteously and says, so please you, sire,
With your permission he would like to come a little nigher.

KING. He has a hearty welcome to our hospitable home.

(*Enter Prince and Doctor.*)

I'm mighty pleased to see you and rejoice that you have come.

(*Mutual bowing and scraping.*)

QUEEN. Good morrow, noble Prince, we're glad indeed to see you here;
You can travel through our land, you know, without the slightest fear.

KING. Since monarchs have agreed outfitting battleships to cease,
The world is bright and happy with an universal peace.

(*The Prince gazes at the Princess. The Doctor looks at her.*).

PRINCE (*aside, holding his heart*). My heart beats with emotion.

DOCTOR (*aside*). Of the court she is the belle.

PRINCESS (*aside*). He is a handsome prince, and takes my dainty fancy well.

DOCTOR. My Prince, your shy embarrassment will all your chances mar.
(*Aside.*) He trembles like a timid swain—"he dunno where he are."

KING. Pray be you seated, sirs, you're in the nick of time—but hold!
(*To Doctor.*) To wear such strange apparel you must indeed be bold.

DOCTOR. 'Tis quite the latest fashion, sire. In fact 'tis all the rage,
Worn by the rich and poor it is, by dude and learned sage.
This coat and hat are foreign goods.

KING. Don't say they're German made!

DOCTOR. They don't dress well in Germany; you needn't be afraid.
These clothes were built in England, and were sent from London straight;
They caused me many an anxious pang for fear they'd come too late.

KING. They greatly please our eye, forsooth!—My Lords, in future we
Must likewise fashionable men of ultra-fashion be.

QUEEN. And now we'd like to know, young man, both who and what you are.
Are you attendant on the Prince? Are you his guiding star?

DOCTOR (*suppresses laughter and nudges the Prince*). D'you hear that, Prince? Your guiding star!—I couldn't help but laugh.
Old birds are not to be entrapped by such outrageous chaff.
(*To all.*) I am the princely retinue of this my noble Lord.
I have to chuckle when he laughs, amuse him when he's bored.
I am his army, navy too, his only magistrate,
His Board of Agriculture, and his Secret'ry of State;
His doctor and solicitor, his treasurer—yet his friend;
My pay is somewhat limited, my duties have no end.
Quite lately I've learnt shorthand; oh! typewriting too I know—

(*He gets out of breath, the Queen quickly intervenes.*)

QUEEN. Enough! let's get to business now!

PRINCESS (*yawning*). Oh, dear! this is so slow.

KING. My Lord Chief Justice, what say you about my daughter, sir?
To her upbringing, seems to me, you grumblingly demur.

CHIEF JUSTICE. Your Majesty will pardon me—your measures are too mild.
You've made the old mistake; you've spared the rod and spoilt the child.

PRINCESS. Your legal wit is very dry. Perhaps you think that's funny.

LORD OF EXCHEQUER. If I were in your father's place, I'd stop your pocket money.

KING. My Lord of the Exchequer, pray remember silver's cheap.

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LORD TREASURER. Then close the Mint, your Majesty, a fair exchange to keep.

DOCTOR. Since India holds my property, I loudly say "hear! hear!"
The rupee's fallen value makes me shed a bitter tear.

KING. And what say you, my pessimistic Secret'ry of State?

SEC. OF STATE. The cure has been postponed so long that now it is too late.

PRINCESS. Copy-books have always said it's ne'er too late to mend.

DOCTOR. But if a horse don't want to drink, his neck you cannot bend.

(*Enter Fairy, disguised as a poor woman. She goes towards and addresses the Princess.*)

"He is a handsome prince, and takes my fancy well.

FAIRY. Good lady,
I entreat your aid. I'm sorely pressed for food;
I feel quite sure that one so fair must be both kind and good.

PRINCESS. You make a flagrant error. I have naught that I can spare;
All beggars must be taught their pains and woes to grin and bear.

FAIRY. Oh! give me but a penny, and I'll buy myself some bread;
The rich have often clothed the poor, the hungry they have fed.

PRINCESS. I wish you wouldn't worry me. Pray get you gone this minute!
My purse has not been filled for you—in fact, there's little in it.

QUEEN. Can no one tell us what to do?
I'm blinded by my tears,
My heart is breaking with my grief and wracked with hopeless fears.

(*While the Ladies of the Court attend the Queen, the Fairy approaches the Prince.*)

FAIRY. Now is your chance. Make a request to speak unto the maid,
A girl is never won by man faint-hearted and afraid.

PRINCE. Your Majesties, I crave a boon—five minutes with your daughter.

DOCTOR. That he may teach her heart to feel the pity that it ought to.

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KING. We grant your boon.
It is indeed a trifle that you ask.
My Lords, we will retire
—Fortune speed him in his task!

(*Exeunt. Doctor hides behind the tree. Prince and Princess left alone.*)

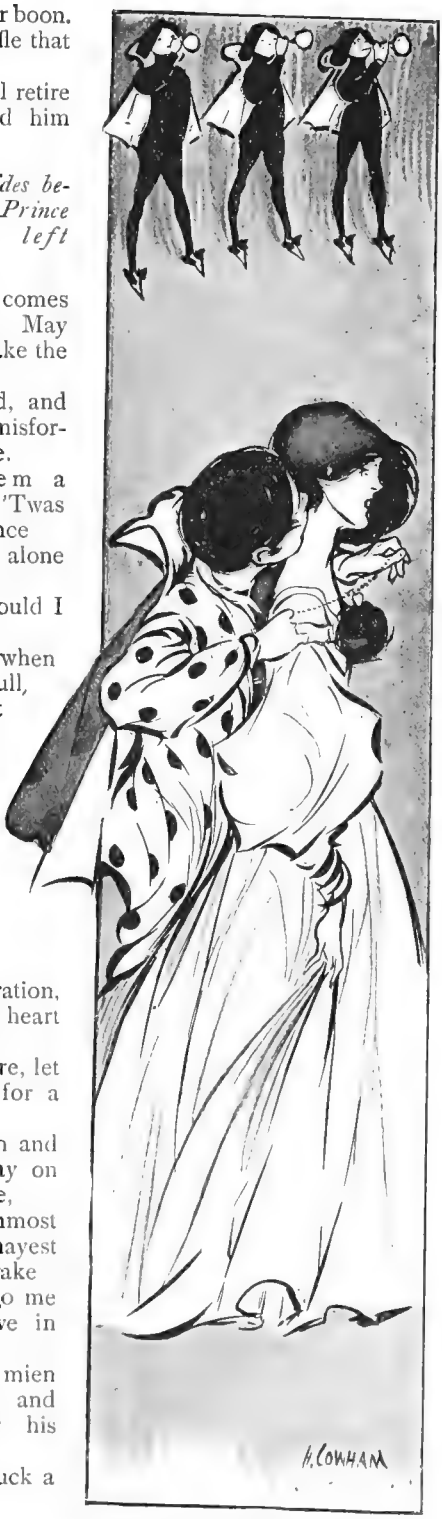
DOCTOR (*aside*). Now comes the tug-of-war. May
all good spirits take the side
Of my young lord, and help to stem misfortune's rolling tide.

PRINCESS. You seem a little shy, fair Sir. 'Twas but a moment since
You asked to be alone with me.

DOCTOR (*aside*). I would I were the Prince!

PRINCE. Dear Lady, when the heart is full, words do not smoothly flow,
The tongue refuses oft to tell the tale that all must know.
The eyes are full of truth and love; they speak, and cannot hide
The tender adoration, hopes that in the heart abide.
I pray thee, therefore, let mine eyes look for a while in thine,
That all the warmth and light of love may on thy presence shine,
That in their inmost depths thou mayest gaze, and then awake
To give thy heart to me in love, my love in answer take.

PRINCESS (*aside*). His mien is truly noble, and I love to hear his tale.
His words have struck a hidden chord.



"First let me place around thy neck this little heart of gold."

DOCTOR (*aside*). Hurrah! he cannot fail.

PRINCESS. Please tell me more of this strange thing, and please—to hold my hand.

DOCTOR (*aside*). He's getting on. I'll play the trombone in the bridal band.
When maiden asks a love-sick youth to tell a love-sick tale,
'Tis proof the maiden's heart is not encased in love-proof mail.

PRINCE. First let me place around thy neck this little heart of gold.
So—now my tale of boundless love I willingly unfold.
When first I saw thee, dearest Love, my heart beat with delight;
Mine eyes had never chanced upon so fair and sweet a sight.
I looked into thine eyes, and unblushingly I say
I knew that I had never lived until that glorious day.
I look again, and in their light, I see my joy reflected.
My very soul cries out with bliss, no longer I'm dejected.
Again I look, again I see the trust that cannot die;
The trust that binds my heart to thine, the surest, strongest tie.
Once more I look, and know that thou art gentle, good, and kind,
That from thine eyes have dropped the scales that falsely made thee blind.

(*Enter all. The Doctor comes forward.*)

Your Majesties, I claim my prize, the hand of your fair daughter.

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KING. First you must tell us, noble Prince,
the lesson you have taught her.
Give us some certain sign that your devoir
you've bravely done,
Recount to us the means by which you say
the prize was won.

DOCTOR. The same old tale, the same
old words, the same old blissful
joys,
The same old faith, the same old hope,
the love that never cloys;
The same old kiss, the same old fate, the
same old wondrous theme—
(*Aside*). That nineteen out of twenty
times is but an idle dream.

(*Enter Fairy, disguised as before. She hobbles up to the Princess.*)

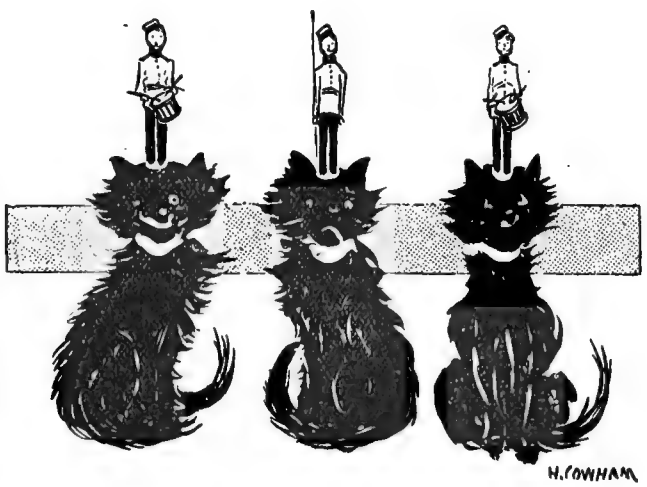
PRINCESS (*goes up to the Fairy, and gently takes her hand*). I want to
beg your pardon, dame, in future I'll
be kinder,
And think that riches to the rich should
act as a reminder
That there is many a lonely one who has
a joyless fate,
And looks with eager, hungry eyes at our
superior state.
Go to our kitchen; rest thee well, and have
a hearty meal,
For those in pain and trouble I have
learnt at length to feel.

FAIRY (*throws off disguise—at which there is universal astonishment—takes the Princess back to the Prince, and joins their hands*).
Who asks for further proof that love has
changed the maiden's heart?
Who would decree that these who love
should live their lives apart?
You're sure to lead contented lives. May
both of you be blest!
It grieves me that I cannot stay to be a
wedding guest.
But I have other work to do, and other ills
to mend;
I've been successful here—peace be with
you to the end!

(*Exit Fairy.*)

KING. Next week will be a holiday for end-
less mirth and fun,
Next week the Prince, who's won the prize,
we'll welcome as our son;
For when he came our eyes were wet, our
hearts were full of pain,
Nor dared we hope that anyone would
Princess Heartless gain;
But he has driven pain away and taught
our child to love—
May their united lives be blest by spirits
from above!

DOCTOR. And I propose Princess Heartless
change her untrue name,
For Heartfull is she now, and may she
always be the same!



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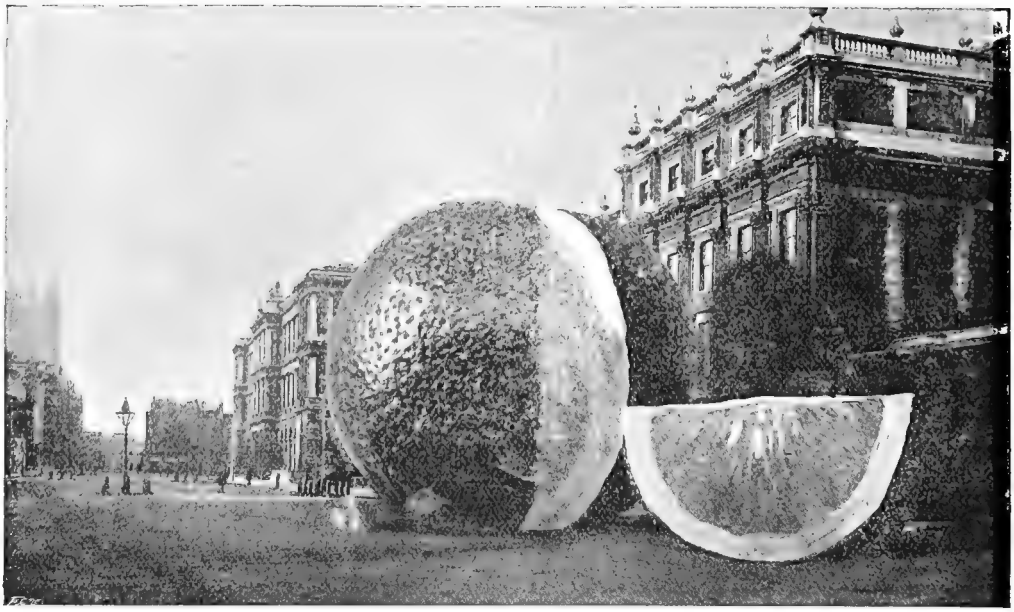

If all the oranges which John Bull puts away on Christmas Day were rolled into one, a vast orange fifty feet high would be the amazing result.

JOHN BULL'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

By Stephen P. Bunn.

On Christmas Day, at a modest computation, fifty per cent. more food is eaten in this country than on any other day in the year. There are very few, even of the poorest of the poor, who do not manage, somehow or other, to get at least one square meal on this great festal day; whilst in all classes of society the Christmas table has a specially loud groan all to itself over the extra delicacies and the more than usually generous supply of the necessities of life with which it is laden.

Plum pudding is undoubtedly recognised as our national Yuletide dainty, and increases in popularity year by year. No Christmas dinner-table is complete without its plum pudding, and not one person in twenty will spend Christmas Day without accounting for his or her share of the national dish. I have calculated that on Christmas Day alone there will be eaten in the United Kingdom a stupendous cube of this rather indigestible luxury, measuring 50ft. each way—in height, length, and breadth. Fortunately, I have been able to obtain a unique photograph which will at once convey to the mind of the reader an idea of the vast bulk of this mass of pudding.

Each separate ingredient of this pudding—currants, raisins, flour, eggs, &c.—would by itself occupy as much space as a decent-sized house.

The gigantic raisin required is represented pictorially. The two or three cows reclining gracefully around its foundations, and the solitary animal at rest on top, show off its proportions splendidly, though possibly if it had not already been stated that this queer-looking object was really a raisin (enlarged photographically) the reader would have been tempted to describe it as a balloon in a state of semi-collapse.

Mince-pies are particularly popular at this season of the year, and on the great day itself, allowing one ordinary-sized mince-pie to every fifth person—a very low estimate—the total consumption will be equivalent to one vast circular mince pie 16ft. high and 80ft. across. It would even make the fountains in Trafalgar Square look small!

The turkeys and geese cooked for Christmas Day would form an army, marching ten abreast, which would reach from London to Brighton; or, if they walked in single file, the head of the procession would have passed

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through Edinburgh before the last bird had left Brighton on its long journey north.

The annual slaughter of oxen for the Christmas beef disposes of a herd which could only be fed together on Salisbury Plain.

Almost 10,000 tons-weight of coal is required to cook all the Christmas dinners that are eaten every year, and allowing half-an-hour for cooking each dinner, it would take the kitchen of the Hotel Cecil over three years to accomplish this gigantic task.

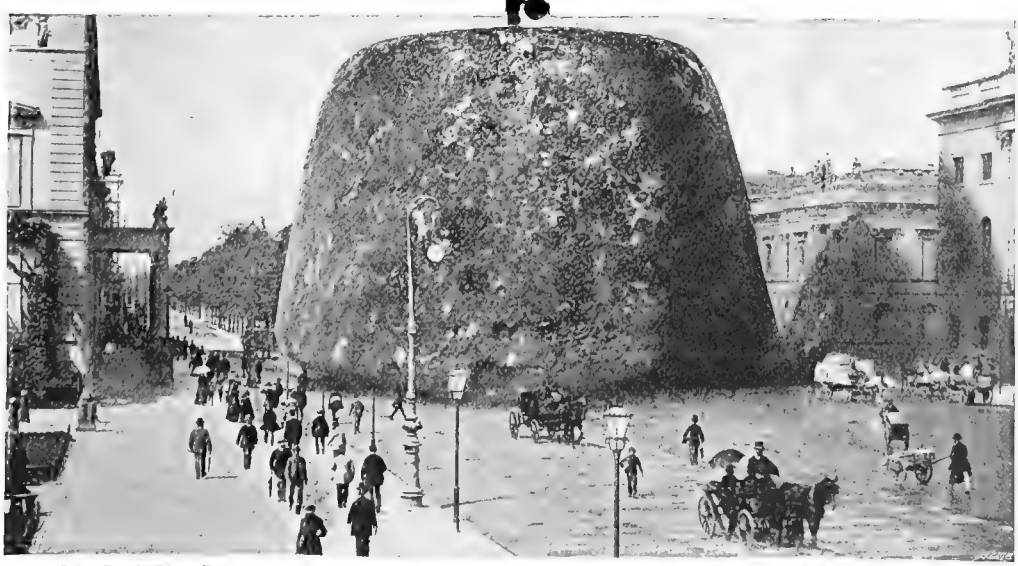
Of the child-alarming cracker 10,000,000 are exploded across our Christmas dinner tables every year. These, if put end to end, would form a miniature cable that would almost reach from London to New York. The manufacture of these gaily decorated rolls gives employment to 1,200 people all the year round; seven tons of cardboard are used in making the small explosive strips inside the crackers, whilst 125 tons of a stouter material change into the boxes in which the pretty bon-bons are packed. In the making of these boxes twenty-five tons of glue are used. The production of designs for crackers is a very lucrative business, for from three to five guineas is the usual price paid for a new one, although fifteen guineas is by no means a record.

The intoxicating liquors drunk at Yuletide mount up to some extraordinary totals. The champagne alone drunk on Christmas Day would keep the fountains in Trafalgar Square working incessantly five days, and that with the wine passing through the pipes only once.

The orange, too, constitutes a large item in our Christmas fare, as enough of this delightful fruit is eaten for dessert to make one vast orange fifty feet high.

Our Christmas greetings are represented in the magnificent total of 30,000,000 cards, which are sold in the United Kingdom every year. If these pretty card-board souvenirs were packed side by side, in one solid pile, they would form a column that would compare with Nelson's Monument. In the manufacture of boxes for their reception £5,000 is expended, which means the consumption of tons and tons of cardboard. Sometimes three-quarters of a million of one design are disposed of, and in such cases it is a great profit for the manufacturer. For a good design £3 to £5 is generally paid, although a clever designer can make a steady income of £500 to £900 per annum.

The amount of evergreens employed in the decoration of our homes is prodigious. For the 26,000 loads of the red-berried branch we should have to strip a holly wood the size of the New Forest before we could get the quantity required. An apple orchard the size of Kent could not supply us with the 30,000 crates of mistletoe



John Bull's Plum Pudding. On Christmas Day alone there will be eaten in the United Kingdom a pudding fifty feet in height, length, and breadth.

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Our children explode 10,000,000 crackers on Christmas Day—enough to make one cracker as long as a street, and through which a 'bus could drive easily.

annually needed. No single country can cope with the demand for 700,000 Christmas trees that are required for the delectation of the 'youngsters. St. James's Park could be made into a beautiful shrubbery with them.

John Bull likes variety in most things, and even the pleasant entertainments of home at Yuletide do not supply all his desire for frivolity, for he spends no less than £30,000 in witnessing pantomime performances on Boxing Night alone. Out of 300 theatres, exclusive of music halls, in the United Kingdom over 200 play pantomime; and as the holding capacity of each theatre averages 1,500, the total audience for this popular Christmas amusement on the 26th reaches the figure of 300,000. The average takings on Boxing Night give us the respectable total of £40,000.

In order to seat this large gathering in one theatre it would have to be fifteen times larger than the Albert Hall; and to accommodate 12,000 performers a stage thirty times the size of that of Drury Lane would be necessary. The Victoria Embankment between Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges would just meet our requirements for the waiting crowd if they were to line up in forty-two files of 7,000 apiece. But, considering that 300,000 pantomime-goers when laughing at Dan Leno would cause a shock equal to an earthquake, and when they stamp would bring down the house in the truest sense of the word, perhaps it is as well that such a multitude cannot get into one building.

Although medicine is not needed until the carousal is over, it forms such an important

This is not a balloon in a state of semi-collapse, but the raisin (enlarged photographically) which John Bull manages to digest each Christmas Day.

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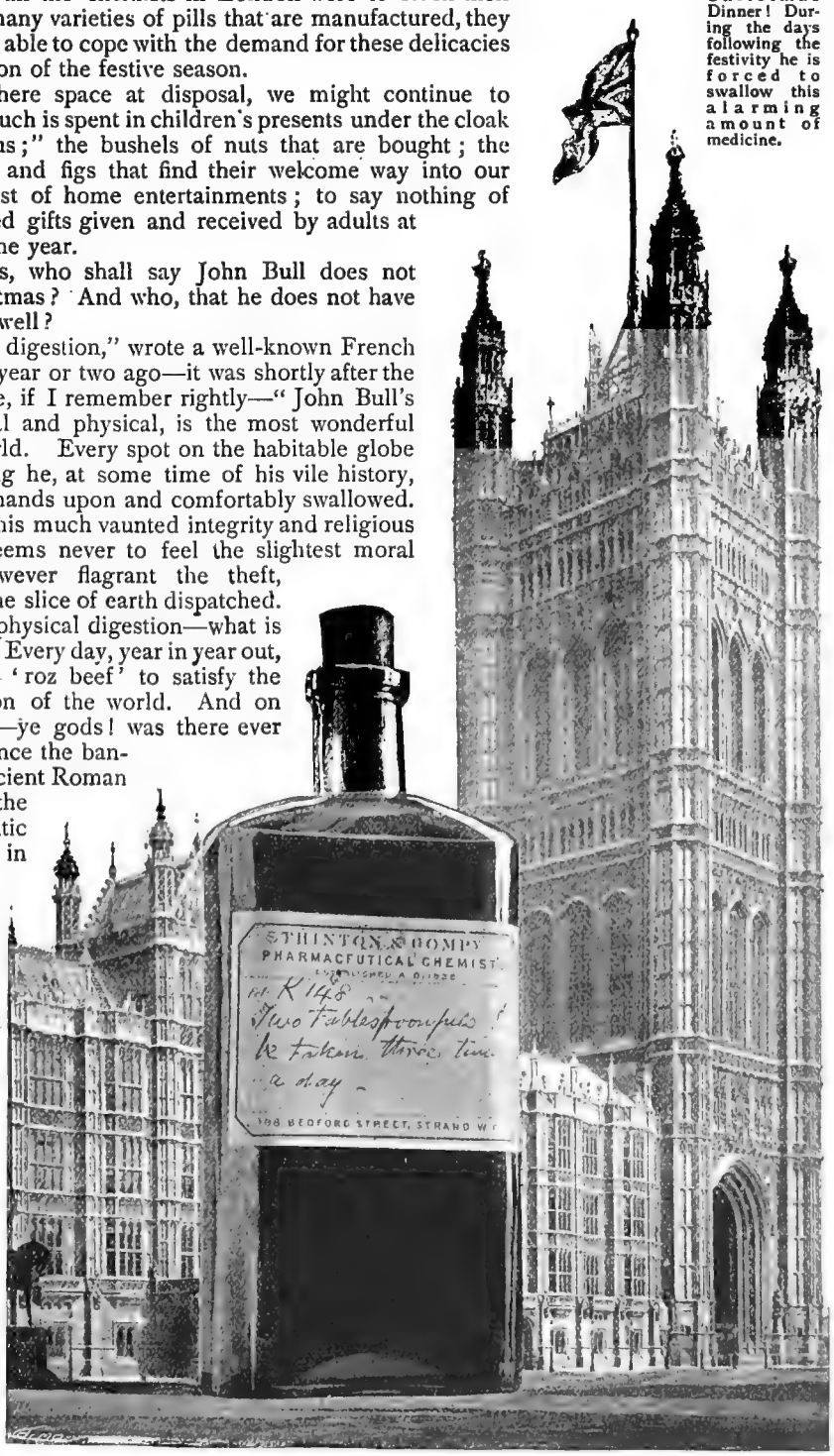
adjunct to our Yuletide that it should therefore have a place in this article. If all the chemists in London were to stock their shops with the many varieties of pills that are manufactured, they would hardly be able to cope with the demand for these delicacies at the termination of the festive season.

And, were there space at disposal, we might continue to calculate how much is spent in children's presents under the cloak of "Santa Claus;" the bushels of nuts that are bought; the boxes of dates and figs that find their welcome way into our houses; the cost of home entertainments; to say nothing of the highly-priced gifts given and received by adults at this season of the year.

So, after this, who shall say John Bull does not enjoy his Christmas? And who, that he does not have to pay for it as well?

"John Bull's digestion," wrote a well-known French Anglophobe, a year or two ago—it was shortly after the Fashoda trouble, if I remember rightly—"John Bull's digestion, moral and physical, is the most wonderful thing in the world. Every spot on the habitable globe worth possessing he, at some time of his vile history, has laid violent hands upon and comfortably swallowed. And in spite of his much vaunted integrity and religious sentiment, he seems never to feel the slightest moral indigestion, however flagrant the theft, however large the slice of earth dispatched. And as for his physical digestion—what is to be said of it? Every day, year in year out, he eats enough 'roz beef' to satisfy the entire population of the world. And on Christmas Day—ye gods! was there ever such gluttony since the banquets of the ancient Roman Patricians!" So the Gaul—and frantic jealousy speaks in every line of his tirade. Could he manage it he would rival us in the dispatching of plum pudding. But his digestion is weak. Ours, on the other hand, is strong as an ostrich's. May it so continue. A strong digestion, a strong nation.



The Nemesis of John Bull's Christmas Dinner! During the days following the festivity he is forced to swallow this alarming amount of medicine.

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The most perfect dwarf of the Prince-Bishops.

The Dwarfs of the Prince-Bishops

By Herbert Vivian.

Illustrated with Photographs.

Salzburg has been proclaimed by a high authority to be one of the three most beautiful cities in Europe, Constantinople and Naples being the other two. Having only seen it in cloudy weather, I am not convinced, but I am fully sensible to the many old-world charms of the city, which was so long ruled by Prince-Bishops and has retained such vivid impressions of their dominion and an atmosphere so very mediæval and ecclesiastical.

That which perhaps carried me back most irresistibly to the old times was the sight of a collection of curious statues, which have now been relegated to a forlorn but still beautiful corner of a beer-garden. They represent a whole dynasty of dwarfs, who were employed, according to ancient usage, as court jesters to a long and prosperous succession of Prince-Bishops.

At all times it has been deemed part of the fun to dress up a court dwarf in some grotesque or incongruous costume in order thereby to heighten his absurdity. The most elementary idea was to dress him up as a clown or pantaloon, a simple form of humour which might appeal even to the dullest understanding. Only one of our Prince-Bishops' dwarfs has been thus attired, and we may safely conclude that he was the first of the series which has been perpetuated. He is, however, by no means the least funny, and his clothes certainly suit him very well. He has the face and figure of a very fat baby, and at the same time an exceedingly shrewd, grown-up expression. The turn of his nose is supremely impertinent, while his mouth, goggle eyes, and cherubic cheeks afford the ideal material for grimacing. He is depicted in the attitude of a clumsy dance, shuffling his big feet and lifting his ill-proportioned arms according to the cadence of a tune.

We can imagine him tumbling, capering and turning somersaults after supper amid the uproarious laughter of the Prince-Bishop's guests when the wine had begun to flow in good earnest. And when this grew monotonous, he would doubtless wander off among the tables and pay off an old score by some practical prank, spilling a beaker over my Monsignor This's trunk-hose or making off with Baron That's viands while they were on their way to expectant lips.

A more subtle sort of wit presently suggested seeking out the most unsuitable costume imaginable, for, after all, in order to be effective, humour must find out the extreme of incongruity. In a martial age this was obviously a grand military garb for the puny fellow, whose only weapon was his tongue.

Here is a funny little hunchback, who might almost be taken for a caricature of one of Cromwell's Ironsides with his seventeenth century top-boots, his broad iron helmet, and the jaunty, swashbuckler attitude, which seems to suggest that he is about to receive an onslaught of pikemen. His amiable, weak face, with its foolish grin, affords a ludicrous contrast to his military get up, and it is easy to picture the uproarious horse-play which must have greeted his appearance with all his accoutrements amid a merry gathering of officers and 'squires. Unlike most hunchbacks, he wears a cheery

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expression, and the deep line round his mouth testifies that it is chronic. His tight-fitting clothes add to his grotesqueness, and time has contributed to the sport by gouging out one of his eyes while sparing the silly smile. This is one of the best of the statues, and deservedly ranks high as whimsical art.

This little chap seems to be a mediæval Jameson raider. Observe the bandolier and the slouch hat. His face is full of expression and the sculptor has placed a wart beside the nose.

This dwarf is endeavouring to emulate a great general. He is supposed to be haranguing his troops, and encouraging them to deeds of valour.

The next is also very lifelike. He is the smallest of them all, and uses his fine old matchlock to emphasise his size. His belts bristling with ammunition and his jaunty wideawake almost recall a Jameson raider. His face is full of expression, and we may well believe that he loved good cheer. The sculptor has been very successful in rendering details. Note the large wart beside the nostril and the suggestion of a toper's nose. We may be sure that this little man was no butt of practical jokers like the other two; he has a genial face, but looks as though he could hold his own and give as good as he received.

This midget appears to be resenting a familiarity in no unmeasured tones.

The dwarf with a big sword has a distinctively German type of face. He is the least sympathetic of them all, and has a dull heavy face, very foreign to jesting. If he had any sense of humour it must have been of a very dry sort. The only suggestion of it is in the gesture of his right hand, which seems to be "taking off" a general's harangue to his troops. He is too well-proportioned to be really ridiculous, but like all the others he is very skilfully carved.

The next is perhaps the most uproariously farcical of all. He is capable of any enormity and ready to brazen it out. He has evidently consumed a fair quantity of liquor and reached the quarrelsome mood. He seems particularly to resent the familiarity

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of the man who has posed in our photograph to convey an idea of the size of the dwarfs. He is clenching his little fists, rolling his eyes and rounding his mouth in a comically exaggerated travesty of indignation. We may be sure that he was not one to mince his words and that his rude humour was very much to the taste of his masters.

It would be difficult to conceive a greater contrast than that between him and his successor, a fellow whose refined features at first sight appear to be marked with melancholy. His cap is somewhat ecclesiastical in cut, his clothes are spruce and he betrays an ambition to hide his infirmities. Yet his outline bears a faint reflection of that of Mr. Punch, and there are traces of quiet sarcasm about his eyes and mouth. He must have been an excellent mimic, but by no means the rollicking favourite like the majority of his compeers.

The melancholy Jacques.

Finally, we have the regular low comedian, whose comical physiognomy has only to appear in order to set all men in a roar. Like Sidney Smith, if he only asked you to pass the salt you were bound to guffaw. His figure is his fortune and compels mirth quite irresistibly. He is engaged, apparently, in a commonplace gardening operation, but his ludicrous manner invests it with an eloquence of wit, which no mere words oculd enhance. Of all these laughable figures—each a masterpiece in its own line—I think this is far and away the most perfect.

Here is a hunchback swashbuckler preparing to receive an onslaught of pikemen.

The clown-dwarf dancing after supper.

The good people of Salzburg seem to regard the dwarfs still with a peculiar affection, partly perhaps in memory of the heyday of their prosperity and independence, partly, too, no doubt, for the jovial and engaging air of the little men, who, in their vesture of stone, even now contribute to the city's gaiety, and chase away care with their cheery antics and grimaces. They serve at any rate to remind us that men made merry long before the establishment of music halls and comic papers. If we may judge from the records which have survived, the wit of a court dwarf was often somewhat forced and thin according to modern notions, but it is at any rate significant that an iron age should have called the profession of jester into being. We are too prone to look upon past ages as morose, whereas in truth the people enjoyed far larger leisure for innocent gaiety, and, as we see, even the great ones of the earth, absorbed in warfare and statecraft, took pains to secure a free flow of wit at their private hearth and board.

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BUBS

By L. G. Moberley.

He gave himself the name when he was a laughing, brown-faced baby of three, and it stuck to him ever after—Bubs.

Nobody quite knew what it meant, or why it first came into existence; but as the baby grew into the boy, and the boy shot swiftly up into the man, the name still clung to him. Bubs he had been — Bubs it seemed he always was to be.

He was the dearest little boy. His brown face was alive with eagerness and enthusiasm. His eyes were bright with keenness and excitement over the world that unfolded daily before them. They were beautiful eyes, too—neither grey nor green, and yet a striking mingling of both, and smeared in with just a hint of a smutty finger—and their long, upturned lashes many a woman might have envied.

He was a loving little soul in those days, brimful of tenderness for his mother, loving adoration for his father, ready friendliness to everybody who showed him kindness. He boiled over with enthusiasm over everything that interested him, and his interests were innumerable. He was the same all through his school days; his eyes had a way of dilating when he was excited, and out of sheer eagerness he stuttered when talking of anything that especially interested him.

And then,—well then Bubs was put into a smart cavalry regiment, and came out at the other end of the mill, so to speak, a very different being from the one who went in. It was a very smart regiment, and, according to its traditions, its officers must hide their enthusiasms under bushels, or, better still, have no enthusiasms at all; and must present to the world the *blasé* and wearied countenances of those who have tasted of every experience that life could give, and who found that there was nothing new or true, and —no matter!

Bubs succeeded—after a time—in reducing his brown and cheerful visage to a sufficiently dead level of indifference and boredom, and learnt to prattle of the fatigue of living; of the centuries of experience he had contrived to squeeze into his own youthful existence. He was not nearly so nice a Bubs as the frank-faced boy who had looked eagerly out upon the world before entering it; but I think he would have outgrown this youthful stage of *blasé*-dom if it had not been for his unfortunate discovery that he was an exceedingly attractive person to the other sex.

Alas! Bubs began to find out that those beautiful eyes of his had a wonderful effect upon women-folk, if used judiciously. It was a great pity he did find this out, but it was a still greater pity that the women he came across suffered themselves to be so easily

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bewitched by a pair of grey-green eyes with sweeping black lashes; and that they forthwith took delight in adoring and spoiling Bubs to the very great detriment of that young gentleman's character.

His mother had died before he reached man's estate, otherwise her common-sense would have stood between Bubs and folly. As things were he was not improved by the worship he received from a variety of foolish ladies, who should have shown more wisdom. Perhaps his sojourn in India put the finishing touch to the change wrought in a character which began by having so many good points. Bubs was the spoilt darling of every drawing-room in the station where he spent two years of his life, and he came back to England on leave, more *blasé*, more bored, more indifferent than he had been when he went away.

His manners badly wanted mending. He had been so petted and pampered by all the ladies, married and unmarried, amongst whom he had lived in India, that he had acquired a way of behaving that was quite the reverse of courteous, and left much to be desired.

He had been home about a month when he was invited to spend a fortnight with some old friends at their very charming place in Surrey. Bubs arrived late. It was the tradition of his regiment always to be late for every function, this being part of their swagger. He only came into the drawing-room just as the guests were beginning to file into the dining-room.

"Will you take Miss Henderson down, Mr. Landon?" said his hostess, presenting him to a tall girl in black, and hurrying on her way.

He walked into the dining-room without uttering a syllable to his companion.

This disposing of his august person to a mere girl upset Bub's equanimity to begin with. He was mortally offended. To be asked to take a girl—and evidently a very young girl—in to dinner, instead of a married woman, was a very bitter pill, and he walked into the dining-room without uttering a syllable to his companion, and without even bestowing a glance upon her.

It was she who spoke first, after they were seated at the table.

"You only arrived just before dinner, I think, Mr. Landon?" she said.

Bubs' answer was something between a groan and a grunt. Bubs was in a bad temper — Bubs was sulky, and Bubs' manners left more to be desired than usual.

"You have been living a good deal in savage countries lately, I gather?"

The voice was as pleasant and smooth as before, but Bubs looked up sharply. Did he detect sarcasm? Was the girl daring to fire off sarcastic remarks at *him?*

His eyes met a pair of well-opened grey eyes. If there was a twinkle in them, there was no sign of a smile about the well-cut lips. Bubs concluded that her remark was made in innocence. He sat back in his chair and crumbled his bread sulkily. He was determined not to talk to Miss Henderson—his hostess must have a lesson. He—Bubs of the 190th—was not to be treated thus.

Daphne Henderson turned a little in her chair and looked full into his cross face with eyes that were now undoubtedly full of laughter.

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"I believe the dwellers in savage lands prefer to eat their meals in silence and undisturbed. I won't worry you any more."

And with the words, she deliberately turned her back upon the petrified Bubs, and began to talk to her neighbour on the other side.

If a bomb had descended at the young man's feet he could not have been more astonished. He sat bolt upright and glared at what he could see of Miss Henderson. It was chiefly a view of a very straight back, which somehow possessed a good deal of character—a coil of soft hair and the nape of a very pretty neck. The face was turned away; and it remained turned away during the whole of dinner. To say that Bubs was surprised is to use mild language. He was at first furious; then annoyed and fidgetty; finally astonished—and astonishment was the predominant sensation when, dinner ended, Miss Henderson moved from her place without even a glance in his direction. In all the years of his life, Bubs never remembered before having been snubbed by a woman, much less by a young girl.

He felt a certain curiosity to see her again, and looked round the drawing-room for her on returning there. She was standing by the conservatory door, her tall, young figure outlined against the big palms within. She was talking to a boy—the oldest son of the house—and Bubs could see from her eager gestures that she was keenly interested in the subject of conversation. Presently she laughed, and her laugh was good to hear. Once her eyes met Bubs' intent gaze, but she showed no

Her hands were full of sprays of briar rose and honeysuckle.

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more sign of having seen him than if he had been a fly.

Bubs—the much-sought-after Bubs—felt more than ever affronted. Indifference chafed him more than active dislike would have done. He felt an insane desire to ask this girl what she meant by treating him like the dirt under her feet; only—well, the thing was that during the evening she did not exactly "treat" him in any way at all! She simply went on her own serene way as though he had not been there.

The next morning Bubs, sauntering in the garden, met Miss Henderson. Her hands were full of sprays of briar rose and honeysuckle. She had evidently been into the lanes, and she looked the very embodiment of health and vigour. She would have passed the young man with a slight inclination of her head, but Bubs stepped up to her.

"Am I to be sent to Coventry entirely?" he said shortly.

"Don't you think you rather deserve to go there?" she said. The shadow of a smile hovered round her mouth.

"I—am not at all accustomed"—Bubs began, and stopped.

"And *I* am not at all accustomed to talk to people who evidently prefer not to talk to me," she answered. "You weren't a very amusing companion at dinner last night, were you?"

Her grey eyes, full of laughter, met his frankly.

Bubs felt angry. It was absurd that a girl in her teens should laugh at him—should presume to call him to account!

His face suddenly assumed an expression of sulky boredom, combined with haughty astonishment, and the girl beside him, watching him, laughed!

"Oh," she exclaimed, "you know it isn't a bit of good trying to make me think you are all sorts of things you are not. I've got six brothers, and I know most things there are to be known about—boys!"

Boys! Bubs stared at her in speechless wrath.

"I know just the stage you are in," this amazingly outspoken young lady went on. "You're at the *blasé* stage, aren't you?" She put her head a little on one side, and eyed him scrutinisingly. "It has to be gone through like the measles or any other infantile complaint. You'll feel ever so much better when it's over!"

Bubs gasped. *Blasé*—of course he was *blasé*. Had he not told adoring and credulous friends of the other sex over and over again all about the farce called life: how he had drunk the cup of disillusionment to the very dregs; how there was nothing in all the gamut of human experience which he had not known; nothing under the sun that he had not seen, and he had found that all was vanity. Why, he had said all this scores of times to women no longer young, who had believed and sympathised with him. And now a slip of a girl whose face was as fresh as one of the roses she carried, whose eyes looked frankly out upon life with no signs of fatigue or boredom, had the audacity to tell him he was going through an infantile complaint.

"Oh," she went on, before he had time to recover from his surprise, surveying him as she spoke with cool, critical eyes, "you will get over it. It doesn't generally last long. I always laugh at my brothers all through their *blasè* stage. They are not bearable until they are out of it. Nobody is!"

And before Bubs had sufficiently collected his wits to reply, she had passed him swiftly and gone into the house.

Now it was a curious fact that angry as Bubs was, he could not forget Daphne Henderson's words; moreover, her frank face and grey eyes haunted him in the most irritating fashion. Though he told himself a dozen times an hour that he detested girls, especially these modern outspoken ones, he, nevertheless, had in his mind a tolerably clear vision of an upright, girlish figure, her arms full of roses and honeysuckle, her eyes shining with laughter, her lips curved into a smile. And the laughter had not been unkind! She had treated him with a sort of camaraderie which she might have bestowed upon one of those six brothers; and for the first time in his life it crossed Bubs' mind to wish that he had had a sister.

Bubs' anger began to melt. He resolved that he would yet impress this critical damsel and teach her to look upon him with respect, perhaps, even with admiration. But, alas! at his most world-weary speeches she merely laughed, and told him he would learn sense as he grew older. His lofty swagger as one of the 190th she treated with scorn, and the strangest part of the whole thing was that she did not seem to look upon Bubs as anything more than the most ordinary young man. To Bubs it was an entirely new experience that any woman should be impervious to his charms, and the more cool and indifferent this irritating girl was, the more anxious did Bubs become to break down her indifference.

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"You must have been quite a dear little boy when you called yourself 'Bubs.'"

The spoilt pet of Anglo-Indian drawing-rooms found himself fetching and carrying for the tall, grey-eyed girl in a most surprising way; and the aggravation of it was that it never seemed to strike her as anything unusual.

"You seem accustomed always to have things done for you," he said to her, almost pettishly one day, when he had brought her a chair, a parasol, and a book. She looked up with amused eyes.

"Why, so I am," she said. "Didn't I tell you I had six brothers?"

"Well, I thought sisters generally waited on their brothers. I should have thought you would have done things for them." His voice was nearly sulky.

She sat bolt upright all at once.

"Good gracious, should you?" she exclaimed. "Why, my brothers would never dream of letting me do things for myself, and I shouldn't think it would be very good for them if they did. And as for letting me fetch and carry for them—well, you evidently don't know much about the proper way to treat a girl. You are more difficult to train than all my brothers put together."

Bubs was so offended after this episode that he hardly spoke to her for two days. But the painful reflection that this did not trouble her in the least, whilst it certainly vexed him, drew him back to her side again.

"There is something quite nice about you somewhere," she said one morning, looking at him thoughtfully, as he lay at her feet on the grass, "only you have crusted it over with such a dreadful lot of nonsense. You must have been quite a dear little boy when you called yourself 'Bubs.'" She spoke gravely, something in her eyes made him all at once spring to his feet.

"You are always down on me," he said quickly.

"I am not," she answered, "only—only—it seems such a dreadful pity that you should bury all the good in you. If you were my brother——"

"I don't want to be your brother," he interrupted her eagerly, more eagerly than she had ever heard him speak. "I suppose I'm a fool—but would you marry me, Daphne?"

The colour flashed into her face.

"Oh, no," she said hastily. "Oh, no. I couldn't marry a man who is bored with everything, and *blasé*, and all that sort of thing. The man I marry must be—well, must be a *man*. I don't even know whether you are *capable* of doing anything

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"You didn't come to me—so—I had to come to you," and Bubs turned his astonished eyes to see Daphne beside him.

but loaf through life, looking sick of it all."

"Don't you?" A sudden doggedness came about his mouth, a new look dawned in his eyes. "But if—if I proved to you that I can——"

She rose and stood by his side, her eyes met his.

"If," she said softly, "if you did prove it to me, perhaps——" she broke off suddenly, and the colour flashed over her face again as she turned away.

* * * * *

"I say, Daphne, you know that fellow Landon, the one they call Bubs? That rather sickening ass? Well, he's chucked his leave and volunteered for the front. Queer, isn't it?"

"Very queer." Daphne turned away from her brother, her voice shook oddly, but that obtuse young gentleman did not notice it.

"Just the last sort of thing I should have imagined such a soft, silly sort of chap would have done," he went on. "Do him a lot of good to rough it, though. His silly swagger made me sick. Pity you weren't his sister, Daph. You are a lovely bearleader for brothers," and Daphne's brother pulled her face round to his and kissed it. "What did you think of the fellow Daph, when you met him?"

"I thought he would improve with time — and treatment," the girl said, and she laughed softly.

* *

The little hard fought war was over. The grinding hardships that the troops had gone through were ended, and they were coming home. And Bubs was coming among the rest—a sadder and a wiser Bubs. He had had a terribly hard time; and the worst of it was that he had been wounded, badly wounded, and the surgeon had shaken his head gravely and said that he doubted whether Bubs would ever be fit for active service again. What availed it then, thought Bubs, that his wound had been gained in an act of "conspicuous bravery," that a fellow soldier owed his life to him. What mattered anything, but that he was probably maimed for life, and that Daphne would never now believe that he could be a man?

Bubs was in the depths of despair when he landed at Southampton. He had dreamed of going to Daphne full of triumph, and crowned with glory at the end of the campaign; but now he shook his head mournfully at the reflection of his own lean brown face in the glass, and he did not even write to tell the girl of his return.

And that, perhaps, was the greatest act of bravery in Bubs's career, for he longed for Daphne as he had never longed for anything in all his life; but he had made up his mind doggedly that he had no business now to try and work upon her feelings.

"I'm not going to play the wounded hero,

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or anything of that sort," he said. "I'll worry through somehow."

He never quite knew how the first weary days dragged by, as he tried in vain to pick up strength in his father's house, and tried, still more in vain, not to long quite so intolerably for Daphne.

But one afternoon as he sat listlessly in a big armchair, looking out into the garden, his father came in with an air of suppressed excitement.

"I'm just bringing an old friend in to see you, my boy," he said hurriedly; and before Bubs could remonstrate, he had vanished again, and Bubs' eyes turned drearily back to the contemplation of the tree-tops.

The door opened and shut; there was a little rustle of skirts, a soft voice close to him said:—

"You didn't come to me—so—I had—to come to you," and Bubs turned his astonished eyes to see Daphne beside him—Daphne—in her white frock as he had always pictured her; Daphne with a smile on her lips, but with a look in her grey eyes which he had never seen there before.

"Come—to you?" he stammered, trying unsuccessfully to get up, but his legs trembled so absurdly that he had to sit down again, and hold on tightly to the arm of the chair. "How could I come to you? Didn't they tell you that I was pretty badly smashed up—not killed, unluckily, but a sort of wreck."

"Oh, I knew that was why you didn't come," she said, and she knelt down beside him, a proud light on her face. "I know the queer turns of—of—boy's minds so well," she flashed a mischievous look at him, "and so I made Dad bring me here, because I knew wild horses would not have dragged you to me."

"Well, they wouldn't," he said defiantly. "I may have been an ass—I was, of course. I did make a fool of myself, but I wasn't going to be a knave as well. You didn't suppose I was going to try and tie you to a wreck?"

"No," she said, "I knew you wouldn't; but—I am going to tie myself"—and all at once she took one of his thin, wasted hands in hers. "I don't know about a wreck—whether you are a wreck or not, you're still Bubs, you know: and—and it's Bubs—that I want!"

THE WARRIOR'S REVERIE.

When the day has donned night's mantle,
And the hour of rest is nigh;
When the starry lights of heaven,
Shine their brightest in the sky;
When the camp-fire's burning brightly,
And the day's hard fight is o'er,
I shall see, in starlit visions,
Faces on my native shore.
Loving memories will cheer me,
Drifting from across the foam,
Coming from the lovelit bye-gones,
Sweet forget-me-nots of home.
Like twin roses in the summer,
We were brought up side by side.
It was May amongst the blossoms,
And love's boat was on the tide.
Tell my Mother when you see her,
God is with us in the fight,
And her last good-bye shall cheer me,
Through war's dark and troubled night.
If I fall, console her gently,
And in accents soft and low,
Say I died for Queen and Country,
With my face towards the foe.
Love shall set our thoughts to music,
And when shadows eastward cast,
Then our life and love for ever
Shall be blended with the past.
When the war-clouds have passed over,
When, my love, we meet again,
It will be like April blossoms,
Kissed by sunshine after rain.
Should I fall amidst the battle
For the old Red, White and Blue,
When I reach that distant haven,
I will watch and wait for you.
I will wait to meet you, darling,
Far beyond life's moaning tide,
Heaven itself would not be heaven,
If you were not by my side.

Smedley Norton.

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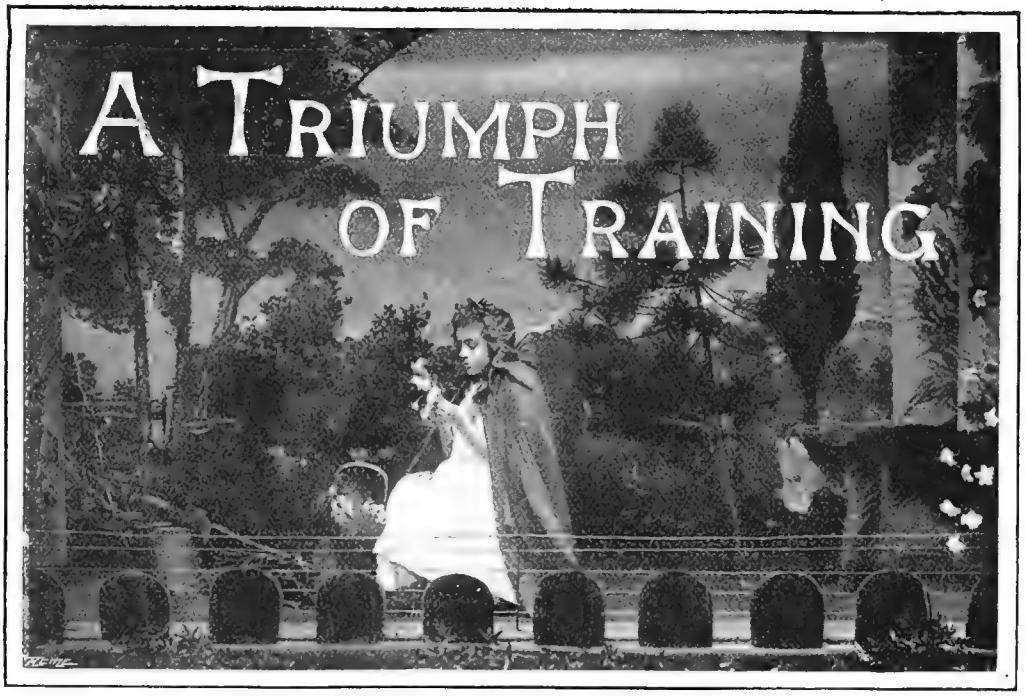

The Marvellous Performance of Blind and Deaf-mute Children, Illustrated with Photographs taken specially for the ROYAL MAGAZINE.

BY A. J. STORY.

WHEN one speaks of a stage performance given by deaf children, the uninitiated naturally imagine a play in which the dialogue is rendered by pantomimic gesture, a method of communication in which the deaf are extraordinarily expert. In reality, however, there is nowadays no necessary connection between deaf performers and a dumb show. In a previous article we have referred to the oral method of teaching the deaf to speak—for, as everyone knows, the deaf, that is to say those who have been born deaf, are also dumb. It is by the oral method, therefore, that the deaf are taught to speak the dialogue of these plays.

Perhaps the most wonderful performance of this kind was that produced last Christmas at the North Stafford Blind and Deaf School, Stoke-on-Trent. In this venture the actors consisted of children either totally blind or totally deaf. Every scene and every song went off without a hitch. There is something very strange and pathetic in the thought of children assisting in a play which they cannot hear, and in the formation of scenes which they cannot see. And yet, the actors not missing what they never possessed, appeared to be perfectly happy in the fact that they were amusing others, and their beaming faces clearly indicated that they were extracting as much enjoyment from the performance as those who watched them play.

The old tale of Red Riding Hood was the first of the two plays produced in one evening. The opening scene revealed the children playing on the village green, dances and country games, rendered with perfect accuracy of time and movement, alternating with a dumb-bell exercise which involved some pretty dancing steps. This was followed by an Indian club solo, performed by a little fellow of seven or eight years of age. The performer audibly counted his exercises as he performed them in perfect unison with the music which accompanied his display. Of course, the musical accompaniment is of no assistance to these deaf children; it is introduced solely for the additional pleasure it causes to the audience.

The excited entry of Red Riding Hood's grandmother brings to an abrupt ending the festivities on the green, and the heroine of the piece departs on her errand of mercy.

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The well-known incidents of the famous nursery story are proceeded with in the following scene, which illustrates very clearly the proficiency of the actors' lip-reading.

Then comes the scene in the woods, and a really charming picture this presents. Natural trees and bushes are utilised, and here and there logs of wood show that the woodman has been at work of late. The inevitable wolf is introduced with the usual dialogue, and the woodman enters and commences his work. He attacks a tree when he is suddenly interrupted by a band of rustics, who are personated by blind children, one of whom falls on his knees and renders with feeling and passion the old and well-known song, "Woodman, Spare that Tree." This is perhaps the prettiest incident in the whole performance, the rustic beseeching the woodman in tones which the latter cannot hear, to spare a tree which he himself cannot see.

The final scene represents the grandmother's cottage in which the dreadful devouring incident takes place. The woodman enters just in time to save Red Riding Hood, and the rustics rush in at this juncture and join in the general chorus of song. Then the play concludes with these words:—

> We are going to mention his conduct
> In quarters exalted, you know,
> He shall get his reward
> From the slap of a sword,
> Rise a belted knight all at one blow.
> And when we've reported his conduct
> You'll see in the next honours' list
> He's got his reward,
> A knight, duke, or lord—
> Were telling state secrets, so—hist!

In this portion of the entertainment the whole of the speaking parts are taken by deaf children, the blind providing the songs.

After the conclusion of this play follows a sketch, entitled "Her Majesty's Forces"—a combination of patriotism and humour, given entirely by blind boys. The cast includes several representatives of the army and the navy, and a person called Ned Yarner, a longshoreman, and one addicted to yarning, as his name betrays. Of course, the performance contains frequent references to the South African War and these are very greatly relished by the audience. Ned Yarner's query, "Which lady has beaten

The launch of Kruger's "mighty cruiser."

The musical drill of the deaf-mutes.

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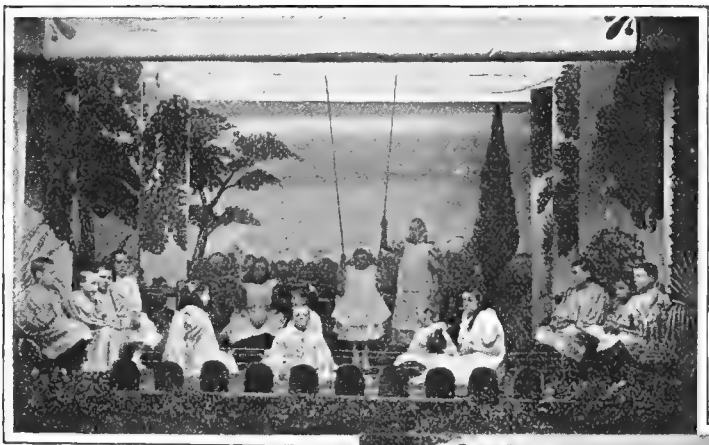


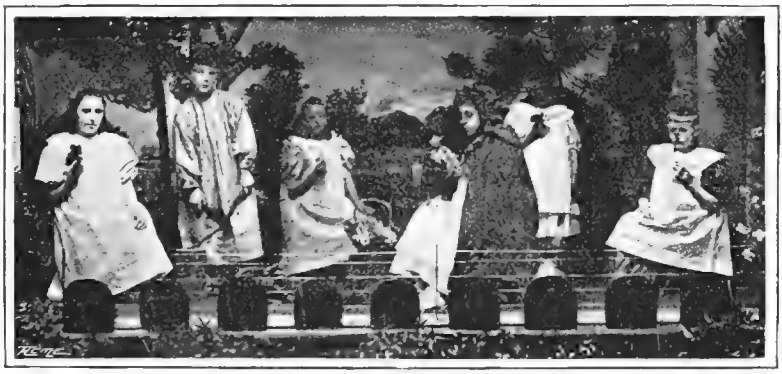
The sports of childhood.

Joubert?" and his reply—"Ladysmith"—evoked loud cheering.

But perhaps the most amusing incident in this sketch is the despatch of President Kruger's cruiser armed with six-inch plates, "all made in the potteries," to assist in the self-imposed task of the subjugation of Britain. The oration is delivered by the captain. "Go forth, mighty vessel," he says, "thou product of human skill. Thy name 'The Jolly Potter,' betokens the place of thine origin. Thou engine of destruction, uphold the honour of thy birthplace! Farewell! If thy plates are smashed send to the potteries for more." And amid the strains of "Anchor's Weighed," the mighty vessel moves off.

Piper Findlater, of the Gordon Highlanders, introduces a specially written song, "Fighting at Dargai," which describes the part taken by Scotchmen in that battle. His peculiar Scottish accent leads to much funny banter from his *confrères* in the service of the Queen. Songs such as "Tommy Atkins," and "Soldiers of the Queen," were received by the audience with tumultuous applause, which had the effect of causing the blind boys to throw themselves more heartily than ever into the performance. Finally, amid the strains of "Rule Britannia," the curtain fell, rising again on a grand tableau composed of all the performers, and "God save the Queen" was sung, and brought to an end this unique school performance.

Her Majesty's Forces.



Red Riding Hood in the woods.

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Photo by Bailey & Sons.

The drawing-room of the Japanese Legation.

LONDON'S LEGATIONS FROM THE FAR EAST.

By Robert Machray.

By the "Far East" is generally meant China, Korea and Japan, but as Korea has no Minister or Envoy at the Court of St. James's, "London's Legations from the Far East" includes the representatives of the other two empires only. Even in the case of China and Japan the keeping of permanent Legations in this country is of very recent date, lying well within the last forty years.

The enormous value of our vast commerce with China, the rising political and military power of Japan, and the prominence of both countries in contemporary history, make everything connected with them of special interest to us. At the same time, the British Empire, from its virtual headship of the world, has always, since the beginning of diplomatic relations with them, had sent to its capital as Plenipotentiaries men of mark—people notable on their own account.

Certainly the present Ministers of China and Japan, Sir Chihchen Lofêngluh, K.C.V.O., and Baron Hayashi, may deservedly be regarded as remarkable men. Both are familiar with England and English literature, both speak our language with the utmost fluency, and both are thoroughly conversant with the political, civil, religious, economic, and religious aspects of current Western life and thought.

Curiously enough the two Ministers are almost exactly of the same age—fifty-one. Sir Chihchen is the taller of the two, being a stout, well set up man of five feet eight or nine, whereas Baron Hayashi, like most of his countrymen, is below what we consider middle height, being about five feet four or so. The Chinese Minister never abandons native dress, wearing in summer light garments of lilac or pale blue silk, whose delicate texture would fill

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any woman with envy and admiration, and in winter heavily wadded clothes of dark blue or black. He always wears Chinese boots, which are made of satin with paper soles, and are extremely easy, noiseless, and comfortable.

Baron Hayashi, on the other hand, discards the characteristic Japanese dress and appears in the conventional European costume. When he goes to Court

Photo by Elliot & Fry.

Baron Hayashi

or any great function he wears the uniform of his rank as baron, each grade of the Japanese nobility having its special dress.

Thus, while the Chinese Minister is ever a striking and picturesque figure on account of his attire, at State Drawing Rooms and other great affairs, the Japanese is hardly to be distinguished from the other uniformed members of the Diplomatic Circle. In addition to the national pigtail, Sir Chihchen is never seen without his round silk cap on his head, with, of course, the proper "button" of his rank on top.

Photo by Elliot & Fry.
The Baroness Hayashi as she appears in London Society.

Both men have very pleasant, courteous manners, and are not at all inaccessible to those who have introductions, or business with them.

Baron Hayashi lives in the Legation-house, 4, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.—a view of the exterior of which, and also of its drawing-room, are presented with this article. Sir Chihchen is only to be found during certain hours at the Chinese Legation in Portland Place, his private residence being on the other side of Regent's Park. Left a widower some eighteen months ago, he married again in July last. By his first marriage he has two sons, who are being educated in England. Lady Chihchen has so far appeared very little in public, nor was the late Lady Lo, as she was called, seen much about.

Baroness Hayashi, who speaks French, but not English, goes into Society. She has a granddaughter of eight years of age, but no one would suppose from the Baroness's appearance that she was old enough to be a grandmother, for she looks very youthful. The young lady, Miss Sono Fukuzawa, a child of their Excellencies' only daughter, who is married to the editor of Japan's leading newspaper, the *Ji-Ji Shimpo*, of Tokyo, lives with them, and is being brought up like any English little girl. She knows very little English, but

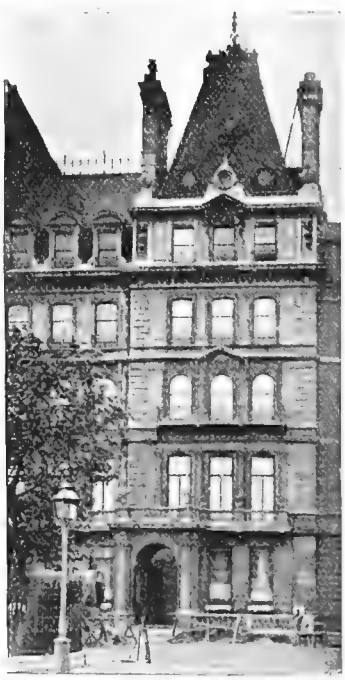

Photo by Parker
The Japanese Legation, 4, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.

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Photo by Baron Hayashi.

The front view of Baron Hayashi's house at Tokyo.

loves to be taken to the theatre, following with the keenest interest and delight the various tableaux made by the players, though she does not understand what they say.

Sir Chihchen Lofêngluh is a great scholar, and is the author of several books. He is a keen and enthusiastic student of Shakespeare, many of whose plays he has translated into Chinese. On his return to China he intends to present a library to his native town, and amongst the volumes will be found his Excellency's translation of Shakespeare.

He is at the present time, when the anxieties of the situation give him any opportunity, engaged in translating, in eight volumes, an English work called "Lives of the World's Hundred Greatest Men," which, when completed, is to be sent to the Emperor of China. A printing press is being erected in the Legation, and the volumes are to be printed there. A couple of pages of the Minister's Chinese MS. are given on page 148.

Sir Chihchen is a Confucianist, but he may be seen almost every Sunday morning at the meetings of the Ethical Society, which are held in Steinway Hall under Dr. Washington Sullivan. His Excellency is well acquainted with the literature of the Bible, and he has a high appreciation of its morality and beauty. At the same time, it must be admitted that he has not hesitated to say that missionaries are at the bottom of most of the troubles in China.

Photo by Baron Hayashi.

In a Japanese garden. The central figure is that of Miss Sono Fukuzawa, their Japanese Excellencies' granddaughter.

Baron Hayashi told me that when he was younger, and with more leisure at his disposal than he has now, he used to be a tremendous reader of English novels. He thus knows the works of Scott, Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, and Thackeray. "I could spend all my days in reading novels," he once said to me, "but of course I have other and more important occupations which prevent me from doing just what I should like." Yet every man, be he diplomatist or anything else, has a hobby, and the Baron is no exception, his particular weakness, if it be a weakness, being photography. He takes the greatest interest in the development and fixing of his pictures, which have

Photo by Baron Hayashi.

The Baroness Hayashi's drawing-room in Tokyo.

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Photo by Baron Hayashi.
Miss Sono Fukuzawa, Baroness Hayashi's granddaughter.

little of the amateur about them, and he prides himself extremely on his skill.

Having thus given you a brief character-sketch of these two distinguished Orientals, I now proceed to tell you something of their histories and public careers, particulars of which have been kindly furnished me by themselves.

The Chinese Minister entered the service of the Chinese Government by the hard and thorny road of the examinations which are so striking a feature of life in China. After he had taken the necessary degrees, he was attached to the Yamen of the Viceroy of the province of Chih-Li, becoming in course of time First Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In 1877 he came to England as a member of the first mission China sent to the English Court, and whilst residing in London attended various lectures at King's College. He had previously acquired a fair knowledge of English, and he now set to work to perfect himself in it.

Photo by Elliot and Fry.

Baroness Hayashi

From a Photo.
Baroness Hayashi, her daughter, and granddaughter, in Japanese costume.

On his return to China, he and Wu Ting Fang, who, by the way, is an English barrister, the present Minister at Washington, were appointed joint secretaries to Li Hung Chang, so often spoken of as the "Grand Old Man of China." And, under Li Hung Chang, his Excellency was on the staff of the special Embassy, sent by the Emperor of China to all the world, which visited England in 1896, generally acting as interpreter for the Plenipotentiary. A year or two later he was made Minister to England, at the suggestion of his friend and patron, Li, to whom he is greatly attached, and of whom he has nothing but good to say.

In 1899, Sir Chihchen made a tour over

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England for the purpose of examining personally some of our great industrial undertakings, and of seeing for himself various mechanical processes used in manufacturing all kinds of weapons, implements, cotton goods, etc. He kept a diary of all that he saw, and from it made extracts upon which he based the writing of a book in Chinese, which he sent to his Emperor, who, he says, is a great student, with an insatiable thirst for knowledge.

Photo by Lafayette.
His Excellency Sir Chihchen Lofengluh.

His Excellency is fond of reading philosophical works. He likes to go to the theatre now and again, and may often be seen at first-night performances. He is on terms of close intimacy with many of our most distinguished men, and is altogether an interesting personality.

Baron Hayashi's career is in a way an epitome of much that has taken place in Japan during the last forty years—since what is generally called the Revolution in Japan, though his Excellency tells me that we have rather an exaggerated notion here in England of the suddenness with which the change was brought about. He declares that the transformation of Japan really began almost two hundred years ago, when a certain Jesuit appeared at the Court of the Tycoon (who then usurped the power of the Mikado) on a mission from the Pope. This priest so impressed the chief Minister of the Japanese

Photo by Parker.
The drawing-room of the Chinese Legation, showing a precious embroidered silk panel on the wall.

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Photo by Parker.
The Chinese Legation, 49, Portland Place. Sir Chihchen's carriage is waiting at the door.

monarch that he was invited to make his home in Japan, and to become a member of the Government, but only on condition that he would abjure Christianity. This, however, he refused to do, but he remained long enough in the country to influence the higher classes very profoundly in the direction of western learning and culture. Still, a certain great revolution did take place in Japan some thirty or forty years ago, and it had a good deal to do with the Minister's early life.

M. Hayashi—his title of baron was granted him five years ago—when a boy, was sent to England by the Government of the Tycoon, or Shogun as he should be called, to be educated as fully as possible in our language and literature. He had already been taught a little English by an American missionary, but he made rapid progress at University College School, and was becoming highly proficient, when the war broke out between the Mikado and the Tycoon, and Japan was convulsed from end to end.

M. Hayashi returned to Japan, and fought on the side of the Tycoon, as did most of the feudal nobles, to whom he by birth belonged. The Tycoon was beaten. Though the Tycoons had usurped the royal authority for hundreds of years, yet the people all the time knew that the Mikado was the real divine sovereign, and when the Mikado made good his claim to the sole power, he was soon accepted, even by those who had fought against him. Moreover, he conciliated them by taking many of them into his service, and amongst them the young Hayashi, who became an attaché in the Foreign Office at Tokyo.

Photo by Parker.
Two pages of MS. written by Sir Chihchen Lofengluh. This is part of a translation made by His Excellency for the Emperor of China, of "The Lives of the World's Hundred Greatest Men."

In 1872 he again visited England, on this occasion on the staff of M. Iwakura, at that time Japanese

Photo by Parker.
Sir Chihchen's study at Portland Place.

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Minister to England. The Mikado asked him to select distinguished engineers to take professorial chairs in a new College of Engineering he was about to found, and having chosen suitable men he went back with them to Japan. The College was established, and has proved a great success. Ten years later M. Hayashi was again in England for a short time on a mission, in the suite of Prince Arisugawa, a member of the Imperial family.

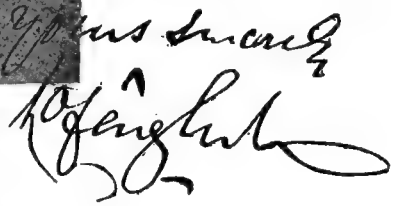
Advancing gradually from one post to another, he was made Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs at Tokyo in 1892, and held that important office till the conclusion of the war between Japan and China. For his services at that time he was raised to the Japanese House of Peers, which is modelled a little like the English House of Lords. In 1895 he was made Minister to China, and to him fell the conduct of the various negotiations which succeeded the war, such as the retrocession of the Liaotung Peninsula to China, at the instance of Russia, France, and Germany, in exchange for an increased indemnity, which Japan consented to, though sorely against her will. He also successfully accomplished the negotiation of a commercial treaty with China. He now made the acquaintance of the leading statesmen of China—the very men, in fact, about whom we have recently heard so much. As might be anticipated, Baron Hayashi is a great authority on all the knotty questions of the Far East.

Photo by Russell and Sons.

In 1897 he was transferred from Pekin to St. Petersburg, a diplomatic post only second—if second—to that he now holds. While Minister to Russia, he attended, in 1899, the Peace Conference at the Hague as Special Envoy. Shortly afterwards he returned home to give the Mikado his impressions of that famous Congress. Meanwhile he had been decorated by the Tsar with the Order of the White Eagle; his own Emperor now conferred on him the First Class of the Order of the Rising Sun, the highest decoration anyone not of the blood royal can obtain in Japan.

In 1900 his diplomatic career reached its acme by his appointment as Minister to England. It will thus be seen that his Excellency is a man of the ripest experience in International politics.

Japan looks to England far more than to any other country for guidance, and it may be that the two Empires may find it to their mutual advantage in Asia to be associated in a political alliance. Japan can scarcely regard Russia with very friendly eyes, and here we touch common ground. In other matters we have a community of interests and sympathies. The two leading statesmen of Japan, the Marquis Ito and Count Okuma, who are close personal friends, though political opponents, are both desirous of doing everything to cultivate better relations with Great Britain. Baron Hayashi is very intimate with these leaders of Japanese opinion, and shares their views. Baron Hayashi tells me that he thinks most of the troubles of the world arise from ignorance. He says that is at the root of the Chinese Question. The Chinese simply don't know. When at the Peace Conference he was asked by Mr. Stead what, in his opinion, was most likely to make for the permanent peace of nations, he replied: "That nations should know one another better."



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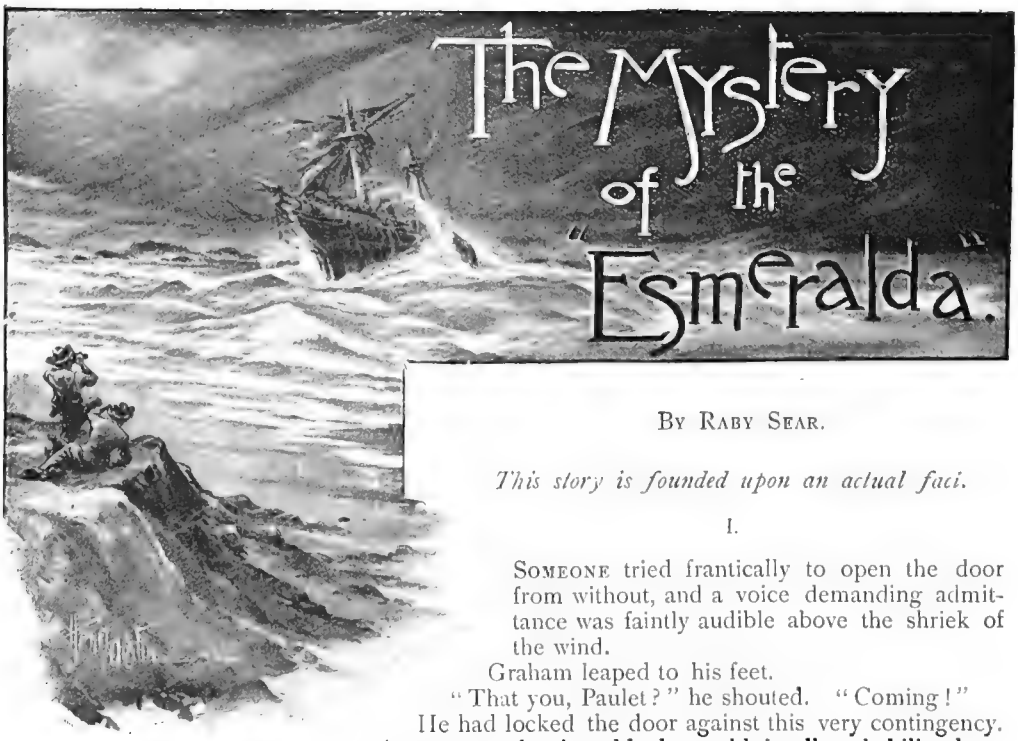

By Raby Sear.

This story is founded upon an actual fact.

I.

Someone tried frantically to open the door from without, and a voice demanding admittance was faintly audible above the shriek of the wind.

Graham leaped to his feet.

"That you, Paulet?" he shouted. "Coming!"

He had locked the door against this very contingency. Anyone opening it suddenly would, in all probability, have admitted a blast strong enough to have shifted everything in the room, or carried away the little house altogether. In such matters it behoves one to be careful when a great hurricane sweeps over the Indian Ocean and breaks on the coast of Zululand.

Graham pushed back the bolt, and putting his shoulder against the door, lifted the latch.

"Look out!" he yelled, though he might just as well have been silent. A voice possessed of the shouting calibre of many waters would never have reached the ears of the man outside.

"Don't touch the door! Squeeze through the crack."

The wind rushed exulting into the room, tore a chromo-lithograph of the Prince of Wales off the wall, overturned a chair, and swept the table clear of a bottle half full of whiskey and a couple of glasses. Graham swore under his breath, and putting on the drag, so to speak, let the crack gradually widen, to the wild terror of the lighter furniture that began to skip about the room as though alive and demented.

The outsider who, during the slow process of admittance, had kept well on one side in the evident fear of being precipitated against the opening door, now attempted a cautious entrance. But the wind, in sudden fury, redoubling all previous efforts, caught him and hurled him against the door; over went the unfortunate Graham; the door swung violently inwards, and Paulet, with a cry, fell flat on his face along the floor.

"You confounded ass!" roared Graham scrambling to his feet and pushing back the door with might and main. "Give me a hand!" and the allies did gallant battle with the enemy and all his big guns, repulsed him, and shut him out.

Graham was bruised and wrathful; he squared up to his friend and said things. Paulet laughed.

"There's a very devil in the wind to-night—never knew anything like it," he said. "I say, Graham, have you got a rocket and line stowed away anywhere?"

"A rocket and line? No. Why?"

"That's just it. Harris—I left the poor beggar on the beach lying on his stomach, and in a dead funk of being blown away—Harris sighted a small brig about an hour ago. She's half a mile off, and in a bad way. The crew seem to have lost their heads, and are letting

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her drift on to the rocks. Don't see what we're to do, however, without rockets. Beastly bad management on your part."

"Bosh! you might as well swear at me for not keeping a lifeboat on the premises."

"Well, what's to be done? It's hideous to see those poor wretches driving to their death. In three hours at the outside they'll smash up."

Graham started pacing up and down the room, his forehead crumpled in a heavy frown. He was an energetic man, a man of no little courage, of wide experience, and full of resource. After a few moments' silent striding he stopped short in front of Paulet, and the latter beheld a clear brow and a set face.

"Three hours?"

"Quite that," returned Paulet, "unless she smashes in mere water. The nearest rocks are at least five miles to the north of her. She's drawing closer to the coast, and might possibly break on the beach before reaching the rocks—doubt it though."

"Very well. Now I happen to know that Hamblin of Salisbury Farm—you know—the old chap whose son was killed at Elandslaagte the other day—has, or had, rockets and apparatus——"

"You don't mean to say——"

"I do. A horse can be made to get there in an hour and a half. The same applies to the return. I'll borrow a cart of Hamblin's and a couple of his beasts to carry the apparatus."

"It's impossible! Why, man, the place is five miles down the coast, and not a horse could stand the wind on the hills. You'll never do it."

"Well, I'll try," retorted Graham, preparing himself to do battle with the storm. "I'll take your mare, if you don't mind; she's steadiest on her pins."

"All right. But look here; we don't even know how to use a rocket if we have it."

"I'll try that, too," returned the other, making for the door.

They performed a cautious exit, and outside the house parted company, Graham striding off to the improvised stable behind the building, Paulet to rejoin his friend Harris on the beach.

All three were Natal farmers. At the commencement of the South African struggle they had offered their services to the Government; had been accepted with gratitude, and despatched, to their vast disappointment, as coast scouts to a little house some half a dozen miles north of the Tugela. Nothing happened from day to day except the intermittent receipt of news from the seat of war—news that set the three men writhing with chagrin at the thought of all

He staggered to where the line crossed the deck and slashed it with his knife.

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the fun they were losing. While one took turn at keeping guard at home, two scoured the neighbourhood, and this had been going on for over three months, without one thrill to break the dead monotony.

Twenty minutes' walk with the wind full in his face brought Paulet to the coast, a broad gradual declivity of shingle. It was some three hours after noon, and the low sky, rushing westwards with incredible swiftness, was almost uniform in colour with the sea that stretched its furious pallor to the verge of the near horizon. A few stunted tamerisks above the shingle line lay flat against the sandy soil, and the wind was full of thunder and heavy with biting foam torn from the crests of the waves.

Partially sheltered in the rise of a slight undulation of the coast lay Harris, his face towards the sea. Paulet dropped down beside him and shouted the result of his mission.

"Useless," was Harris's comment in the same tone. "Why, look at her! She'll go to pieces long before she reaches the rocks."

Sheltering his eyes as best he might, Paulet looked seaward through his field-glasses. Seemingly quite close to the shore, in reality over half-a-mile away, a small, dismasted vessel, rolled in the fury of those pale seas. At the moment her broadside was parallel with the coast, and every now and again she disappeared as a wave broke over her, to re-emerge once more after a horrid interval—a dark blotch in the welter of white foam.

"I see three men on her," muttered Paulet; "two of 'em tied to the mast stumps—dead, I should say. No, good Lord! one's moving—wiping the water from his eyes—poor devil!"

"Her name's *Esmeralda*—Portuguese by her shape," Harris shouted in the other's ear. "A lot of fellows cooped up inside of her. Saw one of 'em cut out and try to loosen the chap at the mast—no go—swept overboard. Queer thing," he went on, "they wouldn't take any notice of my signals—waved my arms, my hat—no good. They saw right enough—wouldn't answer, though. Rum chaps."

"My God! she's done for!" Paulet let fall the field glasses and clutched at his forehead. A huge wave, terrible with smoking crests, had just dropped its whole volume on the tortured vessel, and a long interval ensued of boiling surge.

"Amen!" gasped Harris.

But the next instant she re-emerged; then disappeared again—re-emerged, drawing ever closer to the coast, and ever closer to the rocks that protruded from the sea a few miles to the north, like a set of black and broken teeth. Paulet and Harris lost all count of time and consciousness of discomfort in the horribly absorbing fascination of the spectacle before them. The day shadowed rapidly towards evening, but with no abatement to the hurricane—indeed, it seemed rather to gather intensity as the light receded, and shouted words fell silently blown away by the wind, and drowned in the scream of dancing pebbles and the bull-mouthed thunder of breaking seas.

Down the coast the men followed the doomed vessel. Of the two dreadful alternatives, beach or rock—the former with its slender chance of rescue for the crew, the latter with its certain destruction—Fate seemed to have chosen the rocks. Though drawing closer to the beach with every moment, the vessel must inevitably reach the most northerly of those hungry fangs beforehand. Both men recognised this in silence and set their teeth and watched.

Then Harris, happening to glance over his shoulder, gave a dumb shout, nudged Paulet in the ribs, and set off inland at a break-neck speed, with the wind and Paulet following. It was Graham's advent that occasioned this sudden move. He had arrived with two horses and a waggon generally used for carting timber about; and when Harris caught sight of him he was scarcely two hundred yards away, busily unloading his conveyance of rockets, apparatus, and a heavy coil of rope.

"Only three left," he shouted laconically, indicating the rockets. Harris nodded, and all three set to work dragging the heavy rocket-gun seaward. Not a word was asked or given as to how Graham had managed his difficult ride along the stormy coast with such marvellous rapidity. All three were Englishmen, men of few words; but each was tacitly determined to make the most of those three rockets. It was evident that Graham understood the art of rocket firing; he was a Sussex man, and full of unexpected accomplishments.

The doomed vessel was now less than three hundred yards away from the beach, and about five hundred from the rocks; but she drove nearly parallel with the former and almost directly on the latter. The dusk had come on in great strides, but the men on deck were still plainly observable, some tied to various portions of the vessel, others

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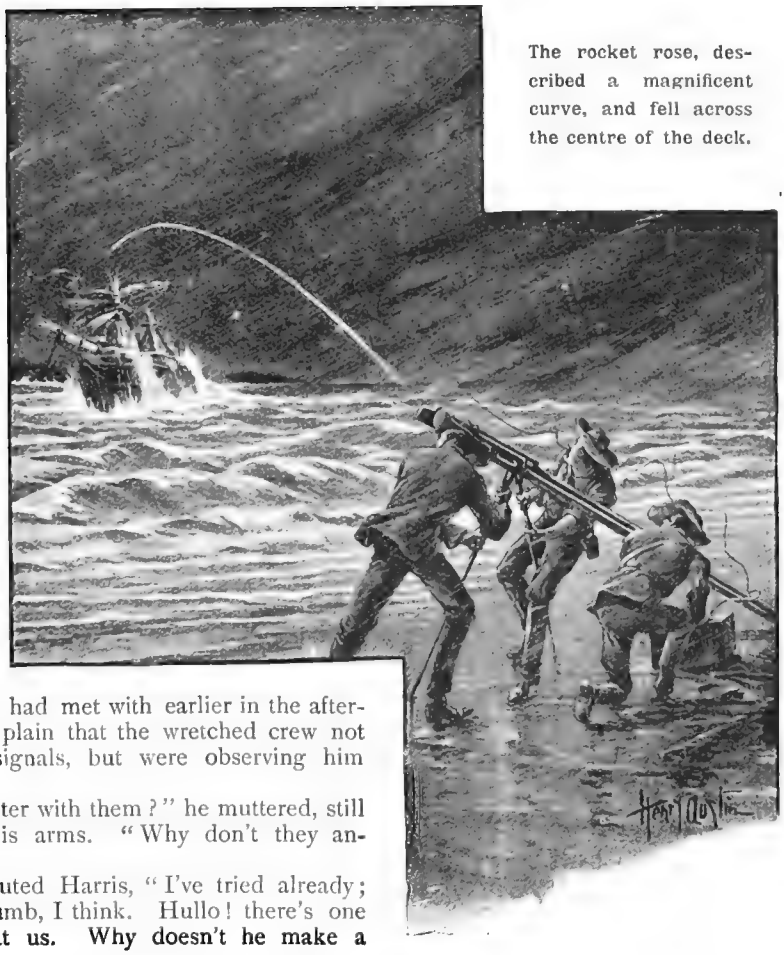

The rocket rose, described a magnificent curve, and fell across the centre of the deck.

crouching in corners sheltered from the inrush of the great waves. With infinite difficulty the apparatus was dragged into position to await the moment when the vessel should arrive at a favourable angle for the discharge of a rocket. It was a desperate job to keep the thing standing in that mad wind, and while Paulet and Harris clung sternly to its legs, Graham made every conceivable signal to the imperilled men.

He met, however, with no more response than Harris had met with earlier in the afternoon, though it was plain that the wretched crew not only marked his signals, but were observing him closely.

"What's the matter with them?" he muttered, still frantically waving his arms. "Why don't they answer?"

"No good," shouted Harris, "I've tried already; they're blind and dumb, I think. Hullo! there's one of them pointing at us. Why doesn't he make a sign?"

So far from making a sign the man alluded to crept cautiously to another part of the vessel out of sight of those on shore.

"Well, by all that's wonderful!" said Graham, staring. "Steady now, I'm going to fire."

He took careful aim, the others keeping a vicious grip on the legs of the apparatus—a flash, a report, a long shriek of torn air, a cheer. The line had fallen clean across the centre of the doomed vessel.

Then an extraordinary thing happened.

A man suddenly darted out of the chart-house, a long knife in his hand; with infinite personal peril he staggered to where the line crossed the deck, and slashed it with his knife, carefully avoiding to touch it or to approach any nearer than was needful to give accuracy to his strokes.

Graham shrieked and waved frantic hands.

"What's the idiot up to?" he yelled vainly to wind and wave. "Hi, there, stop that! Collar hold of it!"

"My God! he's cut it through!" Harris shouted, pointing wildly to the rolling hulk.

The three Englishmen stared seaward with pale faces, then at each other in blank amazement.

The man, after having severed the line, darted back into the chart-house like a rabbit into its warren.

"A maniac on board," cried Paulet. "What fools!"

"Steady now! Hold on for your lives!" roared Graham, who had prepared his second

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missile and was taking aim. . . . . Simultaneously with the report, a terrible wave dashed over the vessel, snatching at the sky with wild, white fingers.

"Missed!" from Paulet.

But Graham hurrahed like a madman.

"Not a bit—got her again—just over the bows! Where are the fools hiding? Ah—two of 'em—"

Harris leaped to his feet.

"Look!" he screamed, white to the lips. "They've got their knives."

Paralysed with amazement, the three men stared seaward. From the bowels of the ship two of the weird mariners had crawled forth, one holding a knife between his teeth, the other in his left hand. Arriving at the bows, they attacked the rocket line with frantic caution, slashing at it, and staggering backwards after each blow, as though they feared it might retaliate. After severing it they turned to retrace their steps. The white seas, sweeping the vessel, hid them, and when the deck once again emerged they were no longer visible. . . . . Graham and his friends stood watching in appalled silence. The awful sight they had just witnessed struck them dumb with horror and astonishment. Graham was the first to come to himself. Without a word he turned and got ready his last rocket, the others clinging mechanically to the legs of the apparatus. The vessel was now only a couple of hundred yards from the rocks, and even under the most favourable circumstances, there was but little chance of rescuing a single man of the crew—little chance had they been the smartest of sailors, and no chance whatever with a shipload of lunatics.

The rocket rose, described a magnificent curve, fell across the centre of the deck—and this time half a dozen men crawled out with knives and hatchets and attacked the line as though it were some wild and ferocious animal. Beside himself with horror, Graham sprang to the very brink of the sea, screaming fierce oaths and entreaties, and Paulet and Harris, abandoning the apparatus, watched with white faces the final catastrophe. The line once severed, the madmen on board retired again into sheltered positions, and the wretched vessel rolled to its doom. It was a sight to unnerve the strongest heart, and Graham, unstrung with all that had gone before, collapsed half paralysed on the beach, and hid his face in his hands.

"God have mercy on them! God have mercy on them!" he muttered, his whole body shaking as though in the throes of some mortal agony.

And the end came. A rock, half submerged, must suddenly have driven its secret fang into the vessel's side, for all at once she plunged forward, her bows deep in water; a wave hid her, and subsiding, left the sea barren of all but foam and plunging crests.

II.

At daybreak on the following morning the storm had subsided. It had been one of those typical hurricanes which periodically sweep over the Indian Ocean like a fury, destroying everything in their path, and leaving wrecked ships and spar-bestrewn shore to indicate their passage.

Paulet and Harris stood watching the angry sea, for, although the wind had fallen and the air was clearer, the water rolled and lashed tempestuously. It would be some time before the sea resumed its usual calm.

"Not a sign to be seen anywhere of the brig," said Paulet, scanning the horizon, and then gazing up and down the beach.

"She must have gone to the bottom with all those poor wretches on board," said Harris in a low voice, adding, after a moment's silence, "I say, what *can* have possessed 'em?"

"How should I know?" returned Paulet gloomily. "I suppose we'll never solve the mystery unless something is washed up from the wreck to give an explanation."

"No, worse luck. Anyway, let us take a stroll on the shingle towards North Point. Day's fairly breaking now, and we may find something. It's no use waiting for Graham. He's dead tired after his exertions, and we had far better let him rest a bit. He said he was going to the house to lie down for an hour or two. His drive to Hamblin's fairly fagged him."

The two men set off at a steady pace. Conversation flagged more or less, for the strange events of the night had had a disquieting effect upon both. Each seemed preoccupied. Each was racking his brain for some possible and plausible explanation of the extraordinary behaviour of the wrecked men. Why had they cut every life-line that fell across their deck? Why had they deliberately destroyed their only chance of escape?

Up towards the rocks near North Point the coast took a bend. The beach beyond was hidden from view by a small grass-covered kopje which intervened. The two men, after about half an hour's walk, turned the point.

"Hullo!" shouted Harris. "What's that?"

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"What's what?"

"Why that!" replied Harris, stopping short and pointing ahead. "That black thing up there on the beach."

Paulet looked in the direction indicated. He could just make out a small dark heap lying upon the shingle. It was about a mile away, and could scarcely be discerned in the, as yet, uncertain light of early morning.

"Seems to be nothing more than a big bunch of seaweed," he replied testily. The hardships of the night, the buffeting of the storm, the overwrought tension of his nerves, had had a deleterious effect upon his temper. He was annoyed at Harris for having momentarily excited him. "Any fool can see its seaweed," he repeated.

"I am not so sure," returned Harris; "I believe it's a man."

"Bosh!"

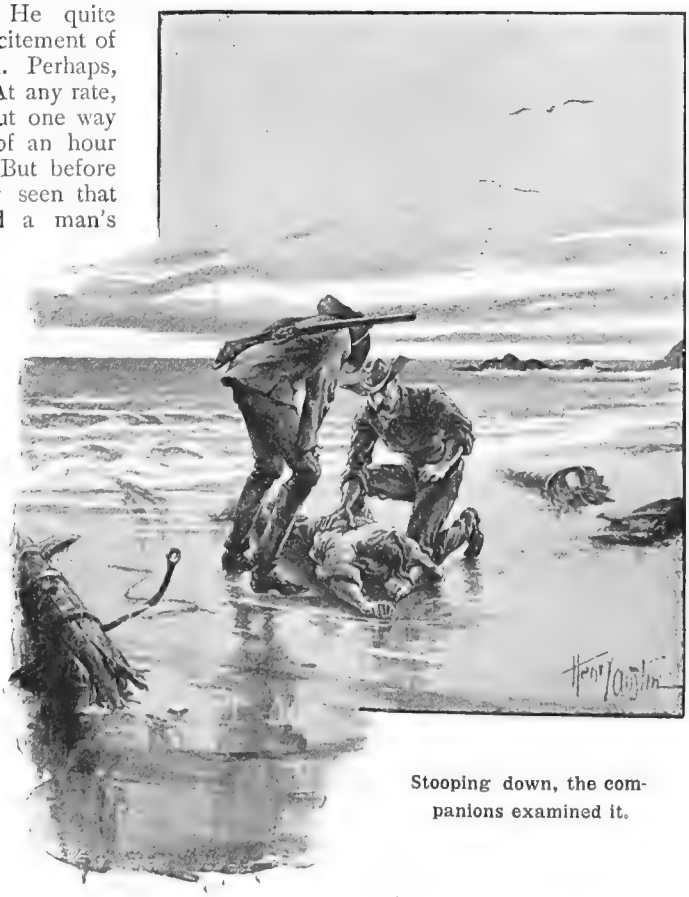
The other raised his hand above his eyes, and peered intently forward. "Yes, by Jove! I can see his hand. He is one of the men from the brig. Come on! I wonder if he is alive or dead."

Harris set off running. He quite forgot his weariness in the excitement of the moment. Paulet followed. Perhaps, after all, Harris was right. At any rate, it was worth while finding out one way or the other. A quarter of an hour brought them to the spot. But before reaching it they had already seen that the black mass was indeed a man's body. Stooping down, the companions examined it. The back was turned towards the sky. They felt the face and hands, but the flesh was as cold as death itself. Everything, in fact, indicated that the flame of life had long been extinguished. But Paulet and Harris were not men to take anything for granted. They turned the body over, unloosed the wet clothes, and commenced rubbing the cold flesh for all they were worth. The wet, stiff arms were moved backwards and forwards; the legs, too, were worked, and the little flask of brandy which Paulet carried was repeatedly placed to the lips of the man He was young, probably not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age. His hair, dank and wet, was dead black, and his features indicated a most decided foreign origin — that of Southern Europe, Spain or Portugal, probably.

For more than a quarter of an hour the companions kept at their work. They slapped the poor fellow with the palms of their hands, they rubbed him with their knuckles, they pinched his cold flesh, and did everything they could possibly think of to restore respiration. It all seemed useless, when, at last, just as the coastguards were beginning to think the task a hopeless one, there seemed to be a faint indication of breathing. Paulet looked at Harris.

"By Jove!" he cried, "I believe he's alive after all. Keep it up, old chap."

At last a sigh, faint but distinct, escaped the lad. His lips twitched, and, after a moment or two, his eyes opened. He was evidently dazed. The eyes had a vacant stare which clearly showed that he had no consciousness of his position or whereabouts.



Stooping down, the companions examined it.

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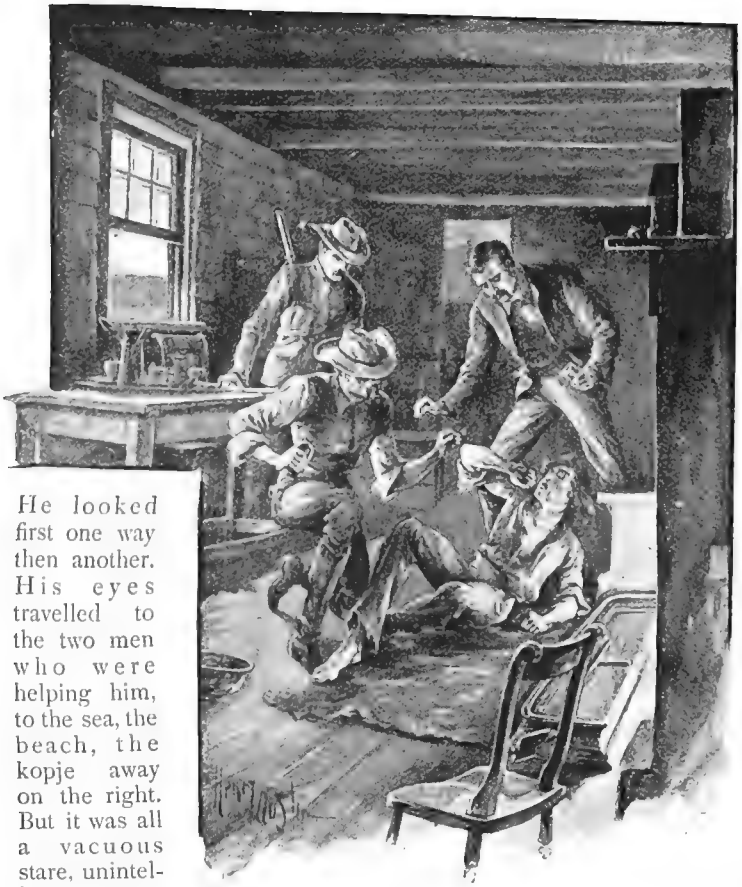

"*Misericordia!*" he gasped, and raised his arm above his head as though to ward off a blow.

He looked first one way then another. His eyes travelled to the two men who were helping him, to the sea, the beach, the kopje away on the right. But it was all a vacuous stare, unintelligent, unconscious. Then a shiver passed over his body, and he again closed his eyelids. He had relapsed into a state of apparent lifelessness. There were still, however, indications of a faint breathing to be discerned when the friends looked and listened intensively.

"It's no use keeping the poor wretch here," said Harris; "we must get him to the house and lay him in front of a fire."

"Yes, but how are we going to move him a couple of miles without a stretcher?"

"Isn't there some timber or something of that kind lying about that will do service? I saw something a minute ago."

Harris pointed to a broken hatchway-cover, which lay upon the shingle not forty yards away. They placed the unconscious youth tenderly upon it, and then, one taking the head, the other the feet, proceeded towards the house. As they approached they were glad to see smoke issuing from the chimney.

"Hurrah!" cried Paulet. "Graham's up and has lit the fire."

"That's good. Perhaps he's preparing breakfast. I can do with a cup of hot coffee, and I daresay you feel the same way."

Graham heard his companions approaching and came out on the stoep.

"Come on, you fellows!" he cried. "I've got some coffee ready. Hullo! what's that?"

"One of the men washed up from the wreck," said Harris.

"Alive?"

"Yes. At least, we think so. He opened his eyes for a moment just now down on the beach, but has closed them ever since."

"I can see he is still breathing," said Paulet. "Look! his chest is heaving." And, sure enough, at this moment the man gave another deep sigh. Graham was all energy at once.

"Come on," he cried; "get him in by the fire. That, with some hot brandy and water, will soon bring him to."

They carried their burden inside, and laid him upon a sheepskin by the comforting flames. Then Paulet and Harris forced his mouth open, while Graham poured the cordial down his throat. The warmth within and without had its effect. The lad opened his eyes and looked around, this time with intelligence. But a strange expression immediately came over his face. Instead of exhibiting joy at the knowledge that he had been saved and was in the hands of friends, he seemed consumed with terror. He glanced in turn at the three men, the abject fear and agony of his face increasing each moment. Then, his body quivering as with an ague, he screamed hoarsely, "*Diablo! Ingles!*" and swooned away.

The three friends looked at one another in astonishment.

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"Why, what's up with the fellow?" cried Harris. "He don't seem particularly happy at being rescued. Anyone would think he expected to be eaten."

"He certainly looked as though he took us for cannibals," answered Graham.

"Well, I'll give the whole business up!" exclaimed Paulet, throwing himself down on a chair. "Here we've been slaving like maniacs since last night to save all or any of these wretched fools, and all through they've done their level best to commit suicide. Yes—I give it up. What do you say, Harris?"

But Harris and Graham were more practical. They were down on the floor at the lad's side trying hard to restore consciousness.

"What's the lingo, anyway," asked Paulet, when he found Harris did not reply to his previous question.

"Portuguese," answered Graham—"he evidently comes from up Delagoa Bay way."

"Then he ought to know we're not exactly barbarians," added Paulet.

A sigh from the lad cut short further conversation for the time being. It was a more healthy kind of sigh than any that had preceded it, and there was no doubt that the unconscious man's strength was returning slowly. The others propped him up in a sitting posture. At last he opened his eyes again. They fell upon Graham. Then a look of awful terror came over his features once more, and he crouched down upon the floor like a whipped dog expecting more of the lash.

"We shan't hurt you, you fool," said Graham, with a view of putting the youth at his ease. But the very sound of the Englishman's voice seemed only to add to the terror of the prostrate creature, who trembled in every limb, while his teeth chattered audibly.

"*Misericordia!*" he gasped, and raised his arm above his head as though to ward off a blow.

"Mercy, you fool? What's the matter, man? We shan't hurt you," cried Graham, speaking this time in as good Portuguese as he could muster.

For a moment the youth seemed in doubt what to do. Then the look of terror gave place to one of perplexity. Slowly he lowered his hand, and then wonderingly asked Graham, whom he regarded as the chief of the party—

"Are not you going to kill me?"

"Kill you? No, you idiot. Haven't we spent no end of time trying to bring you back to life?"

"But they said you would shoot us all . . ."

"Who said so?"

"The Boers."

"The Boers?" queried Graham, his own face this time wearing a perplexed look. "What Boers?"

The conversation was carried on in Portuguese, of which language the others were ignorant, so that they could not join in or understand what was passing.

"The Boers on board the brig," answered the Portuguese.

"Why, how came there to be any Boers on board the brig?" asked Graham, his amazement increasing every moment. "We thought she was a trader bound for Mauritius."

The lad had by this time regained his confidence, and he carried on the conversation with evident eagerness. The answer to Graham's last question made that worthy sit up almost as though he had been shot. Before the stranger had finished speaking, the coastguard asked another question, and then what he heard caused him to start up from his seat, knocking over the chair in his excitement.

"Good Lord!" he cried in English.

"What's the matter?" asked Harris and Paulet in alarm.

"Why, the ghastliest blunder on record." Then, after a pause—"I say, it's too awful to think of!"

"What are you talking about?" asked Paulet impatiently. "For Heaven's sake, tell us the story."

Graham needed no urging.

"Why, those chaps on the brig were Boer prisoners, who had escaped from Natal *viâ* Lorenzo Marques. They stole the brig from the harbour, and compelled this chap to show them how to navigate it. Then, when she became a wreck off the coast here, they thought if we captured them we should either shoot or string them all up. So they tried hard to keep the old tub afloat."

"But that doesn't explain the mystery of the life-lines being cut," said Paulet.

Graham took no notice of the interruption.

"It appears our signals and gestures of encouragement they took for threats of vengeance, and when at last we got the rocket apparatus to work, the wretched fools thought we were——."

"Firing at them with a gun!" gasped Paulet and Harris together.

"That's it," answered Graham, —"and they took the rope for some new form of death-dealing missile."

"Poor devils!" said Paulet.

"God help them!" added Harris.

Graham was silent.

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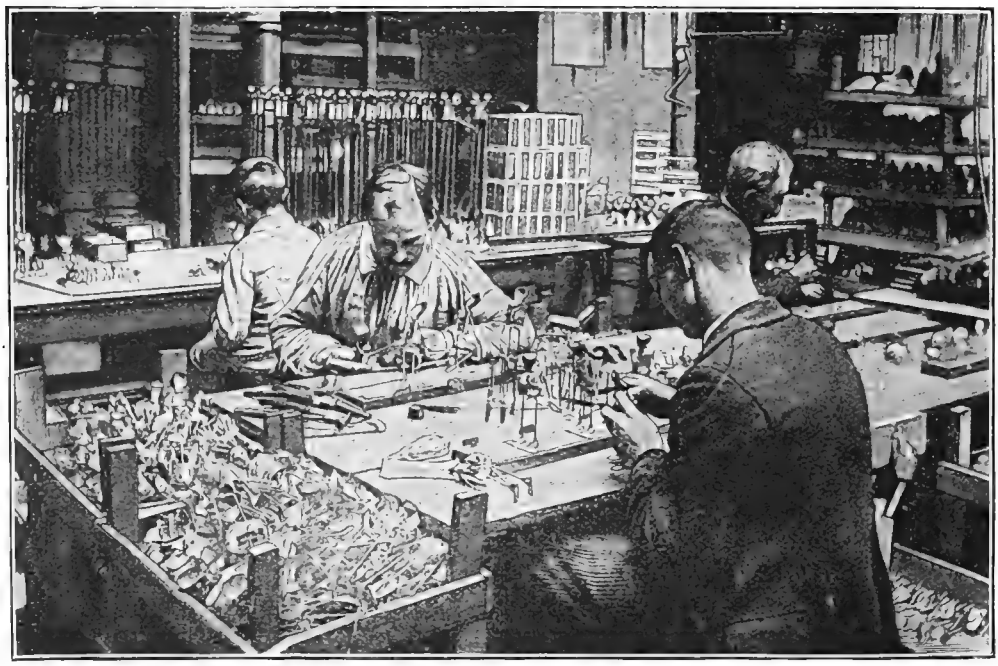

These men are carefully regulating the little clockwork toys sold in the shops for a few pence each.

THE WONDERS AND WORKERS OF TOYLAND.

By Mary Fermor.

Illustrated throughout with special Photographs.

"What shall we buy for the children? There's a gun for Harry, and this doll is the very thing for baby!" Such phrases are quite familiar to all who set out to do the Christmas and birthday shopping for the little ones in the nursery, and whether we have much or little to spend it is a delightful task. We picture the joyful surprise in store for our favourites when those mysterious packages, which are so stealthily smuggled out of sight till the children are safe in bed and asleep, shall unfold their contents to the waiting eyes and wondering minds.

The choice is varied enough for the most fastidious now-a-days, and the poorest are not debarred from it, for the penny marvel can bring as much joy to the childish heart as the costliest plaything money can buy. The spoilt darling in the millionaire's mansion is no happier with her exquisitely dressed French doll or his expensive mechanical steamboats than the slum child who hugs her battered, legless, wooden treasure, wrapped in an old shawl, or spins his penny top on the grimy street pavement.

But when we look round the gaily decked walls and well-stocked shelves of the toy shop or fancy bazaar, how often do we think of the many busy, skilful hands that have been used to call into being these ingenious trifles that mean so much to the opening minds of our boys and girls, and which often serve to give us a forecast of the men and women they will be in the future? The soldier, the sailor, the artist and the mechanic may show their earliest promise in the way they handle their toys. The loving mother or patient nurse may be foreshadowed in the putting of the dolls to bed and the binding up of broken wax limbs.

We in England are indebted to foreign countries for most of our smaller toys. Rocking-horses and such large luxuries are home-made, but France and Germany supply us with the bulk of our playthings. It may safely be said that the daintiest and

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most costly of them come from France, where some 500 employers of labour have 25,000 men and women earning their living in the manufacture of toys.

The arsenal of mimic weapons and metal soldiers is in the Rue Charlot where M. Chauvin, president of the toy department in the Exhibition, has established his factory in the ancient Hôtel de Berry. Let us take a look round. On the ground floor we find the workmen bending over benches, engaged in soldering trumpets, cutting out thongs for horses' bridles, polishing sabres, and collecting the handles and sheaths of swords.

One room is piled with shapeless pieces of wood which will be cut and planed and rounded into gun-stocks, upon which a nail or two will fix barrel, trigger and hammer to complete the mimic fire-arm which English Jack and French Pierre will shoulder with equal martial pride and possibly use to terrorise the cats of the neighbourhood.

In one place you will see heaps of round wooden boxes that have been used for preserved fruits and are now thrown aside like rubbish, but they have a future before them. They will reappear as the smart, taut, gaily-finished drum, alike the crowning joy of the child and the instrument of torture to the nervous parent. These do not come to England. We get our toy drums from Germany.

When you have seen something of the boys' department you must go to the doll factory, where the members of the children's "make-believe" family first see the light of day. To make even a tiny doll a large well-fitted workshop and many hands are indispensable. The dainty plaything originates in unsavoury surroundings, and few would guess that the pink and white darling originally emerged from a large trough into which the men stir shreds of old kid gloves and odd bits of cardboard saturated in tragacanth, an adhesive gum made from the goat's thorn.

The machinery creaks and groans, one man, stripped to the waist, shovels sawdust into a pan of boiling water, another throws spadefuls of paste into the mixing-trough whose fans are worked by a horizontal shaft. The pulp thus formed is carried away in dirty, sticky hods to the weighing tables, where it is parcelled out, moulded and compressed till it assumes the forms of busts, arms and legs. As many as 200,000 pieces are thus turned out per day, or, in other words, the fittings

Dressing dolls. Each workwoman devotes herself to a particular part of the costume, and the rapidity with which the dressing is done is amazing.

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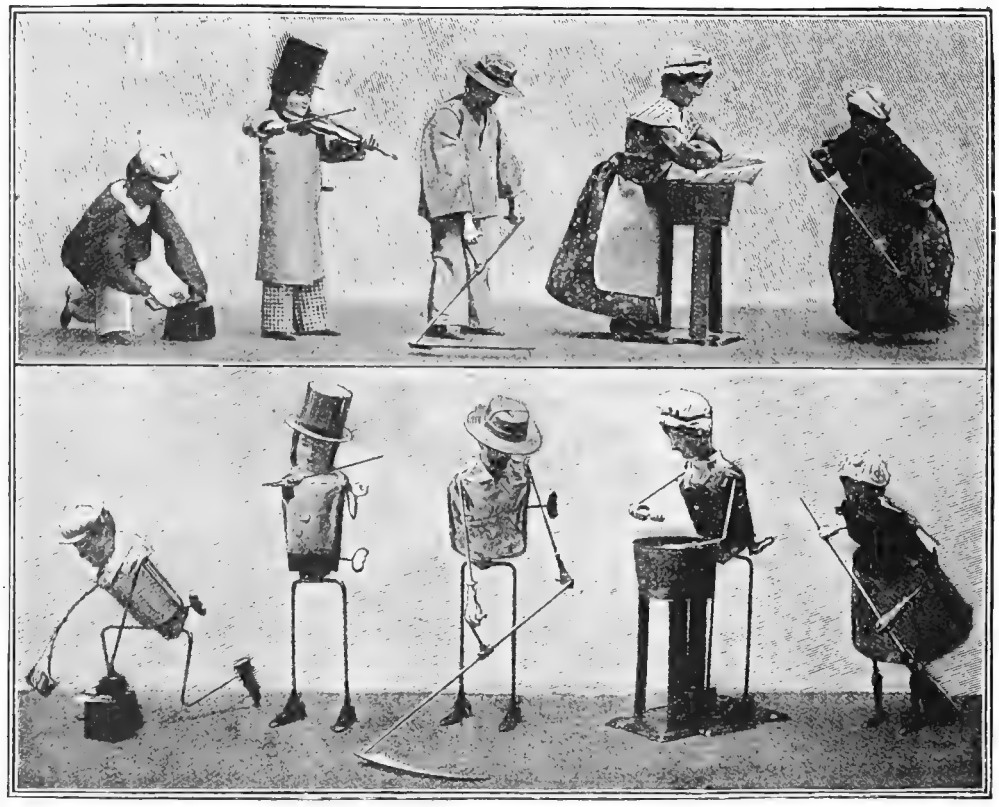

Popular mechanical toys familiar to all of us. The figures are made of pasteboard, zinc, and iron wire, and the lower row shows their appearance before their outer garments are donned.

for 40,000 dolls. It is a far cry from this damp, dirty, dimly-lighted workshop pervaded with a sickly odour to the bright, cheerful nursery where the doll will be cherished by her future possessor.

These separate, greenish-coloured busts and limbs are heaped up in baskets as fast as they are turned out, and where they look like the relics of some hideous Liliputian massacre. Then they are handed over to the painter who transforms them with his brush to their familiar, delicate, rose-tinted hue. From the artist they go to the collector who is provided by another department with thousands of copper wire hooks by means of which the arms and legs are secured to the trunk. Dolly is now on her feet, but she is still without a head. This crowning point of doll creation passes through numerous hands in its evolution.

The original model is the work of an artist who has copied types of beauty in the galleries and museums. It is reproduced in the purest porcelain clay reduced to a liquid form and poured into the mould assigned for it. The cutters-out make the almond-shaped apertures for the eyes while the substance is yet soft, the painter tints the face, special artists supply the carmine to the cheeks and trace the eyebrows and lashes. The painted heads are then placed upon round trays called "gazettes," and put into the oven to bake, after which, if they emerge safe and sound, they only require the adjustment of the eyes, the cranium, and the wig.

The eyes are made by women glass workers in dark shops only lighted by the jets of the blow-pipes. At the end of the short glass tube is a little globe which they paint a milky-white to represent the ball of the eye, and then add the pupil in whatever colour desired, blue, black, or hazel. Hundreds of these eyes are taken away in baskets, supplying another suggestion of wholesale cruelty in doll-land.

According to price the doll's eyes are fixed or movable. The latter process being effected by cleverly arranged levers which give an almost natural action to the expressionless orbs. Cheap dolls merely have the

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eyes fixed in with wax and a layer of plaster inside the head. A practised woman can fix 1,500 of these eyes a day, thereby earning her 4frs. 50cents. The cranium is nothing but a rounded cork inserted into the hole left in the head, and secured by tiny nails.

Next comes the wig, and for a cheap doll this is an easy matter. The chosen tress of wool is tied together by a cord and then opened and divided into four, after which it has only to be stuck on to the head with a little paste-board cap. Locks of soft, silky Thibetian wool, combed, curled, and waved, make the more coquettish coiffures. Clever workwomen can turn out 120 dozen such wigs a day.

Now the mimic creature is made, but is still only wearing its birthday suit, and to provide a smart doll with a trousseau is almost as much trouble as to dress a society beauty. Dolls' shoe-making is a distinct industry, and hats, frocks, and *lingerie* all come from separate sources. Doll manufacture in France is run entirely by a company, whose members share the dividends among themselves, known as the "*Société du Bébé Francais*," which at the present time employs no less than 2,000 persons.

Closely connected with the toy industry is that of *carton*, or paste-board, out of which are made the highly-glazed, daintily finished cards and boxes which serve as mounts to the pretty wares. What would the dolls' trinkets, the tiny toilet accessories, the miniature cutlery, the very regiments of soldiers themselves, be were they offered for sale thrown pell-mell into box or basket, instead of being displayed to the very best advantage as they are by the deft-fingered Parisians of *la Maison Perret*, where the tastefully cushioned boxes for soap and perfume, the cards and frames for tiny toys, and a thousand fascinating frivolities are produced, bearing some such legend as *Nouveautés de Paris?*

Let us pass, however, from the stores of the west-end toy shop to the humbler wares of the pavement merchant, who displays his wonders amid the rush of traffic and claims the attention of the hurrying passers-by with the latest mechanical or topical trifle. They, too, are mostly made in Paris. The black poodle and more recent "Galloping Boer," both worked by a pneumatic tube, the dancing ladies and fiddling gentlemen, the rickshaws, walking ostriches, and bagpipes, are but items among the hundreds of Paris made toys hawked by the gutter vendors of our great cities.

With regard to the painted rubber inflatable toys it is interesting to note that the sheet rubber is procured by the French firms from Manchester, where a certain amount is used for the production of home-made toys, but without any attempt to compete with their French customers. The natural inference is that it pays better to sell the sheet rubber than to convert it into playthings.

In former days most of the very cheap toys were made by the poor for the poor in the bare attics they called home. French men and women worked deftly and untiringly with a little matchwood, a few yards of brass wire, a pot of paint or some gaily-coloured paper, as their stock-in-trade. Now all that is changed. In the matter of mechanical toys the day of small concerns is over, and the individual worker for the market is swamped in big commercial enterprises.

The soft, furry dogs, rabbits and lambs on green boards, dimly suggestive of grassy meadows, are still made by the members of a family living at the very top of a house in a Paris side street. Such home workers as still exist spend the first five days of the week in turning out their wares, Friday and Saturday being devoted to the disposal of them to the commission merchants. The firm of Whyte, Ridsdale and Co. — whose business is

A miniature armoury. Here all kinds of weapons and martial toys are brought into being.

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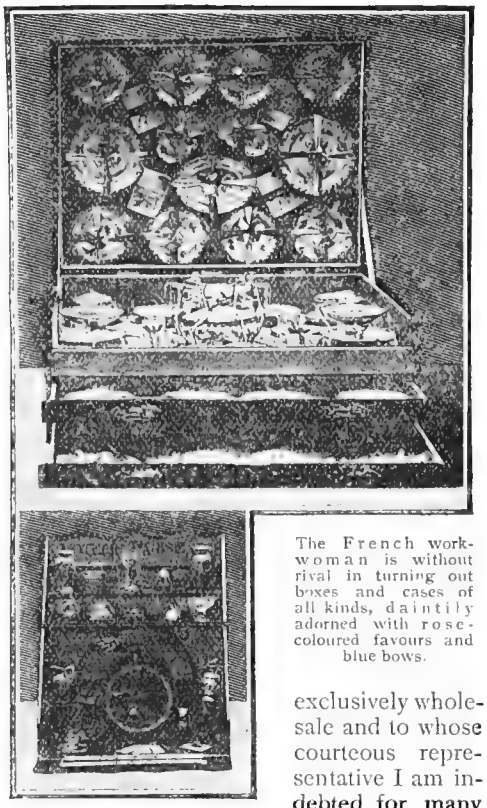

The French workwoman is without rival in turning out boxes and cases of all kinds, daintily adorned with rose-coloured favours and blue bows.

exclusively wholesale and to whose courteous representative I am indebted for many valuable facts—does not deal through these French middlemen, but employs its own agent.

The penny toy of to-day hails from the well-appointed workshops of such firms as "*L'Usine Roussel*" at Montreuil, or "*L'Usine Martin*" near Père-la-Chaise, where hundreds of hands are constantly employed. The French makers have largely availed themselves of Britain's discovery of the traction wheel. This invention was not thought of sufficient importance by its English originator to be patented, with the result that it has practically revolutionised the toy trade of other nations.

M. Martin, an energetic man, possessed of an inexhaustible fund of imagination, is the inventor of all these little tin toys moved by clockwork. His latest production is the khaki-clad "Tommy Atkins" who waggles his rifle and struts on the pavement in our midst.

M. Martin takes an active part in the construction of these toys, and is in turn engineer, mechanician, designer, and psychologist. In one of his shops there are men cutting the squares of zinc, farther on is a powerful machine stamping the halves of the figures which are then soldered together. Articles made of lead have to be melted, moulded, and turned, the edges must be neatly pared and the wires adjusted inside. Many of these little people have marvels of clockwork concealed within them which have to be fixed by clockmakers who adjust the mechanism with all the exactitude of their craft.

Now what proportion of these various toys comes to England?

The only French dolls that obtain favour with us are the china-faced, jointed dolls and a few of the most expensively dressed darlings. The composition dolls all come from Germany, where, by carefully studying the French fashions and improving upon their methods, the manufacturers have succeeded in producing better and cheaper articles, and thus driving their teachers from the field. London only makes rag dolls, now-a-days.

Toy guns of the best class, cornets, trombones, breastplates and other childish martial equipments all come from France, as do all the toy watches and many of the dainty trinkets and trifles mounted on cardboard. All the indiarubber dolls and animals that squeak and can be taken into the bath by their fond owners are also of French make.

Nine-tenths of the shuttlecocks used by the little ones for their simple game, and by their elders for the more complicated Badminton, are of French make, while the battledores are produced in England. All bone dominoes are made in a little village near Paris which enjoys the monopoly of their manufacture, and part of the material employed for the cheaper sort comes from the East end of London, where the pieces of bone have been discarded by tooth-brush handle makers. Bone dominoes are turned out at any price from sixpence to two guineas a set. Cheap chessmen are largely made by the inhabitants of the Jura district in Eastern France. French skittles, ranging from one inch to one foot in height, are painted many colours and are tied up in bundles. Germany exports her skittles in boxes.

By far the largest trade with France is done in tin toys, mechanical and otherwise. M. Rossignol's new factory heads the list of manufacturers in this line. The costly mechanical figures, human and animal, costing from one to ten guineas must be obtained from France, and are largely exported to India, where they find an appreciative market among the native princes, whether for their

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own or their children's amusement is not quite clear.

To take an instance of one large concern as a guide to the relative distribution of the toy trade, the English firm before-mentioned do upon an average one-third of their trade with France, one-half with Germany, and the remaining sixth with the home markets.

But wherever these bagatelles come from, and no matter whether they be stamped "Made in Germany," or with the Paris *cachet*, none but those who have seen them in process of making realise the number and variety of hands and implements requisite for the perfecting of that which Tommy or Mollie destroys, unrebuked, five minutes after it has been bought, and which is tossed aside in a mangled condition, with the careless words: "Oh, what can you expect? It only cost a penny!"

But it cost more, far more. It cost thought and skill and labour; it called into play the brain of the inventor, the ingenuity of the mechanic, the dexterity of the handicraftsman. Let us take an instance. The toy gun that Jack carries so proudly cost but a few pence. The bandolier is attached to the stock by a hook, and to make that hook there must be a machine powerful enough to work a kind of guillotine or drill capable of cutting a sheet of zinc 39ins. long into thin strips in the space of one minute.

The pieces which fall from under it are converted into the hooks aforesaid. From this one item we may gather some idea of the machinery and implements necessary for the up-to-date manufacture of the cheapest toys. It is indeed a long list, comprising engines of all kinds, scales, turning lathes, machines for drilling, hollowing-out, filing and drawing wire; grindstones, ovens, moulds and melting pots, without counting the enormous number of hand tools required for each special branch of the industry.

Then look again at the vast variety of materials employed! Gold, silver, iron, brass, tin, pewter, zinc, copper, lead, nickel, and aluminium; mother-of-pearl, ivory, wood of all kinds, and india-rubber in different forms; silk, satin, velvet, cloth and cotton; kid, leather, and skins of every description, rags and paste-board in abundance—these are but some of the chief commodities; a complete inventory would be impossible.

Every trade and handicraft is also represented; we find, painters, mechanics, clockmakers, armourers, scabbard-makers, coachbuilders, carpenters, jewellers and gem-

The elaborate toy department of a great store. This particular photograph was taken in the famous *Bon Marché* of Paris.

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setters, moulders, smelters, tailors, dress-makers, milliners, shoe-makers, hairdressers, and all sorts of odd men and women engaged in stocking the nursery toy cupboard.

The men earn on an average 5frs. 50cents., and the women 3frs. They are paid either by the day or the piece, and who shall say that their share in the world's work is an unimportant one?

It is not only for the good of the children themselves that they should be happily amused, that they should have toys to call forth the exercise of their budding faculties and quicken their powers of observation; but it works well for the relief of the often over-taxed mother that the little ones should have inducements to play alone while she snatches a few moment's rest in the burden and heat of the day. And does it not sometimes happen that a certain barrier of shy reserve grows up unconsciously between little Dick and his father who is so much away from home as to seem a sort of stranger to his youthful mind? But this barrier may be for ever swept away by "Daddy's" skill in mending the broken gun or engine with which Mother had wrestled in vain.

Let us give our children toys by all means —not too lavishly as a premium on the bump of destruction so often fatally developed in the small boy—but generously and wisely, so as to promote their happiness, not jade their childish appetites; and when we hear our little ones crowing and shouting with delight over our purchases, let us spare a grateful thought for the cunning of the brain that devised, and the deftness of the hands that fashioned them.

The French inventor requires to have eyes all over the world, and to keep in mental touch with his purchasers on both sides of the Channel. We may trust the pushful German to do the same. A toy may teach better than schoolbooks. The child of to-day may learn to remember events that are now making history, and inventions that are revolutionising social conditions, from the toys that are now its treasured playthings. They will be connected with facts learned later on, and will materially assist in impressing those facts upon the memory. The toys keep pace with the times, and may serve as object lessons to those who will learn. Who knows but that they may eventually throw light on the long-forgotten period of the nineteenth century should the archæologists of ages to come be as fortunate in their finds as the Egyptian excavators of the present?

The drums and tambourines are constructed out of old sweetmeat boxes.

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AN ANGEL

By OWEN OLIVER.

It was in the time of yellow corn, and news came to Red Hastings that the men of Dell had gone to the reaping at Farside, except the miller and his five stout sons, who were busy at home. So he put on his sword and armour, and mounted his tall grey mare, and rode over the hills with his forty men.

"We owe the miller a call," he said with an evil smile. The miller and his sons had led the country folk who drove these men across the mountains three years before.

Those men riding behind Red Hastings laughed at his wit, and added their jests.

"He has too much corn to grind," said one. "It is charity to relieve him of a few sacks."

"He can spare us a team to carry the sacks home," said another.

"His cellars are overcrowded with old ale," said a third.

A fourth lifted his voice and sang as they rode down the steep, green lanes to the fountain where the river begins. The rest joined hoarsely in the chorus. The frightened birds darted out of the hedges and flew away as they passed by. This was the song:—

THE RED HARVESTERS.

The ploughman ploughs and the sower sows—
Steady, my gallants, all!
The sunshine shines, and the good grain grows—
Ho, for the riders tall!
The good grain grows while we wake or sleep,
The reapers come, and the reapers reap—
Steady, my gallants, all!

They bind the grain in the golden sheaves—
Steady, my gallants, all!
The gleaner gleans what the reaper leaves—
Ho, for the riders tall!
The carters toil when the reaping's o'er,
To bear the grain to the miller's store—
Steady, my gallants, all!

The miller wakes in the early morn—
Steady, my gallants, all!
He fans the husks from the mellow corn—
Ho, for the riders tall!
The miller works till the midnight hour,
To grind the corn into sweet, white flour—
Steady, my gallants, all!

Good ploughman, sower, rain, and sun,
Good reaper, carter, and miller, well done!
Ho, for the riders tall!
Good slaves of ours to labour thus,
Your flour is bread for us—for us!
Steady, my gallants, all!

The last shout was dying away, when a little five-year girl jumped out of the hedge and danced gleefully in front of the raiders. Her cheeks were like the blush-roses that died the month before; her hair was yellower than the wheat, and her eyes were bluer than the pale cornflower.

"Pretty mans," she cried, clapping her hands with delight, "Oh, pretty mans!"

The grey mare's hoofs almost touched the child, when Red Hastings pulled her sharply aside, and caught the little maid up on his saddle.

"Who are *you*?" he asked in his big, deep voice.

"Father's little angel," said the child.

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"Who is your father?"

"Daddy, of course. Didn't you know?" The robber's features contorted into the semblance of a smile.

"Where does he live?" he asked.

"At the mill. Where *I* live." She laughed at herself in Red Hasting's shining armour. "Look!" she exclaimed. "Oh, look!"

"The miller's brat!" cried one of the outlaws, with a coarse laugh. "He has so many sons that he can spare a daughter."

Red Hastings said nothing. The child was pulling his beard to make him look down at her reflection in his breastplate.

"See yourself, too," she said, "pretty man." He made the facial contortion again.

"Am I a pretty man, Angel?" he enquired. She nodded emphatically.

"More pretty mans,' she added, pointing to the villainous following.

"There's no need to hurt the child," said Black Wildish, the ruffian who was second in command.

"Better put her down, captain," growled a tall man with a scar across his face, from the sword of the miller's second son.

"Shall I put you down, Angel?" asked Red Hastings. One might have thought his tone kind, if such a suspicion had been possible. As it was not, his following suspected him of something unusually diabolical.

"No," said the child; "I want to ride."

"Then you must ride, of course."

He put the reins in her hands, and took her hands in his.

"I wonder," said a stout, leering man in the rear, "if he'll hand her over on the point of a spear, like——"

"Like you would, you curséd brute!" said another with an oath. Some of the raiders growled assent. Others laughed. One asked who was ready to quarrel with

News came to Red Hastings that the men of Dell had gone to the reaping at Farside.

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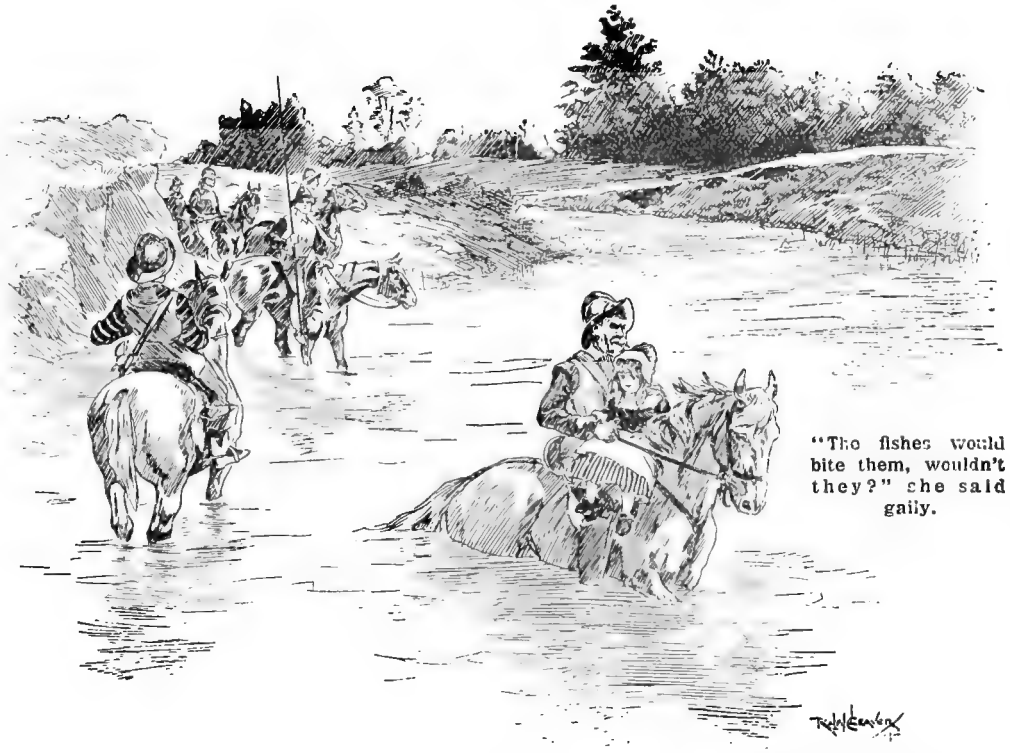

"The fishes would bite them, wouldn't they?" she said gaily.

Red Hastings for the sake of the miller's brat. The dispute grew so angry that Black Wildish rode back and separated some who were drawing their swords upon one another.

Red Hastings paid no heed to their squabbling. He was busy talking to the child.

"So your father calls you 'Angel,'" he said reflectively. He remembered a little blue-eyed sister who died.

"Yes." She pulled at the horse's mane. "Make him go faster," she requested.

"Presently. Why does he call you 'Angel?'"

"An angel brought me when mother died." She looked up at him with big, solemn eyes. "Mother is an angel, now, you know. You will be an angel some day."

"Shall I?" His face wrinkled into a frown that was indistinguishable from his smile.

"Of course you will. All good peoples are some day."

"Suppose I am not good?" She puzzled over this for some time.

"You'll have to be," she pronounced, "else your wings won't grow."

"No-o," he agreed. "I expect they'll be rather hard to grow on me." Black Wildish gave a grunt.

"Look here, Hastings," he said, "if you're thinking of doing anything to that child——" Red Hastings silenced him with a glance. Unquestioning obedience was the one law of the band.

They rode down the last lane, until they came to the green meadows, between the yellow stubble of the well-reaped fields. Angel showed Red Hastings where the linnets' nest had been, and told him how the little nestlings had grown and grown until they flew away, and nothing had hurt any of them all the time.

"Perhaps God sends little angels to look after the wee birdies," she said reverently. "Like they watch over us."

"God's angels have enough to do then!"

"I expect my mother looks after me," she said. "Is *your* mother an angel?"

Red Hastings contorted his features again; and again the expression was nameless. He had been fond of his mother.

"Tell me more about the birds," he said abruptly. But they had passed the hedges, so instead she told him about the poppies in the corn that were red and wicked and sent people to sleep; and so God made them fade and die.

"The angels are so sorry when God is

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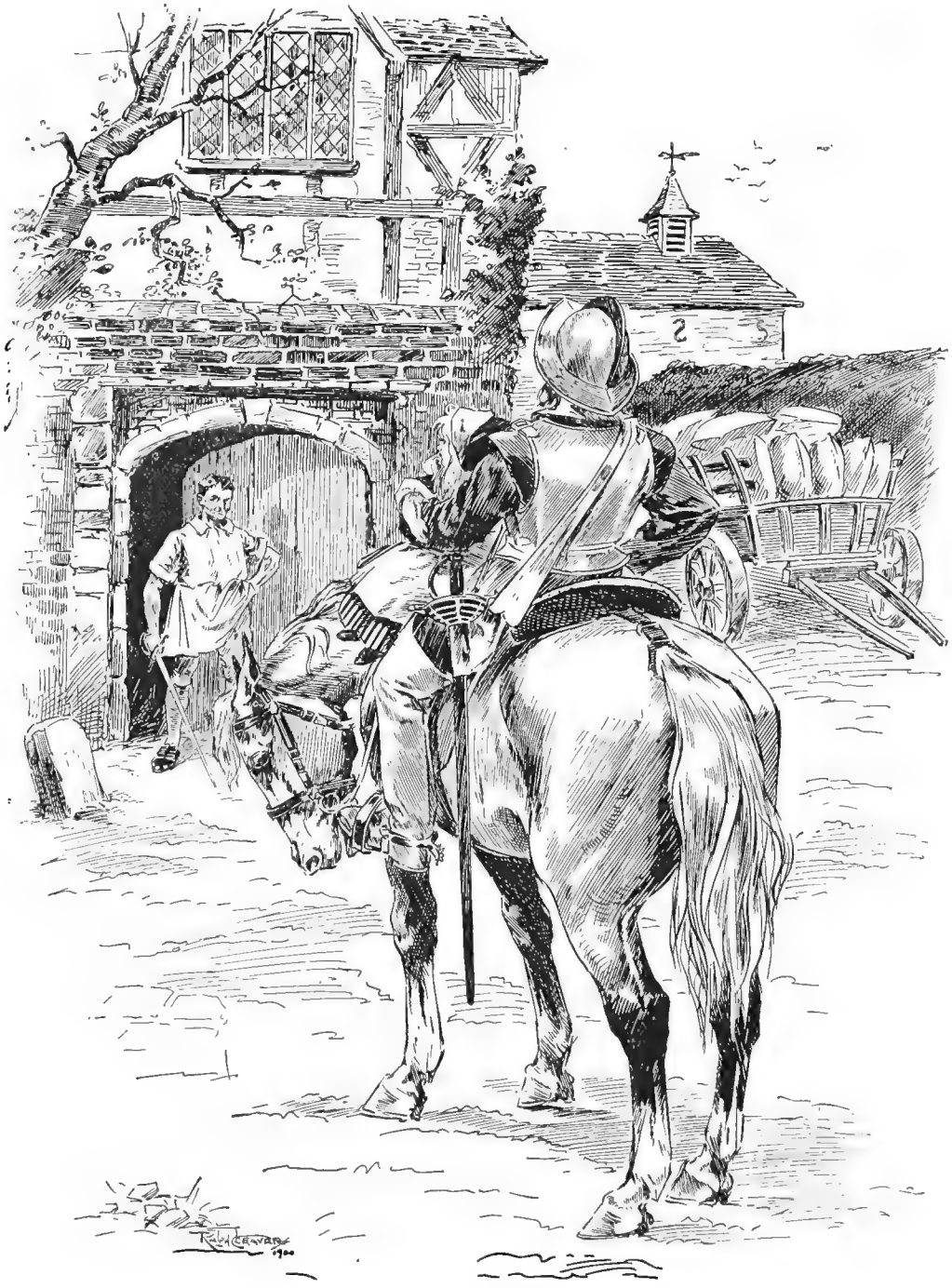

"Truth to tell, miller, I scarcely expected to come by anything of yours so easily," said the robber lightly. "'Tis a winsome maid."

Google

angry because peoples are wicked," she said.

"Aye," said Red Hastings. "I dare say."

Then they came to the ford, where the water runs as high as the horses' girths, and higher.

"Put up your feet, Angel," he said, "or you will wet them."

"The fishes would bite them, wouldn't they?" she said gaily. "Why didn't you go across the bridge?"

"I don't want your father to see us coming."

She clapped her hands. "He will be surprised," she said. The men who were near looked at one another and smiled. "I will call him to come and take me off the big horse. Then he will run."

"No doubt," said Red Hastings.

Then they came to the little lane that passes the back of the mill. The leader held up his hand for them to halt.

"What are you going to do with the child?" demanded Black Wildish. There was a touch of menace in his voice. Years ago he had had a little child himself. If the boy had lived things might have been different.

The robber chief looked down at the child for a few moments in silence.

"Run home and tell your father we are coming, Angel," he said softly. "Run home." But she clung to him and would not go.

"You come, too," she begged. So he turned to his men.

"Stay here till I call," he commanded. "Then come quickly." And he rode boldly into the miller's courtyard with the child upon his saddle,

"Ho, miller of Dell!" he called; and the miller came to the door with his sword in his hand. When he saw the child he paused, and his ruddy face turned white.

"Truth to tell, miller, I scarcely expected to come by anything of yours so easily," said the robber lightly. "'Tis a winsome maid." The miller's lips moved but no sound came. He took a step forward; and then paused, fearing harm to the child.

"What do you want?" he said at length, in a choked voice.

"What only the maid can pay," the robber answered, with a laugh. "Will you give me a bonny kiss, Angel?" And the child flung her arms round his neck and kissed him; and he put her down gently, and she ran gleefully to her father.

"Angel had a ride, daddy," she cried, "on the big grey horse."

Red Hastings looked hard at the child, then with a short laugh, shouted to his men, and they rode up behind him, whilst the miller retreated inside the door with the child in his arms.

"We are forty strong," said the robber sternly. "Let there be no bloodshed—for the sake of the child."

The miller of Dell smiled and whistled three times. At the first whistle his five tall sons came to the door with their weapons. At the second whistle fifty men appeared in the hedges with their muskets levelled. At the third whistle a troop of gentry on horseback, under the young lord, came riding over the bridge.

"Trapped!" said Red Hastings with an oath. "You shall buy us dear." He and his men drew their pistols and swords; but the miller held up his hand and spoke in his mighty voice.

"For the sake of the child, friends," he cried, "I pray you let them go."

Some said "aye" and others said "nay." "We were safer to hang them all," protested the chief of the musketeers. But the young lord vowed that it were a pity to slay such gallants, and that, for his part, he would let them go, if they promised to molest the neighbourhood no more; and to that all the miller's partisans agreed.

Red Hastings looked at his men and looked at the foe; and he saw that they were outnumbered only three to one and was minded to fight. He had got out of worse positions than this before. But then he saw that the muskets covered them from the hedges; and then he saw the child waving her hand to him from the latticed window—and then he promised. No man doubted his word at that time or ever.

They rode back by the lane and the ford, the way that they came; and none spoke until they reached the hill. There was a strange fear upon all of them, and a wonder as to what the future was to bring forth. Would the whole gang move to some new hunting ground? Or would they disperse and seek their livelihood, each man for himself, honestly or—otherwise? Then Black Wildish glanced at his chief curiously.

"It is well for us," he said, with a curse, "that you let the child go."

"I saw the glint of steel through the bushes," said Red Hastings, turning a scowling face on the other. "That was why I spared her."

And no one contradicted him; but they knew that he lied.

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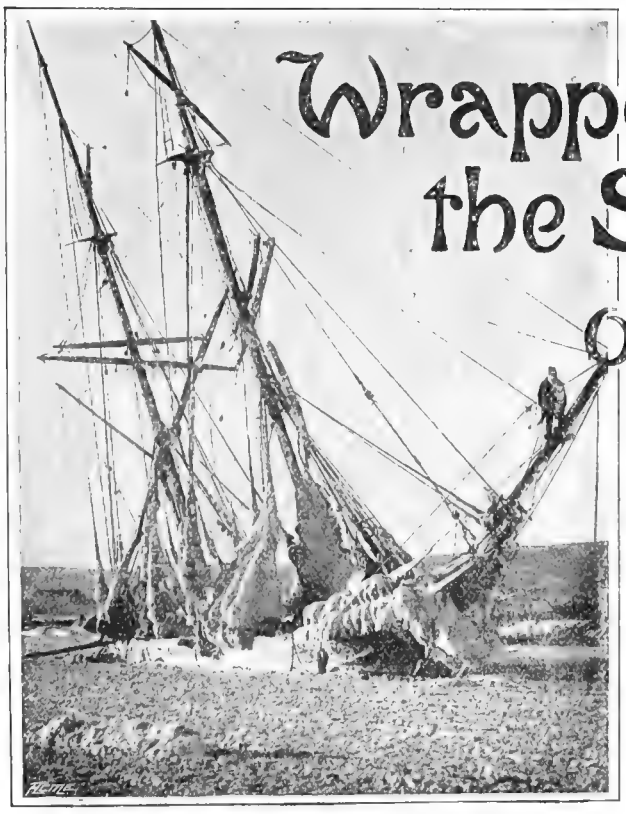
Wrapped in the Shroud of Winter



This vessel, which is quite destroyed by the great storm, is typical of the appearance of many others.

By Hector Grainger.

Illustrated by a Series of Remarkable Photographs taken by J. Politi, Novorossisk.

Cyclones, tornados, blizzards, are, luckily, not very frequent visitors to these islands or to the seas which surround them. A heavy storm is the worst thing of its kind we suffer from, and though our seas are not the safest and most comfortable places to be on at such a time, we really have nothing very appalling to complain about, for the land is always safe in England. Our houses are never blown about our ears as in America, or literally covered with a vast sheet of ice, as the house in one of the accompanying photographs.

It was from the 19th to the 21st December, 1899, that a terrific tempest swept across the Black Sea—that sea comfortably enclosed in land, but more liable to storm, and more dangerous than most great oceans. Indeed, one may say that the Baltic, the

A Russian sailing vessel blown ashore and completely lost.

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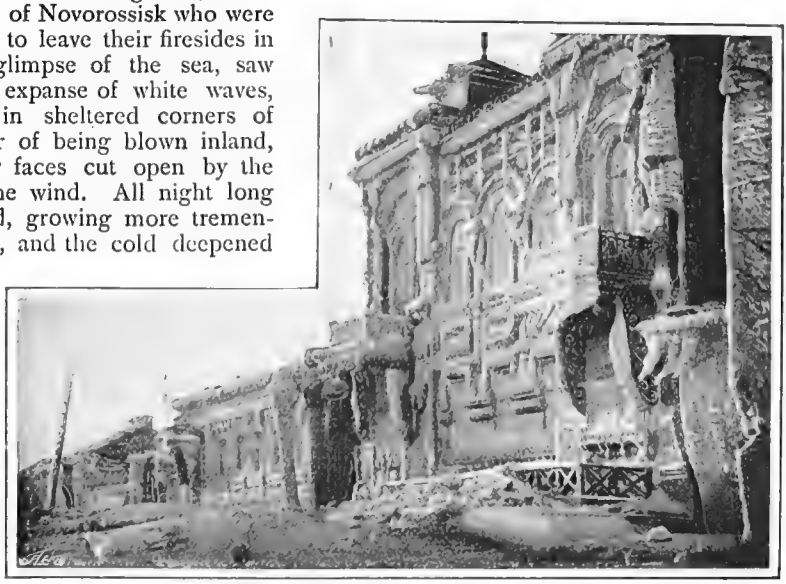
The Russian vessel *Nordost* icebound and ice-covered in the port of Novorossisk.

English Channel, the North Sea, and the Black Sea, are, of all the waters of the earth, the most dreaded by seafarers. And when, in addition to a storm of terrific force, the barometer stands several degrees below zero, those who happen to be on the deep at such a time are not likely to forget the experience.

It was early on the 19th of December that the great tempest rose, the wind blowing from the north-east, and the barometer falling swiftly with every hour. At nightfall, those among the citizens of Novorossisk who were courageous enough to leave their firesides in order to catch a glimpse of the sea, saw nothing but a vast expanse of white waves, and had to stand in sheltered corners of the harbour for fear of being blown inland, or of getting their faces cut open by the intense cold of the wind. All night long the storm continued, growing more tremendous hour by hour, and the cold deepened in proportion. In the morning none of the inhabitants of Novorossisk dared approach the harbour, for great sheets of half-frozen water, torn from the crests of the waves, were being flung inland with tremendous velocity, and the wind cut like a knife.

In one of our illustrations we show how this tempest affected a house almost directly facing the sea. As will be seen, its whole front is thickly coated with ice, so that it presents almost the appearance of one of those ice palaces which are occasionally built at some *fête* in Canada and St. Petersburgh. Nor was this house by any means an exceptional case; many others along the coast and facing the sea fared much in the same manner, and some in exceptionally unprotected positions, open to the full fury of the storm, had their front walls covered with no less than a 2ft. coating of salt ice, their doors blocked and their windows broken. For many days after the tempest had abated the inhabitants, if they wanted to leave the house, had to climb out of back windows or use the back doors.



The appearance of buildings in Novorossisk after the storm.

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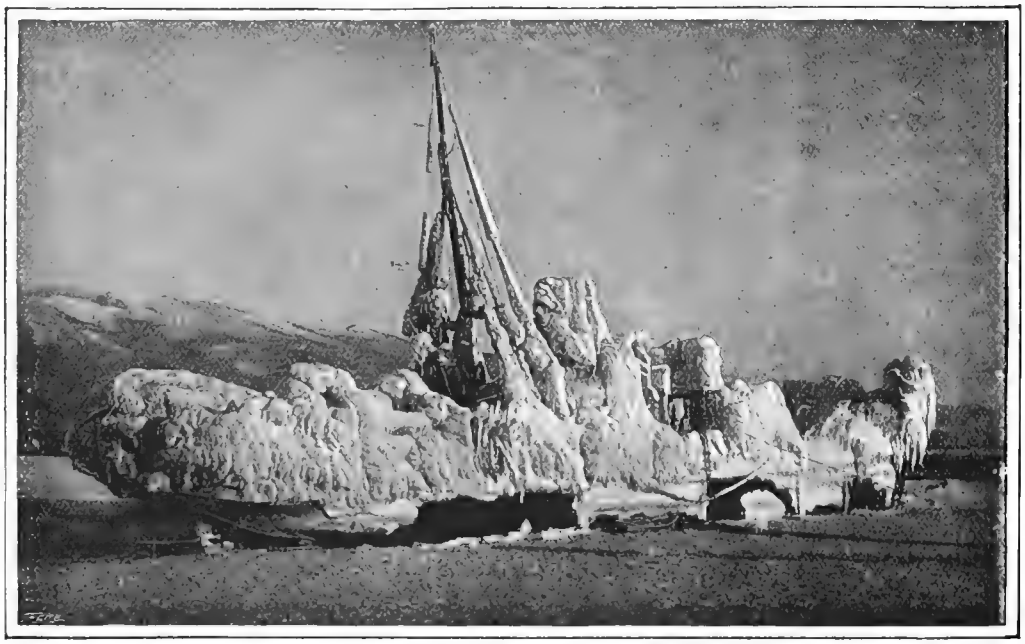
How the ships were treated that had the misfortune to be at sea during the terrible forty-eight hours of tempest our unique series of photographs gives an excellent idea. And these battered hulks were the ones that experienced the best luck, for many came to grief before they could get into the comparative safety of the harbour or the flat shore. The photo at the head of this article shows the condition in which a large Russian schooner was found on the morning of the 21st.

To the casual glance she appears very little hurt, her masts and bowsprit being intact; in reality, however, she is completely smashed up, and when the thaw set in, and the ice melted away from her sides, she was broken in pieces and used for firewood.

A still more deplorable object we show in our picture immediately following. This unhappy vessel bore the brunt of the storm, from the beginning to the end, and was finally cast on shore in the condition here shown. Strange to say, however, none of the crew lost their lives, although the captain and a few sailors were badly frost-bitten, and another man had one of his limbs broken. Observe in this photograph the extraordinary condition of the shore. Mile after mile it was covered with rough ice for several hundreds of yards inland, and so thick was this covering that in spite of the immediate thaw that set in, and the comparative rapidity with which salt ice melts, it took some weeks before the shore presented its normal appearance. Of the Russian steamer *Nordost* we give a unique photograph. Observe the state of her deck, and the vast accumulation of ice gathered round the chain.

Most extraordinary is the appearance of a British steamship that, after battling with the tempest for twenty-four hours, was driven into the harbour of Novorossisk, covered with ice. But although her appearance does not seem to indicate that the tempest has treated her over gently, she fared, in reality, better than some of her companions in misfortune. When the ice had once thawed off her sides she was easily made seaworthy again, and took to work after three or four months' sick leave. The crew came out none the worse for their rough treatment. In cases such as these the British sailor manages somehow to suffer less than the sailor of other nations.

Wherever there is a storm one may be certain that some British vessel or other will be among the sufferers; and in the great Black Sea tempest our mercantile navy suffered heavily. Three or four vessels were lost out at sea, and two were driven into the port of Novorossisk, one of them a mere heap of broken spars, the other covered from masthead to keel with a thick coating of ice, but otherwise practically uninjured.



A British steamer which was driven ashore during the great storm, and was icebound. The ice was about 2ft. thick.

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"Maypole" Hugh, the ostler, outside the "Maypole Inn."

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF BARNABY RUDGE.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK FOULSHAM.

The pictures illustrating this article form the most remarkable series of photographs ever taken, and it is safe to say that never before have lovers of Dickens had such an opportunity of gathering an idea of the appearance and surrounding of the characters in one of the most popular of their favourite author's works.

MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS, the famous character impersonator, has given the public many opportunities of becoming acquainted, in a living form, with those folks whom we have learned to love or to hate as Charles Dickens, in his incomparable style, brought out their good or bad points. But I doubt if Mr. Williams has ever struck a happier idea, yielding happier moments to thoughtful readers of the great novelist, than when he appeared upon the actual scene whence the drama of "Barnaby Rudge" was built up by the master hand, to give us back, in living form and vivid voice, many of the characters who once moved in and around the historic Maypole Inn, in the days of Lord George Gordon with all their episodes of comedy and tragedy.

Few there are who can stand for a little while to gaze upon the "King's Head," Chigwell, without conjuring up visions of the past events so graphically described by Dickens in "Barnaby Rudge." For is not the "King's Head" the "Maypole" of the novel? Nor has time changed, in a radical or violent way, the appearance of the old hostelry. It practically remains as it was described by Dickens. As in 1775, it stands "upon the borders of Epping Forest, at a distance of about twelve miles from London, measuring from the 'Standard,' Cornhill, or rather from the spot near which the 'Standard' used to be in days of yore." Even in 1775 the "Maypole" was an old building "with more gable ends than a lazy man would care to count on a sunny day"; huge zig-zag chimneys, out

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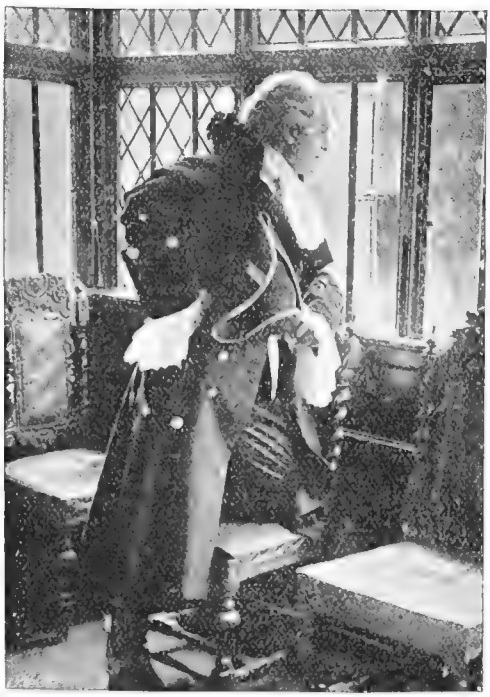
of which it seemed as though even smoke could not choose but come in more than naturally fantastic shapes, imparted to it in its tortuous progress. The place was said to have been built in the days of King Henry the Eighth; and there was a legend, not only that Queen Elizabeth had slept there one night while upon a hunting excursion—to wit, in a deep oak-panelled room with a bay window—but that next morning, while standing on a mounting block before the door with one foot in the stirrup, the virgin monarch had boxed and cuffed an unlucky page for some neglect of duty.

The "Maypole," as further described by Dickens, was really an old house, perhaps as old as it claimed to be, and perhaps older, "which will sometimes happen with houses of an uncertain, as with ladies of a certain, age." Its windows were old diamond pane lattices, its floors were sunken and uneven, its ceilings blackened by the hand of time and heavy with massive beams. Well, several of the old diamond pane lattices are still there, but thanks to the advance of the science of repairing, the floors cannot be said to be uneven, nor are the ceilings of the "King's Head" allowed to remain "blackened by the hand of time." But the same ceilings are still heavy with the same massive beams. "Over the doorway was an ancient porch, quaintly and grotesquely carved." The description may still be verified. Mr. W. Lewis, the present proprietor of the "King's Head," is no believer in vandalism, and, beyond the necessary requirements to keep the old house taut and secure, all the ancient glory of the place is preserved, and, I may say, revered.



Sir John Chester at the "Maypole Inn," in what is now known as the Chester room.

Thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Lewis, I have been enabled to secure the accompanying photographs of scenes from "Barnaby Rudge." The character in each case is impersonated by Mr. Bransby Williams as he appeared in his *matinée* entertainment during the early summer at Chigwell in aid of the Widows' and Orphans' War Fund. The costumes are historically correct, and the "make-up" of each character faithfully represents the word pictures of Dickens.

Readers of "Barnaby Rudge" will remember the impression created on the mind of John Willet, the host, by the appearance at the "Maypole" of a "traveller of goodly promise," a staid, grave, placid gentleman "something past the prime of life, upright in his carriage for all that, and as slim as a greyhound." His costume was "a riding coat of a somewhat brighter green than might have been expected to suit the taste of a gentleman of his years; with a short black velvet cape, and laced pocket holes and cuffs, all of a jaunty fashion."

The photograph illustrates the scene at the "Maypole" upon the evening when the visitor, Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Chester, had despatched Barnaby with the letter summoning Geoffrey Haredale, Chester's enemy, to discuss the means of breaking off the attachment between Edward Chester and Haredale's niece Emma. "Shall we two, because Society calls us enemies, stand aloof, and let them rush into each other's arms, when by approaching each other sensibly, as we do now, we can prevent it, and part them," were Mr. Chester's words, it will be remembered.

The latticed window whence Chester looked anxiously out to watch for signs of the approach of Haredale, is still in its place; indeed, there is but little change in the chamber. "It was spacious enough in all conscience, occupying the whole depth of the house." With Mr. Williams' excellent "make-up" to aid the illusion, the spectator might easily imagine himself to be a witness

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"Maypole" Hugh asleep outside the Inn.

of the actual episode. The chamber is now called the "Chester Room."

Most readers of "Barnaby Rudge" take a deeply sympathetic interest in the career of poor "Maypole" Hugh—"the man with the bottled-up faculties," as Mr. John Willet, his master, was wont to describe him.

Mr. Bransby Williams' impersonation of this character brings us back to the memorable evening at the inn, when the landlord and his customers sat and smoked and drank, discussing meanwhile the mysterious visit of Mr. Chester, and settling to their own satisfaction the contents of the letter delivered by Barnaby to Geoffrey Haredale.

"The light that fell upon this slumbering form showed it in all its muscular and handsome proportions. It was that of a young man, of a hale, athletic figure, and a giant's strength, whose sunburnt face and swarthy throat, overgrown with jet black hair, might have served a painter as a model. Loosely attired in the coarsest and roughest garb, with scraps of straw and hay—his usual bed—clinging here and there, and mingling with his uncombed locks, he had fallen asleep in a posture as careless as his dress. The negligence and disorder of the whole man, with something fierce and sullen in his features, gave him a picturesque appearance, that attracted the regards even of the 'Maypole' customers, who knew him well, and caused Long Parkes to say that Hugh looked more like a poaching rascal to-night than ever he had seen him yet."

It will not take the Dickens' student long to recognise the quaint figure of Barnaby Rudge, the poor idiot who figures so largely, yet humbly, in the novel, and who came so near to sharing the dread fate of his friend Hugh, as a consequence of the Riots. The spare appearance, yet of fair height and strong make; the red hair, hanging in disorder about his face and shoulders; the unearthly expression, the pale features; the glassy lustre of his large protruding eyes;

Barnaby Rudge walking up Chigwell Hill from Clerkenwell.

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Barnaby asleep on a tombstone in Chigwell Churchyard.

his dress of green, with the clumsy trimming of lace; his hat ornamented with peacock's feathers; the many colored bits of ribbon and glass beads—we remember all this. Poor Barnaby! "Sometimes he walks, and sometimes runs. He's known along the road by everybody, and sometimes comes here in a cart or chaise, and sometimes double. He comes and goes, through wind, rain, snow, and hail and on the darkest nights."

And again we see Barnaby as he slept in Chigwell Churchyard whilst waiting for the coach that would carry him and his mother to the distant straw-plaiting town, to live "concealed under an assumed name and in quiet poverty which knew no change."

Again we are transported to the "Maypole," at the door of which Mr. Chester has just alighted from his horse. John Willet is in respectful attendance, but, as usual, desires to show his authority over poor Hugh, who has angrily remonstrated with his master. Mr. Chester, who has been watching Hugh closely, utters the abrupt remark; "You keep strange servants, John."

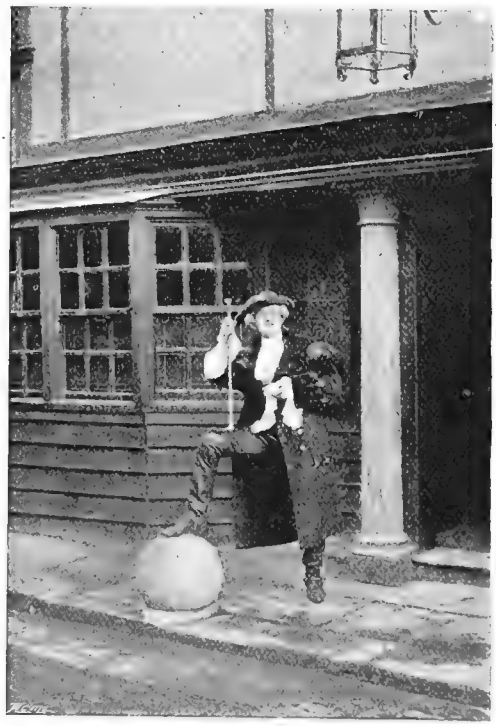
But stranger still was this meeting of father and son!

Next we come to the sudden departure of Joe Willet, the landlord's son, from the "Maypole" which had been his home for so long. The taunts of Tom Cobb have at last proved too much, and the muscular resentment of Joe leaves, in his mind, no alternative but to depart for ever.

We see him, after he had dropped from his bedroom window—a little bundle and his trusty stick his only possessions, and gazing up at the old "Maypole," it might be for the last time.

"He didn't apostrophise it, for he was no great scholar. He didn't curse it, for he had little ill-will to give to anything on earth. He felt more affectionate and kind to it than ever he had done in all his life before, so said, with all his heart, 'God bless you!' as a parting wish, and turned away."

From Joe Willet we turn to gaze upon the wizened features of Solomon Daisy, the old



Sir John Chester at the door of the "Maypole Inn."

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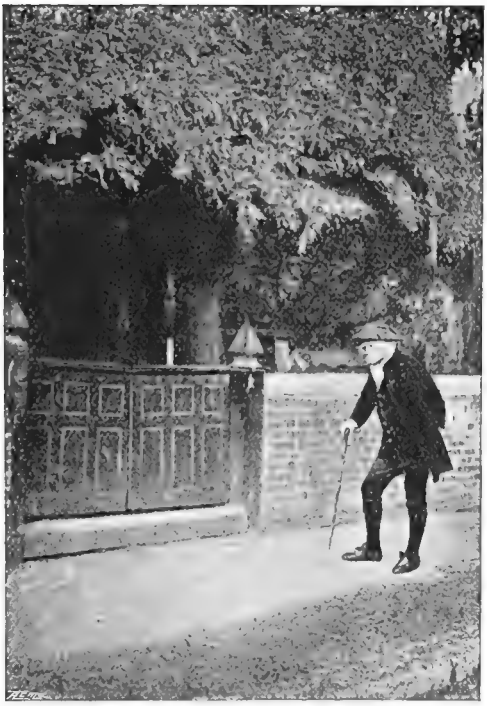
sexton of Chigwell Church. We see him as he might have been in happier days before the Riots. The little round, black, shiny eyes like beads, the rusty black breeches and coat, his long, flapped waistcoat, little queer buttons, "like nothing except his eyes; but so like them, that as they twinkled and glistened in the light, which shone, too, in his bright shoe buckles, he seemed all eyes from head to feet."

From the queer little sexton to Lord George Gordon is a change that apparently troubles Mr. Williams very little. We see Lord George, as he appeared on that morning in March, 1780, starting on the journey from the "Maypole" to London, where he was to set fire to the fierce torch of bigotry and religious feud.

"If Lord George Gordon had appeared in the eyes of Mr. Willet overnight, a nobleman of somewhat quaint and odd exterior, the impression was increased this morning, and increased an hundred-fold. Sitting bolt upright upon his steed, with his long, straight hair dangling about his face and fluttering in the wind; his limbs all angular and rigid . . . stiff, lank, and solemn, dressed in an unusual manner, and ostentatiously exhibiting—whether by design or accident—all his peculiarities of carriage, gesture, and conduct; all the qualities, natural and artificial, in which he differed from other men. . ."

We now turn to contemplate the repellant character of Rudge, the murderer—and the father of poor Barnaby. He has hurried from the door of the Maypole after his ravenously devoured meal, leaving the dazed and helpless Willet amidst the wreckage of his beloved old home. The fleeing criminal halts suddenly, paralysed by the loud and rapid tolling of the alarm bell. "If the ghastliest shape the human mind has ever pictured in its wildest dreams had risen up before him he could not have staggered backwards from its touch as he did from the first sound of that loud iron voice. With eyes that started from his head, his limbs convulsed, his face most horrible to see, he raised one arm high up in the air, and holding something visionary back and down, with his other hand, drove at it as though he held a knife, and stabbed it to the heart . . . . then gave a frightful cry, and, with it, rushed away. Still, still, the bell tolled on, and seemed to follow him . . . pouring forth dreadful secrets after its long silence—speaking the language of the dead."

But we go back a bit, to discover John



Solomon Daisy, the old sexton at Chigwell Church.

Lord George Gordon at the "Maypole Inn."

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Rudge, the stranger and murderer.

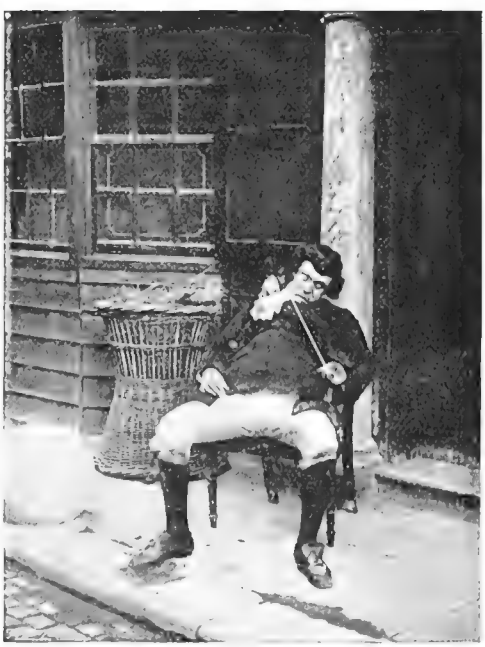
Willet, the host of the "Maypole," as he slumbers peacefully in his chair by the porch on the evening of his calamitous experience. Totally oblivious of the coming of the Rioters, he sleeps calmly enough.

"How long he slept matters not, but it was for no brief space, for when he awoke the rich light had faded, the sombre hues of night were falling fast upon the landscape, and a few bright stars were already twinkling overhead. . . . . Hark! Something very faint and distant. . . . It burst into a distinct sound—the voices and the tramping feet of many men. . . . A dark mass looming through a cloud of dust became visible; the mob . . . came rushing on pell-mell . . . he was bandied from hand to hand in the heart of a crowd of men."

Poor John Willet! Soon nothing was left to his bewildered gaze but a dismantled bar! And Hugh, his erstwhile ostler, had led the mob!

Thus Mr. Bransby Williams, with his clever art, brings up again most vividly the scenes from "Barnaby Rudge" which hang around the ancient "Maypole," the prosperous and comfortable "King's Head" of the present day.

Since his death the novels of Dickens have passed, so to speak, under a shadow; like other great authors who have enjoyed unbounded popularity and enthusiasm during their lives, he, too, has become the victim of a temporary reaction, and we find to-day a large section of the novel-reading public, admirers of new lights, such as Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope, and Hall Caine, turning up their noses at the grand tales of the elder novelist. Well, in a few years' time, no doubt, Dickens will once again occupy the place of honour; his novels are, perhaps, too diffuse and lengthy for a generation who can find time for nothing but a tale half the length of "Barnaby Rudge" or "David Copperfield," and crammed full of breathless excitement at that. But on one point Dickens remains unrivalled—his characterisation. Where in all modern fiction shall we find characters so vividly portrayed and finely imagined as, for instance, in "Barnaby Rudge?" And Mr. Bransby Williams will tell you that there are no fictional characters that can so easily and successfully be reproduced in life—a sure proof of their inherent vitality.



John Willet, the landlord, asleep in his armchair.

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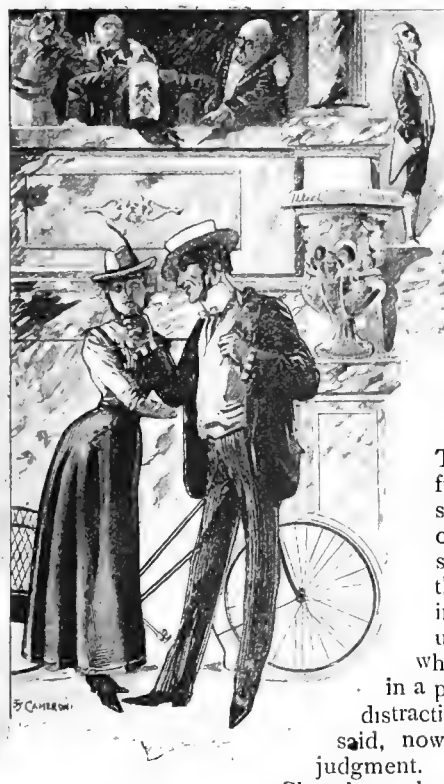

The Princess's Wilfulness

By Ivan Mee

The Princess Elfreda Regenström was delightfully *piquante*, bewitchingly demure, or excessively frivolous as the mood took her. She was occasionally a combination of the three, for the sake of appearing a little more bewildering to the Government of the State of Holgensteinburg, in whom, as she put it herself, she was vested until she reached the mature age of twenty-one, when she would become her own mistress and be in a position to drive her ministers much nearer to distraction than she could at present, being, as she said, now compelled to bow so much to their better judgment.

She always laughed refreshingly when she mentioned "better judgment" to Count Oscar von Gross, to Count Max von Ekensteinburg and to the other Counts, all of whom were *von*-something or the other, so that these trusty and tried members of the State wriggled and winced in their seats, and wished, oh! so fervently, that the Princess Elfreda of Holgensteinburg had been their own daughter, so that they might have kept her all to themselves in their own *châteaux*, and taught her respect to grey hairs, or at least to bald heads. For, as she had put it herself, whereas in ordinary countries the statesmen's hair grew white, and gave dignity to the Royal household, in Holgensteinburg every man seemed to lose every hair on his head directly he got a good situation in the Cabinet.

But the Princess Elfreda was never rude to anyone, for she had such a charming way of saying impertinent things so that the statesmen never found out what she really meant until it was too late to say anything about it. Even the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was really a clever man for Holgensteinburg, had to use quires of Royal paper to work out her Highness's last epigram before he understood it, and then he really didn't know whether it was a compliment or whether to resign at once.

The Princess's moods were so variable that she was the plague of all the good men who administered her toy state, and, as a matter of fact, the only thing that enabled them to bear with her was the insignificant trifle of emoluments, and these they still retained when at last she came of age.

His Excellency Count Max von Ekensteinburg, the Lord Chamberlain, of Holgensteinburg, discovered her Highness on the lawn of the Palace with her latest pneumatic upside-down, mending a puncture herself, while the glorious lackeys of the Palace, in the gorgeous livery of purple and gold of the Royal House of Holgensteinburg, stood idly around, one holding the pump, another the glass-paper, another the patch, another the cement, and another the chalk.

The Princess nodded cheerfully at him, a nod which his Excellency returned with a

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The Countess arrived, hot and flustered, crimson in the face, and inclined to pant, and the Princess received her in the grand Council Chamber.

ceremonious bow, re-entered his carriage and four, returned home and sent his wife—who was decidedly short, apt to get very red in the face when in a hurry, and inclined to stoutness—to say a few words to the Princess on the necessity of remembering her Royal blood and behaving as befitted a Regenström of Holgensteinburg.

The Countess arrived, hot and flustered, crimson in the face, and inclined to pant, and the Princess received her in the Grand Council Chamber. She had changed her neat fitting tailor-made cycling skirt for a marvellous creation of pale yellow silk, covered with a dainty film of foamy lace; a train spread out a couple of yards behind her, the corners of which were held from the polished floor by two pages, and the lackey who had carried the pump walked majestically before her, gold stick in hand, as she slowly passed up the apartment.

How was the stout, red-faced lady to lecture upon deportment? She simply did not attempt to. She saved her remarks until she returned home to His Excellency.

But these were trifles. These were such as the Ministers of the State of Holgensteinburg had grown so accustomed to that they counted them merely as part of the trials put upon them by a vengeful fate for the misdeeds of their youth.

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And to their youth they ventured darkly to refer to one another, with sly looks expressive of the hearts they had broken. Each affected to believe the other, and yet they knew all the while that they formed one of the homeliest little brood of domesticated tabby masculine cats that the world had ever seen. Harmless, docile, and distinctly domesticated, but oh! so terribly fussy.

Still, there was a limit to everything, and when a group of Ministers observed Her Serene Highness the Princess Elfreda Gretchen Margurite Elsie von Regenström of the Royal House of Holgenstein strolling up the drive to the Palace wheeling her own bicycle with her own hand, and talking the while to an unknown man of a tourist-commercial-traveller style, they puffed out their cheeks and gazed at one another, for there were not words to express their feelings—no, not even in German.

The two paused at the foot of the wide marble steps leading to the terrace, and the whole Council of Holgensteinburg hung forward to catch the conversation.

"What you want, Miss," the stranger remarked, with what even they recognised as the unmistakeable Yankee drawl, "is the free wheel, which I rather guess is the greatest invention of the present century. When we glance around this glorious park, with its wooded slopes and winding paths, what do we see? Gentle declivities all around us. The free wheel, what does it mean? That you'll be able to put the prettiest little shoe I've ever seen during a varied career, upon the pedals, start the machine, and go slick and slick round and round the park without moving those pedals until her Nibs opens the window and calls you to make the tea. And, between you and me, my dear, if any of the old gents a-hanging over the garden wall would like a luxuriant crop of hair in less than a month, I guess I'm the man. Two dollars a bottle, and half a dozen applications would bring——"

"Excuse me," her Highness answered, with a laugh, "but they're in the Cabinet of Holgensteinburg."

"Well, it's about time they resigned, and if Her Serene Highness came along, I rather calculate I'd tell her the same."

"To resign?"

"No, to sling these old buffers out."

"But, no one resigns in Holgensteinburg."

"That's it, miss, that's it. There's no competition, no activity, no life."

"I believe the Princess would like to hear your views."

"I rather believe she would, myself. I reckon I'd dust her kingdom up in a month so that she wouldn't know it. And if she did want to raise a bit on the Crown jools, I reckon agin, I'm the man. And if I did do a good turn here, my dear, I reckon agin, Silas Widgen isn't the chap to forget a gal—specially if she's pretty."

The American chucked her Highness beneath the chin, and the Cabinet grew purple as the Royal livery.

"Now you trot on, my dear," he continued affably; "tell her Royal Nibesses I'm here, and if she wants to know a thing or two let her ask."

The American winked at Her Highness as she ascended the steps, took a cigar from his pocket, lighted it, carelessly seated himself on the balustrade, with his head resting against a pedestal, fixed the Cabinet with his eye and stared them out, individually, and then collectively. Presently, at the bidding of one of the Royal attendants, he followed the purple livery into the Council Chamber, having passed the time of waiting in the ante-chamber in trading gold brooches to other gorgeous individuals in the resplendent purple and gold livery of the Royal Household.

Silas Widgen strolled up the highly polished floor of the Grand Council Chamber of the Palace with as much self-composure as he would have felt in walking the familiar pavement of Broadway, and bowed before the Princess who, in her most ravishing creation from Paris, looked sufficiently regal to have pleased even the most dignified of her Court. A lovely smile hovered around her lips as she thought how surprised the American would be when he looked into her face.

But he was not. He certainly raised his eyebrows, but that was all, and then he bent and touched her outstretched hand with his lips.

"I am delighted to meet your Serene Highness," he remarked affably. "Delighted! Our previous interview we will count as a mutual mistake—except that"—he dropped into a chair, crossed one leg over the other, and leaned confidentially towards her—"this here kingdom of yours wants dusting up."

"Precisely!" Her Highness actually clapped her hands. "Precisely, Mr. ——"

"Widgen, Miss, Silas Widgen, of the United States of America."

"Then, Mr. Widgen, I quite agree with you. My kingdom wants dusting up."

"You're the most sensible blue-blooded

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young woman I've ever met in my life," remarked Mr. Widgen, with a chuckle of approval. "There's none of the darned stand-offishness about you, and if you stick to me, I'll stick to you, and by the eternal gosh, we'll give Europe one of the slickest surprises that she has ever had."

Mr. Silas Widgen over-rated his abilities with regard to surprising Europe; but it certainly surprised the Cabinet of Holgensteinburg when they saw in a prominent position in the Council Chamber an announcement, signed by Her Royal Highness herself, that the salaries of all State officials were henceforth to be reduced by one-third; and, moreover, that the Cabinet would be dispensed with altogether unless the members could show that they were of some use; and finally an addendum to the effect that, failing a good reason for their continuing in office, the American system of putting the positions up to auction would be adopted, this pronouncement being signed by the Lord High Administrator of Holgensteinburg — Silas Widgen.

Contemporaneously with this was issued an address to the people of Holgensteinburg warning them of the fines that would be inflicted if they were found in public-houses during prohibited hours; if they did not carry a lantern on their vehicles; if they assaulted a constable in the execution of his duty, and if they did a thousand and one other things which they had not the faintest desire or intention of doing.

The drawback for the moment was that there was no public-house and no constable, so the Lord High Administrator created both, and imported an Anarchist to preach sedition in the market-place.

On the very first day of the new *régime* the constable was nearly killed, the anarchist was carried round the Palace grounds waving a red flag, and Count Oscar von Gross was struck in the middle of the back by a fairly large-sized potatoe.

"Splendid!" the Lord High Administrator exclaimed. "Splendid! Now say that the public will no longer be allowed to picnic in the Palace grounds, and things will hum."

Things hummed; and they hummed in the Cabinet more than anywhere

The whole of the bald heads clustered together, and no one spoke, until at last the Lord Chamberlain whispered, "Send for her aunt."

Her aunt! The suggestion came as a bright flash of sunlight into the dazed brains of the Court. Her aunt!—The Grand Duchess Elizabeth von Schollosse, the only woman who had ever had the slightest success in over-awing the Princess Elfreda.

The Grand Duchess arrived in her carriage and six, with outriders, trumpeters and a bodyguard all flaming and magnificent, and gave her niece a cold and decidedly sallow cheek to kiss.

"I rather guess I'm glad to see you," remarked Her Highness, who had fallen into a few of the expressions of her High Administrator.

"The usual popular expression of reverence which have been apparent at my previous visits, Elfreda, were absent to-day," the Grand Duchess remarked icily. "There was a person with a red flag who seemed to be attracting the attention due to me."

"Ah! that's the Anarchist."

The Duchess raised her glasses to her eyes and looked fixedly at her niece. It was a stare that had reduced the highest officials to a state even more bordering upon imbecility than their normal condition, but Her Highness only nodded back cheerfully, and it almost appeared as if she winked.

"It's the General Election to-morrow," she said soothingly, "and the poor dears are getting so excited about it. I shouldn't be at all surprised if they turned the whole Cabinet out. They burnt the Chancellor of the Exchequer in effigy last night."

"Burnt Count von Shawghisters?"

"Only in effigy, aunt. They called it 'The last of straw whiskers.' So quaint, you know. It's an American idea. There's a column account of it in the *Holgensteinburg Gazette*, and another column simply giving me slates—Says that my dress doesn't fit, and my gloves are cleaned. Oh, aunt, it's life, it's freedom! It's all American! I expect there'll be a column about you to-morrow and a portrait. The *Gazette* will pick you to atoms and the *Chronicle* praise you up to the skies. We do the *Chronicle* in the Palace! Sakes alive, you ought to have read Widgen's slasher at the Socialists in last week's!"

"I suppose I'm not dreaming?" the Duchess remarked faintly. "But I know I'm not, for I've heard all about this wretched affair from my old friend, Count von Gross."

"He won't be re-elected."

"Won't what?" the Duchess moaned.

"Won't be re-elected. He'll be turned out, I guess."

"His position has been in his family for three centuries."

"That's so. Silas says it's time we had a

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change, and, besides, he has not got one pretty girl to canvass for him."

"There's only one thing more for you to do now," the Duchess exclaimed.

"What's that, aunt?"

"Marry this lunatic. That's the only thing left to complete your wretched——"

"Marry Silas!" exclaimed her Highness, with a slight blush. "Sakes! I've never thought of that. Wouldn't the Socialistic party go mad!"

The Princess was still reflecting over the possibilities while the Duchess sat speechless, when the Lord High Administrator bustled into the room.

"Madame," he exclaimed, clasping the Duchess's hand, "I'm charmed to meet you, charmed! A friend of the Princess's is a friend of mine. You have arrived in time to see the greatest hustle in the history of Holgensteinburg. To-morrow is the election day for the new Council, and the three parties will be in the throes of a glorious struggle for liberty and freedom. There is the old and antiquated Cabinet of generations past, the Moderates, which Her Highness and I unofficially favour, and the advanced Socialists. It will be a grand day for you, Madame, a grand and memorable occasion!"

"You're a subject of Holgensteinburg," she exclaimed, "and you'll do what you're told to do.

The Grand Duchess turned her stony stare upon Silas, and he responded with an affable nod—a nod which indicated that he in no way had exaggerated the position. She turned the icy glare upon her niece and she, too, nodded, or at least inclined her head in a dignified

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manner, which announced, plainer than words—"Leave it to Silas."

"Marry him," the Grand Duchess murmured faintly; "do what I say—marry him. Forget the glorious past of Holgensteinburg—forget that you are one of the Royal House—Americanise the whole of the country. Only remember you're twenty-two—too old to be whipped—and you can do what you like."

"What do you say, Silas?" said Her Highness, with a blush, partly caused by annoyance, and partly by the feeling that she was being driven further than she had intended going.

"I say the old lady's talking in front of herself," Silas answered softly. "She doesn't mean it."

"But, suppose *I* mean it," snapped Her Highness—"what then?"

Silas Widgen rubbed the back of his ear, then the corner of his chin, whistled a bar of the "Star Spangled Banner," and shook his head.

"If *you* mean it, your Highness, I can only say I'm sorry, but I'm engaged."

"Suppose I command it," cried the Princess, stamping her foot.

"American citizens are not to be commanded," Silas replied softly.

"You're a subject of Holgensteinburg," she exclaimed, with her temper rising; "and you'll do what you are told to do."

"Ten minutes ago," remarked Silas, "I was a bit gone on you, but thought it was no good offering to let you pack your things in my trunk, but I'll be hanked if I'm going to be ordered to marry you, even by you."

"You mean you have the insolence to refuse to marry me?" the Princess gasped.

"That's the identical ticket, Miss; free and independent citizens of the United States ain't to be ordered about."

"You refuse?"

"Absolutely."

"Then I guess, Silas Widgen, you'd better clear out of Holgensteinburg, straight away, for if I see you again there'll be trouble. As to your members of the Council, I'll take good care that none of them get in. I'll have a Council of my own," and, turning contemptuously upon her heel, her Highness flounced across the apartment and disappeared.

Silas Widgen gazed at the Duchess and the Duchess glanced back quite contentedly at him, for she could see that the restoration of Holgensteinburg had commenced.

"Women is queer cattle," he remarked meditatively. "Who'd have thought of this. Just before the election, too."

"It will upset your political party, too, won't it, Mr. Widgen?" said the Grand Duchess. "What you call 'split the vote' in the States."

"Waal, I rather guess it will. There'll be the Widgenites and Elfredaites, and anti-

We have might, we have right," shouted the Anarchist, "we have strength, we have power!"

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Widgenites, and anti-Elfredaites at least "—and he passed away with a look of resignation on his face.

The Duchess nodded her head again, and, walking to the telephone, called up Count von Gross, to whom she intimated that a severe split had taken place in the Moderate Party, the heads of which were at daggers drawn, told him to make it public property, and then drove down to the market place in her carriage and six, where the Anarchist was haranguing his proportion of the voters of Holgensteinburg.

She stopped her carriage within hearing distance of the Anarchist, and he, being, after all, a by no means objectionable person, immediately became terribly confused at the importance of his audience and broke down utterly. The Grand Duchess graciously supplied the missing word and he went on again, and at the close of his shouting approached the Duchess's carriage in response to her gesture of invitation.

"Your opinions really do you very great credit," remarked the Duchess affably, and the Anarchist blushed, and almost wished he had a collar on.

"Pray step in," she smilingly continued, "and explain your theories more fully to me," and the gorgeous footman in the gorgeous livery of the Royal House of Holgensteinburg opened the carriage door for him and he entered.

Standing up for a moment in the carriage, he shouted, "Down with what they call the Royal house of Holgensteinburg, down with everything," and waved his red flag as they dashed away.

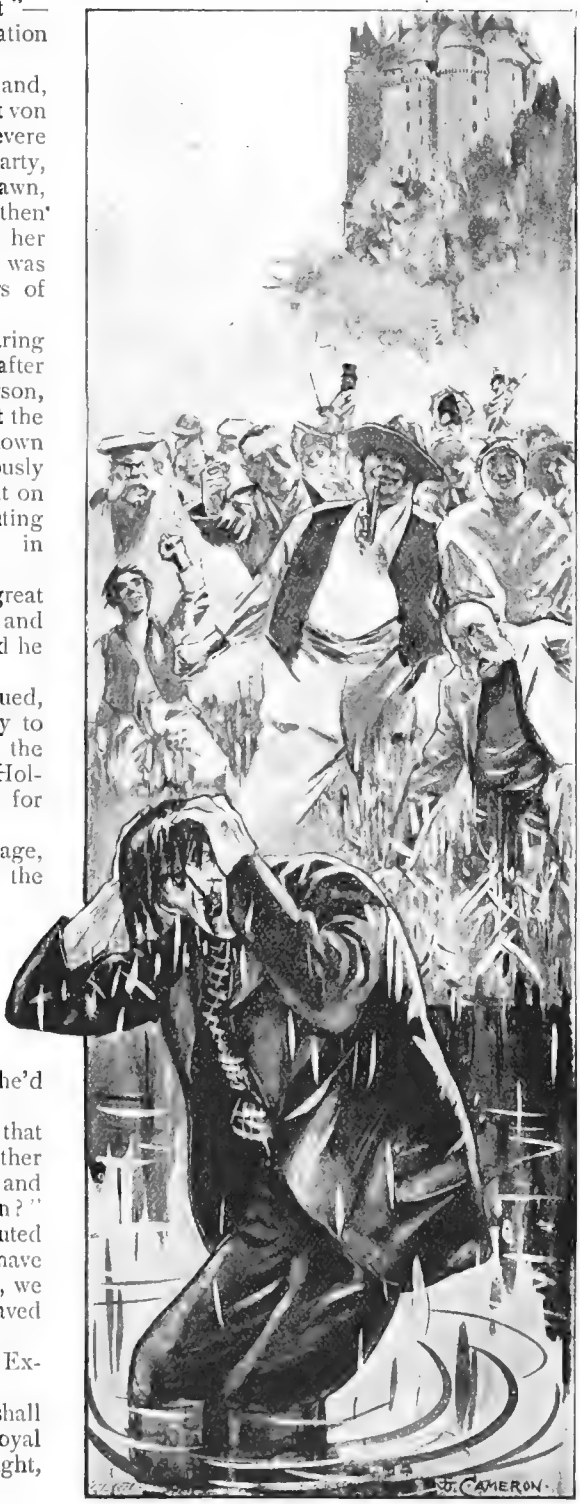
"A very clear and concise expression of feeling," remarked the Duchess as they sped onwards. "Very clear and very well put." And the Anarchist beamed at her praise, and almost wished he'd shaved that morning.

"I take it," remarked the Duchess, "that you incline to the opinion that all I and other people have should be taken from us, and that everything which is up should be down?"

"We have might, we have right," shouted the anarchist, "we have strength, we have power! We are the people, we will fight, we will win. Ha! ha!" and again he waved his flag.

"Precisely!" answered the Duchess. "Exactly! Very clearly and nicely put."

"When I am head of the Council, we shall pass laws making the whole of the Royal Palaces public property. We have might, we have——"



The Anarchist was emerging from a third ducking by his infuriated followers.

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"Yes, exactly," the Duchess gently interposed. "You said that before But why I have come to you is this. My niece, the Princess, is wilful——"

"She is an aristocrat, we want none of them. We have might——".

"Yes, yes, I know; but she has fallen madly in love with you, and insists on marrying you. If you make the palaces public property, my dear man, where on earth will you live? She is mad upon the point—and yet, how can you marry her, a princess, with your principles?"

"I am no bigot," the Anarchist replied, rolling up his flag.

"I think my niece has chosen wisely," remarked the Duchess.

"We'll have a barbed wire fence round this place," he answered. "Anyone who wants to picnic seems to walk in as if the whole show belonged to him. There's enough paper bags and ginger-beer bottles to fill a cellar. Give them a few man traps and spring guns—that's the idea."

"But, it's a custom of Holgensteinburg for the people to picnic."

"Well, they'll have to do it in their own grounds."

"You will come to the Palace now?"

"My dear Duchess, I will come when I am fit to meet the Princess. Your Grace will excuse me till then?"

He stopped the carriage, alighted and threw his flag by the roadside, and then, with a bow, raised his hat and walked towards the gates, pausing only for a moment to cuff a small boy for walking on the grass.

The Grand Duchess again rang up Count von Gross. "Let it be known," she said, "that the Anarchist is a fraud. He is about to marry my niece. He has given up his principles and is to become an aristocrat. Now, fancy you are in America and boom the old Council. Promise a place under Government with a big salary to everyone who votes for the old Cabinet."

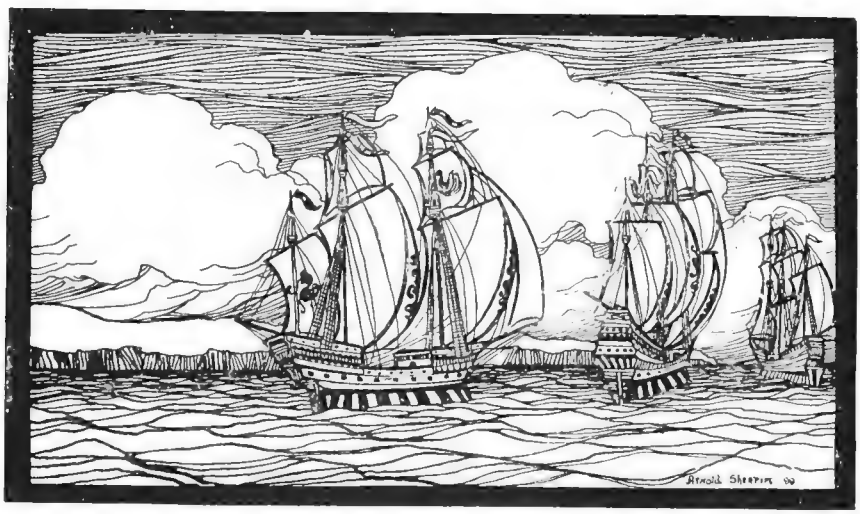
The Grand Duchess retired to rest and slept till well into the morning of the great day for Holgensteinburg. Then she drove to the Town Hall to see how things were progressing.

The Moderate party was split into four, the Socialistic into six factions who fought at intervals. Silas Widgen had been mobbed twice, and the Anarchist was emerging from a third ducking by his infuriated followers. All who were not fighting wore smiles and rosettes of the old Council, and thought of the positions promised to them.

At five o'clock the result of the election went up, the ten divisions had polled insignificant figures, and the old Council came out miles ahead of anyone.

They met and passed their first Act, giving foreigners an hour to leave the country, and the crowd sang the National Anthem outside the Town Hall for two solid hours, cheered every member of the Council, and dragged the Duchess in her carriage back to the palace, with the Princess by her side.

They passed Silas Widgen and the Anarchist Silas only shook his head as his hands were full of parcels, and the Anarchist was too stiff to do even that.



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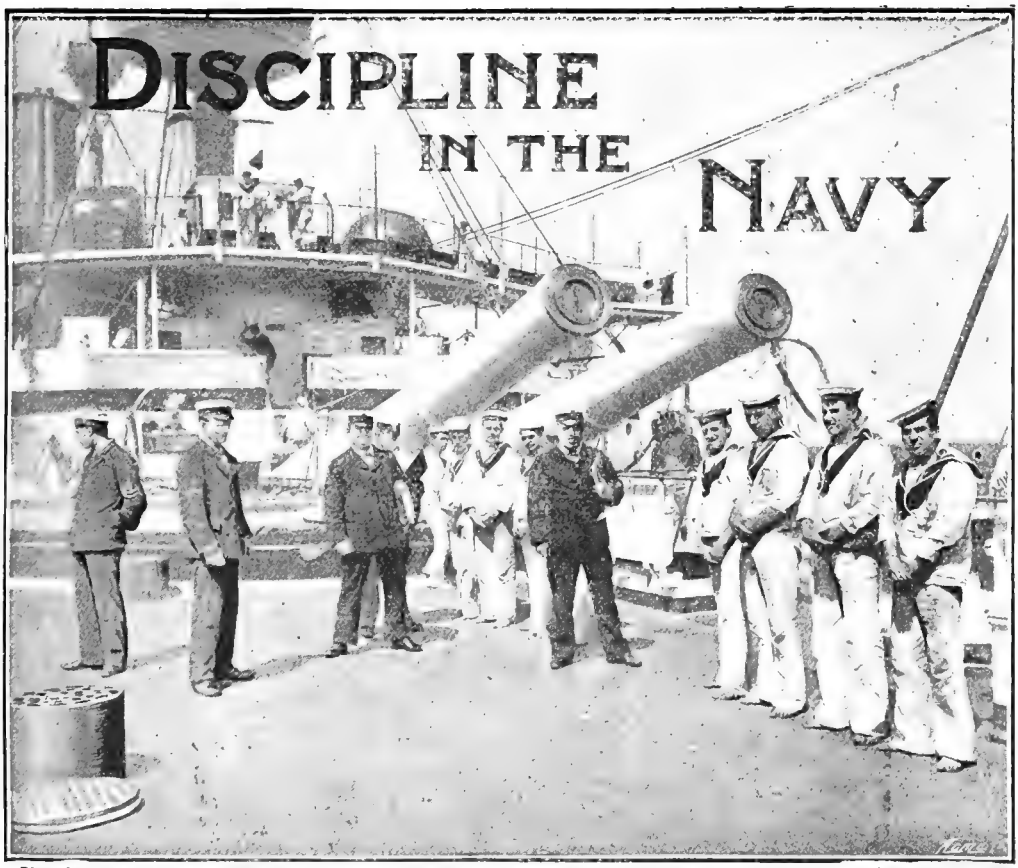

Photo by Reinhold Thiele & Co.

Delinquents awaiting the officer who will deal with them.

OR JACK'S POLICE FORCE.

Being the Seventh of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run."

By Archibald S. Hurd.

In the old days British men-of-war were not pleasant places in which to live. Their crews consisted largely of all sorts and conditions of men picked up by the press-gangs, with some volunteers, and a selection of criminals who, to avoid their just punishments, were allowed by the magistrates to take service afloat. It naturally followed that discipline among such rough characters had to be maintained by very severe methods, and probably the unruly character of the men was responsible for the callous brutality of a proportion of the officers. The captain of a ship was his own master, and many stories are told of the inhuman disregard for life which distinguished some officers. Even in Nelson's time it was no uncommon thing for a man to be flogged round the Fleet with the cat o' nine tails, receiving probably four hundred or more stinging strokes from the lusty bo'sun's mates as he was taken from ship to ship. He usually reached his own ship bleeding and insensible, and more dead than alive. Many offences, which a magistrate would consider comparatively trivial, could be, and were, punished by death, and as late as forty years ago justice was meted out unevenly, and depended largely on the temper of the responsible officer. A man would be convicted at Devonport, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labour, while another man, who committed an identical misdemeanour at Portsmouth, might only have his leave stopped and his grog watered for a week or ten days.

Now these bad old times have gone, and the principle by which discipline is maintained in Her Majesty's ships is no longer to

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Photo by Stephen Cribb.

A naval patrol setting out. These are sent from the different ships in harbour on Monday morning at nine o'clock to pick up stragglers from the Saturday-to-Monday-leave-men.

punish as severely as possible, but to offer to every man such inducements to do right that he cannot fail to see the advantages to be gained from good behaviour. Of course another most important factor in the doing away of brutal methods has been the great change in the character of the men, who, since the abolition of the press-gang, the closing of the Navy to the criminal classes, and the institution of the long-service system, have deserved the credit of being among the best behaved and most sober of the classes ashore from which they are drawn.

There is singularly little real crime in the navy, and most of the punishment given on board warships is for breaches of naval discipline, offences which, in many cases, a landsman would regard as of little importance, but which are looked at in a very different light afloat.

Every vessel in the Navy has an elaborate system for the detection and punishment of wrong-doers. Is it, for instance, generally known that Jack has a police force of his own, that warships are provided with cells, and that, at Lewes and at Bodmin, there are naval prisons—fortunately not greatly used—and that blue-jackets themselves serve ashore as policemen, with a special badge on one of their cuffs, and parade the streets of the town where their comrades are enjoying a spell of leave? Anyone who has visited a man-of-war must have noticed a number of men with the mystic letters "N. P." on either side of the naval crown on their sleeves. These are the ships corporals, who form the staff of the master-at-arms, who is a kind of chief constable, and a person of no slight authority on board a ship, with a little office which is a place of terror to all evil-doers.

It is almost proverbial that the lot of a policeman is not a happy one, and though the naval police are usually men of considerable tact, and sometimes of wonderfully equable temper, it is hardly to be wondered at that they are not the most popular class in

Photo by W. J. Hugo-Everett.

The Naval Prison at Bodmin.

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Photo by Stephen Cribb.

Reading the defaulters' list to the gunner.

the service. Their duties are very various. They are the custodians of the defaulters' book, they arrest prisoners, bring them to justice, personified by the captain or the senior officer, according to the character of the offence; and after the delinquents have been ordered due punishment for their "crimes," the naval police see that the sentences are carried out. They have much other responsible work. They are charged with preventing the smuggling of spirits on board, or any unwholesome food or fruit from the shore, or from the bumboats that cluster round a man-of-war in port like moths round a candle—only, it is not the bumboatmen who get their fingers burnt. The ship's police also have to see that the store places are safely locked up, that the lights and fires are put out at the proper times, and they see that only the men properly authorised go ashore when the vessel is in harbour, and that all those who are granted "short leave" return in time.

The duties which devolve upon the master-at-arms and his staff are of so important a character, that naturally great care is exercised in recruiting the force. They are very wisely chosen from the lower deck, and before a bluejacket or marine can be entered at the bottom of the tree of promotion as a second class ship's corporal, he must be able to show the highest character, and must have had at least three years service at sea. His pay starts at 2*s.* 4*d.* a day, and after he has been in the first class for six years he gets 3*s.* 8*d.* and stands a chance of becoming a master-at-arms, the pay of which grade begins at 4*s.* and rises sixpence a day for each year's service, until at the end of twelve years he reaches the limit of 6*s.* a day or £109 10*s.* a year.

The discipline on board various ships differs greatly. It depends largely on the captain. A tactful officer, who wishes to encourage his men to do right while letting them know that he will severely punish those who wilfully disobey, will often go through a whole commission with little or no serious punishments, with the result that everyone will be in a good humour, and it becomes a proud boast of the crew that their's is "a happy ship." Some officers in the old days often grossly abused their power, while others, then as now, had a knack of keeping everyone up to the mark without resorting to extreme measures.

Tales are still told that reveal a quaint humour in the meting out of punishment. There is a story of one officer who, when a man through reprehensible carelessness

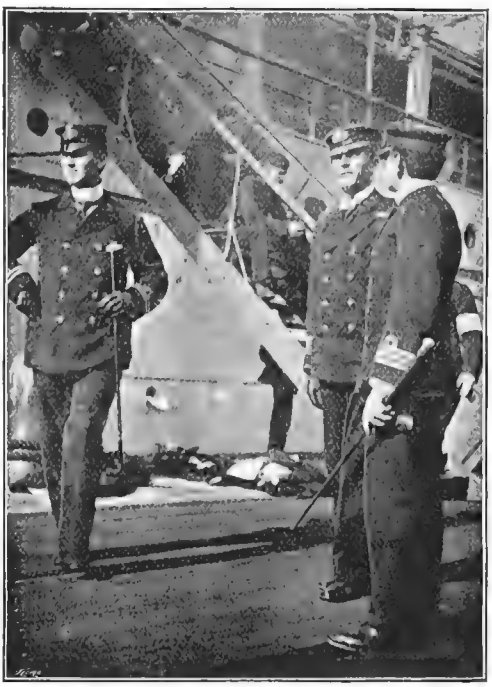

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

The Captain, Commander, and First Lieutenant. The two former are the only officers allowed to sentence defaulters, although sometimes this power is delegated to the lieutenant.

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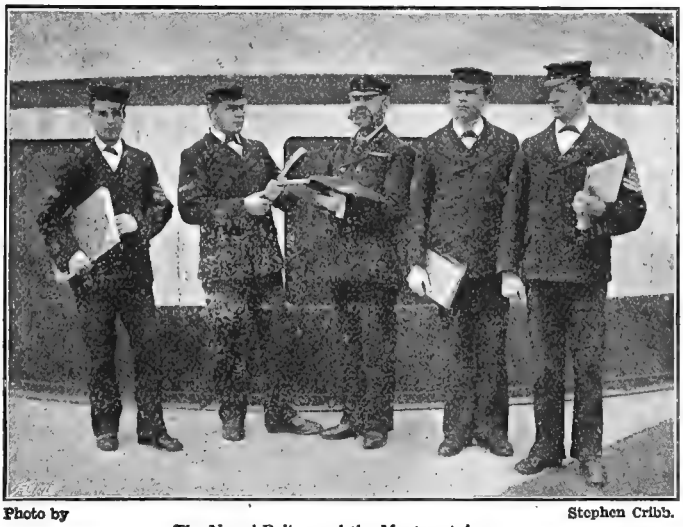

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

The Naval Police and the Master-at-Arms.

upset a paint pot or in any other way dirtied the beautifully white deck, would order the delinquent to scrub the spot in the dinner hour on several days, using not water, but the grog which he dearly prized. The feelings of the seaman as he carried out the punishment amid the jibes and jeers of his amused companions, can be only dimly imagined by a landsman, who knows not how treasured a thing is the daily "tot."

Rear-Admiral the Hon. V. A. Montagu tells a story of his midshipman days that illustrates the little lapses of which a stern disciplinarian seizes hold. He was the middy of the watch on a bitterly cold day, and had, moreover, to keep on the lee side of the deck. Perished with cold, he inadvertently put his numbed hands in his pockets. Now the quarterdeck of a man-of-war is almost sacred, and every officer and man salutes it as he approaches. The captain seeing this small edition of an officer with his frozen hands in his pockets might, according to the custom of those times, have mastheaded him, but, instead, he called out in loud tones: "Pray, sir, who allowed you to keep your hands in your pockets on the quarterdeck? Go down immediately to the tailor and tell him, from me, to sew up your pockets instantly." Covered with shame the lad fled, and soon returned with the task completed. Then the officer, Captain Jones, afterwards Admiral Sir Tobias Jones, spoke a few words of kindly reproof, and forthwith had all the stitches taken out again.

It was the custom of one officer, so as to make the evil-doer appear ridiculous, to place him in some uncomfortable part of the ship, most often the "chains," and make him cry out, when the ship's bell told the hours and half-hours, his name and the misdemeanour for which he was being punished, his shipmates usually supplying a chorus of laughter.

In these days the punishment that fits each crime is laid down in the instructions issued by the Admiralty, founded on the Naval Discipline Act of 1866. This Act contains, among other matters, the Articles of War, which are read out to the crew of every ship once each three months, when any new regulations are also announced. This measure deals with persons subject to its provisions and to those who are not, specifying every imaginable offence and its punishment. It is most complete, but its framers were evidently afraid that they might have left a loophole through which a wrong-doer might escape his due measure of punishment, so they concluded with the following comprehensive

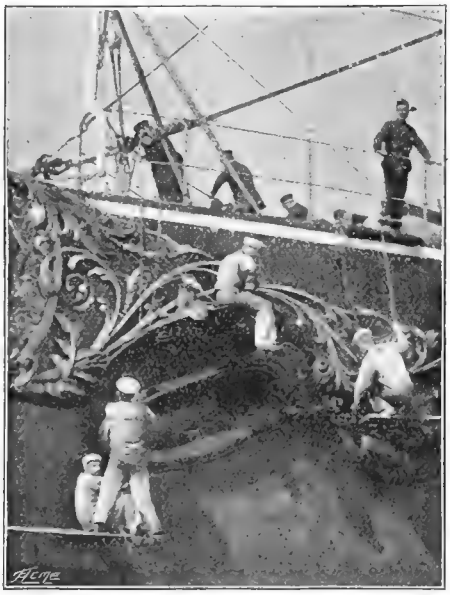

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

Defaulters painting the ship while the ship's company is on leave.

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statement:—"Any person subject to the Act, or not subject to this Act, who shall be guilty of any crime, offence, or misdemeanour not before provided for in this Act shall suffer death or such other punishment as is herein mentioned."

Apart from the punishments duly authorised by the Admiralty and Parliament, there is still room for a number of small corrections for trifling offences—corrections such as unpleasant duties or extra work, by which a junior executive officer or a warrant officer, neither of whom has any power of sentence, can make a troublesome man desire to walk a straight course. All the old forms of chastisement such as the cat have disappeared, and punishments are now humane. The severer sentences, anything, in fact, beyond ninety days with hard labour, can be awarded only by a court-martial, which is ordered by the admiral in command, or, in some cases, by the Admiralty. The powers of a captain are, however, still very great, and he delegates the punishment of minor offences to the commander, or the chief executive officer, but for all practical purposes it may be said that only the two senior officers of one of Her Majesty's ships can punish.

Photo by A. S. Hurd.

A marine on sentry-go.

In the official scale prepared by the authorities, the captain or commander before whom the ship's police bring delinquents every morning before dinner, finds every punishment to fit every departure from the road of naval virtue. These include the stopping of grog, leave, or pay, the shortening of the meal hours, or the devotion of those times of leisure to odd jobs that a man

Photo by Symonds.

The discipline of a gun's crew. A six-inch gun in action.

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usually has at his command. The most common form of punishment is what is known as "1OA," from the division and subdivision wherein it is specified by the Admiralty, and those who are ordered three, seven, or ten days "1OA," are said to be on the "black list." If the regulations affecting this punishment were strictly carried out, a sailor thus sentenced would have a very bad time. Strictly, an "1OA" man rises an hour before the rest of the crew, is doomed to stop on deck away from his messmates during meal hours, taking his meals under the supervision of a sentry. His grog is stopped, and he is not allowed to smoke, but devotes to work the time that his messmates dedicate to the weed and yarning. In one sense "black list" men are a most useful portion of a ship's company, for they are always available for odd jobs, and usually not pleasant ones. In few ships are these men treated to the full severity of "1OA," as officers find that with most men it is a good investment to let them know that they have been ordered less than their full punishment. Another punishment that is frequently ordered is known as "1OB," and consists in standing on the quarterdeck during the time set apart for smoking.

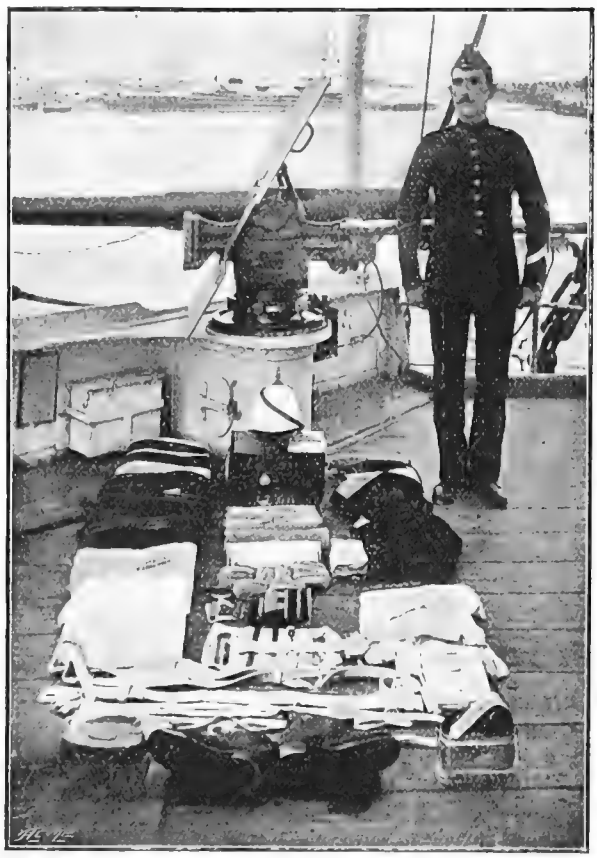

Photo by Symonds.

A marine's kit. Discipline requires every man to have his clothes in perfect order.

If the captain feels that his limit of punishment would not accurately meet some offence, he applies, as has already been explained, to the commander-in-chief for a court-martial, which may sentence a man to a period of imprisonment not exceeding two years. He will soon find himself incarcerated in Bodmin or Lewes gaol, probably with dismissal from the service with or without disgrace, according to the decision of the court, or it may degrade him, or dismiss him from his ship. With the approval of the Admiralty, corporal punishment may be ordered.

A court-martial is unlike any tribunal ashore. If the admiral is satisfied that there is good reason for a trial, he appoints a senior officer to act as a president, and associated with him are other officers, the junior of whom gives his verdict first. The prisoner, having had twenty-four hours notice of the charge against him, may ask a friend to conduct his defence, and this "friend" may be a barrister, in which case he enjoys no other rights than belong to an ordinary friend. The trial is held in public, and the court is cleared while the officers consider their verdict. If it is announced that the accused has been found guilty, his service record is stated, and sentence passed at once, whereas in a military court it is deferred until the General commanding has reviewed the evidence. In naval cases the prisoner has the satisfaction of knowing his fate at once, and the Admiral, by whom the case is afterwards considered, rarely interferes, and still less frequently does the Advocate of the Fleet, the Right Hon. Alexander Staveley Hill, Q.C., M.P., make any objection.

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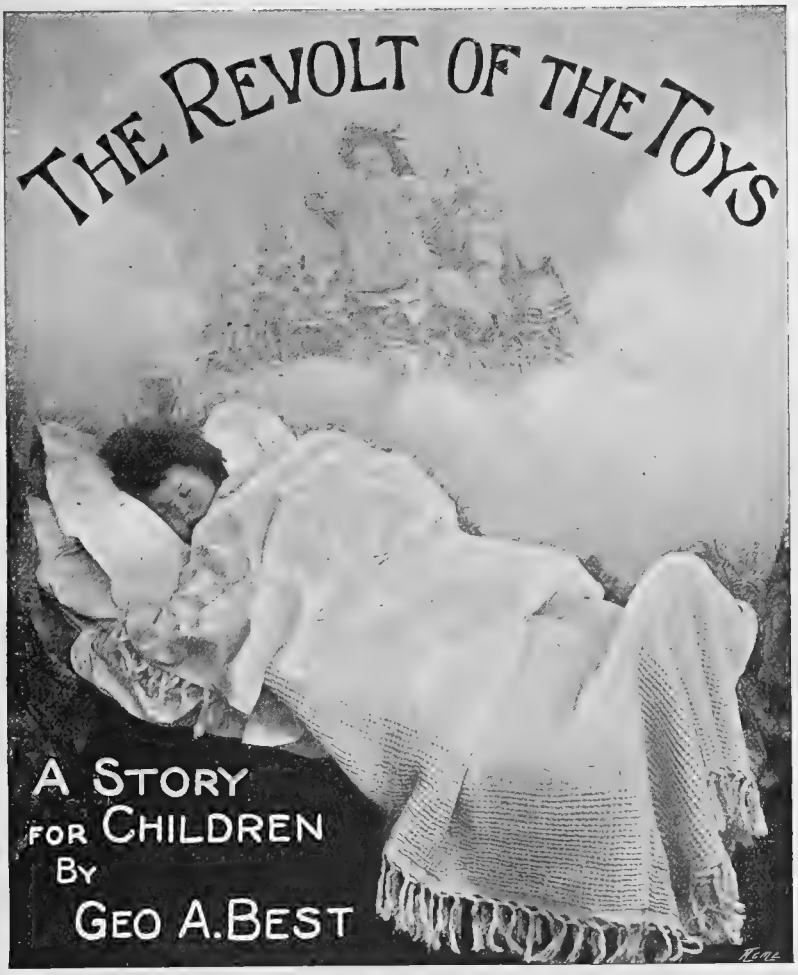

Illustrated with Photographs by Arthur Ullyett, Leigh-on-Sea.

LESLIE had forgotten to bring his new toy elephant up to bed with him, and as this was the little man's invariable custom with his latest plaything, he could not sleep, but tossed wearily about in his cot. Leslie's father had brought home the elephant only a few hours previously, and being so far a perfectly healthy and well-formed animal, its owner regarded it as an ideal bedfellow. In a few days' time, when the trunk would assuredly be broken, and the elephant unable to stand without the support of the nursery wall, Leslie would be content to leave it among the other doll cripples and miscellaneous wreckage, which filled a large cupboard in the playroom; but on this particular night he determined to secure his latest and only respectable looking toy at all hazards.

So when everybody else had retired to rest for the night, and the house was perfectly still and quiet, Leslie crept noislessly down the wide staircase, and cautiously opened the nursery door.

To his intense surprise, our little friend became aware of the fact that the apartment was dimly illuminated by a pair of tiny china candles, which had appeared on the Christmas tree, and which he had endeavoured to light at the nursery fire without success. In fact, he had held them in the flames for such a length of time that the candles were quite black and sooty, and the four which originally decorated a cunningly-fashioned candelabra

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were reduced to two. And now this obstinate pair of apparently fireproof candles were burning brightly with a tiny blue flame, which only illuminated the nursery table, leaving the rest of the room in shadow.

While Leslie was still gazing at the strange light, a toy clock (which possessed no works at all) suddenly struck twelve, and while the last stroke was still buzzing in the air, the doors of the lumber cupboard were flung open by the pressure of a large crowd of cripples inside. A one-and-twopenny policeman emerged first with a loud cry of "Stand back, there!" which really frightened Leslie to such an extent that he sat down in the darkest corner of the room, and trembled even more violently than if a real constable had appeared on the scene.

Leslie crept noiselessly down the wide staircase.

It seemed so absurd that this tiny policeman, whom Leslie had actually scalped with an oyster knife on the previous day, should march across the table on one leg with such an air of official dignity, even while the sawdust flowed in a stream from a nasty wound in his chest, and his left arm, hanging on a single thread, swung to and fro. Leslie's fingers itched to bang the policeman's head on the hard floor till his eyes fell out, in order to teach him his place. But the rag and sawdust official, crippled and maimed though he was, had assumed so commanding a presence that the silent watcher could only cower down in the shadow, and gaze with widely opened eyes at the strange little figure, and the queer crowd which followed.

A ragged and disreputable doll, suffering from a horrible form of sunstroke which had scarred her features in the manner of small-pox, carried in her arms a china baby which had lost both legs in a terrible railway accident. And a tin fire engine (which had been cruelly thrown on the top of the blaze because it accidentally squirted half a pint of water in Leslie's face instead of upon the burning building) was drawn across the table by a naked india rubber-doll, while a gutta percha cat (horribly disfigured by numerous combats with a mechanical barking dog of tin) walked

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A china baby lost both its legs in a terrible railway accident.

by the side of a lion, which had been shot so often by a spring gun that it bled plaster-of-paris at every step.

These, and many other crippled and broken toys, marched or were dragged around the nursery table before the eyes of their undiscovered owner, who, speechless with astonishment and alarm, cowered in the darkest corner of the nursery during the early hours of that memorable morning.

And when the pitiful procession had travelled the whole length of the table, the various members thereof arranged themselves in a circle around the sun-stricken doll, who, on account of her greater age and superior height, had apparently been proclaimed "Queen of the Nursery," as all remarks addressed to her by the others were prefaced with the words, "If your Majesty pleases."

As soon as the last member of this novel Parliament had taken his seat, the Queen adjusted a pair of spectacles, many sizes too large for her, and, unrolling a lengthy speech, addressed the House in the following well-chosen words:—

"My Lords, Gentlemen, and other Animals,—We are assembled here to-day for the solemn purpose of uniting against a common enemy, who has robbed us of our birthright, our limbs, and, in fact, of everything which makes the life of a middle-class toy worth living. This great country," she continued impressively, pointing successively to the four corners of the nursery as she spoke, "this great and progressive country has been laid waste by the hand of the Destroyer—its inhabitants have been boiled, roasted, and buried alive; its railways destroyed; its dwellings razed to the ground by fire; its animals tortured! My Lords and Gentlemen, lend me your ears."

Here a toy donkey, who was always doing something stupid, plucked out a pair of ragged ears, and gracefully laid them at her Majesty's feet.

"Our infirmary (the Queen pointed to the cupboard) is packed from floor to ceiling with cripples, and my own bed is at present occupied by a camel, a cheap clown, and two rag dolls, all of whom have been recently carried to the accident ward as a direct result of the disasters brought about by the Destroyer.

"And now, my loyal subjects," continued the Queen, "it only remains for you to devise some means whereby this Destroyer may be justly punished for the horrible crimes committed in this vast country."

"We'll not submit! Down with the tyrant!" cried the assembly in chorus.

The Queen of the toys reading her speech.

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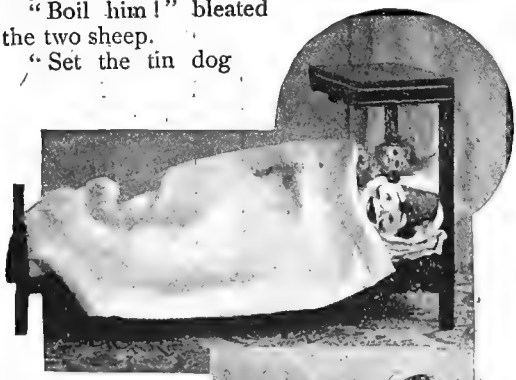
"It's all very well to say you will not submit, and down with the tyrant!" said the Queen. "But how can we best down him?"

"Bury him alive in the Cat's Cemetery!" suggested Noah.

"Boil him!" bleated the two sheep.

"Set the tin dog at him!" mewed the gutta-percha cat.



The infirmary was packed with cripples, and one bed was occupied by a camel, a clown, and two rag dolls.

"How many men can we place in the field?" asked the Queen.

"Shoot the villain with his own spring gun!" roared the plaster-of-paris lion.

"Order, gentlemen!" commanded the half-headed policeman. "If I were only about four feet taller I'd scalp the Destroyer single-handed!"

Hereupon the india-rubber doll, who had not spoken hitherto, pressed himself against the Queen's throne, and squeaked three times to command silence.

"If your Majesty pleases," he began—"although I am ashamed to appear before your Majesty without proper evening dress" (the poor fellow wore nothing at all, as a matter of fact)—"if your Majesty pleases," continued the speaker, "I would suggest that our great army of leaden soldiers can be gathered together in a few hours, and I am surprised that on an occasion of this sort, our soldiers should never have been thought of by the other speakers."

"I have never lost sight of my noble army," replied the Queen, with swift dignity, "nor have I yet ceased to regret the loss of our Commander-in-Chief, who, you will remember, was cruelly melted in an ordinary saucepan in order to provide a ball for a new cannon used by the Destroyer. How many men can we place in the field?"

"Fifty-two, all told, your Majesty," was the prompt reply.

"How many guns?"

"Two muzzle-loaders, one pop-gun and a pea-shooter," answered the india-rubber War Secretary.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Leslie from the dark corner. He had not intended to betray his whereabouts in this way, but the mischief was done before he was aware of it.

"The Destroyer is present; we are undone!" shrieked the Queen.

"Call the army!" yelled the War Secretary breathlessly.

The Queen threw herself off the table with a loud cry of "Victory!"

"Army! Army! Army!" roared the others.

"It's my army! I bought it!" cried Leslie, boldly, as the fifty-two soldiers dashed on to the table in answer to the first notes of a brass bugle, which was tooting by itself in a most absurd way.

The confusion at this moment cannot be

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described. Cannon clattered across the table; a toy band commenced to play "God Save the Queen;" the pop-gun, carried away by excitement, shot a volley of corks at nothing in particular; the hooves of twenty leaden horses clattered incessantly; the pea-shooter exploded suddenly for no earthly reason; infantry advanced with a steady tramp; cavalry galloped to and fro with drawn swords; Members of Parliament howled themselves hoarse; Noah got in everybody's way, and was eventually gored by his own oxen; the Queen threw herself off the table with a wild cry of "Victory!" and her cracked head flew around the room in twenty pieces.

"Nurseryland expects that every toy this day will do its duty!"

The horrible confusion and hubbub continued, until the india-rubber doll climbed on the wreckage of the clockwork train (which lay upside down, with its wheels still spinning and humming), and, pointing dramatically towards the Destroyer, cried in a voice distinctly audible above the ear splitting racket:—

"Nurseryland expects that every toy this day will do its duty!"

The grand army immediately responded with a ringing cheer, and, forming into sections, advanced in splendid order towards the spot occupied by the enemy.

"January — February — quick march!" yelled the officers. And the table vibrated with the steady tramp of armed men.

Leslie was seated at this awful moment on a tin box which contained exactly six

The grand army advanced in splendid order towards the spot occupied by the enemy.

The noble six charged right into the centre of the advancing rebels—right into the mouths of the roaring cannon.

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cavalry soldiers mounted on beautiful white horses, whom he had always treated with great kindness and consideration, and who, he was delighted to note, had not joined in the rebellion against him. So, opening the lid of the box, he drew a single handful of mounted soldiers out, placed the horses on their feet, and commanded them to charge the oncoming army.

In the face of such enormous odds the order seemed a ridiculous one; but loyal soldiers never question the wisdom of a command of this sort. So the noble six charged right into the centre of the advancing rebels; right into the mouths of the roaring cannon; right through the lines of the opposing force!

Four of these gallant men were shot dead after each killing five of the enemy; and when the only surviving two wheeled round and again dashed through the ranks of the rebels, they were unfortunately mowed down by a badly aimed clothes brush, which Leslie had hurled at a troop of cavalry who were charging his left foot.

In another moment the army fell upon Leslie with a wild yell of triumph. His arms and legs were struck in a dozen places by sword and by lance; volley after volley of peas were fired into his face; and the little rebels laughed gleefully when their smarting and defeated enemy cried aloud for mother and nurse.

The india-rubber doll, mounted on a grey charger, was just about to thrust a sharply pointed stick of pencil into Leslie's side; and the trigger of a cannon loaded with five percussion caps and a long pin was already drawn back, when the whole army suddenly disappeared in a mist of white smoke; the nursery table faded away in the same mysterious manner, and Leslie awoke to find mother and nurse bending over his bed.

Leslie awoke to find mother and nurse bending over his bed.

"What is the matter, little one?" asked mother.

"Soldiers of the Queen, an' cannons, an' broken toys, mamma!" sobbed Leslie, rubbing his eyes. "Where are they all?"

"You've had a nasty dream, Leslie, that's all," was the reply.

"I've been pricked to deaf with lances an' swords—look at my poor legs!" cried Leslie.

"Pins and needles, poor little fellow!" murmured nurse, sympathetically.

"No it isn't," contradicted Leslie. "They're real wounds. All my toys have tried to kill me in the nursery—all but the noble six—an' there's been an awful row down there—bang! bang! crashin', smashin', quackin', an' the Queen suicidin'! Didn't you hear it?'

"He must not have any more large apples just before going to bed, nurse," said Leslie's mamma, gravely.

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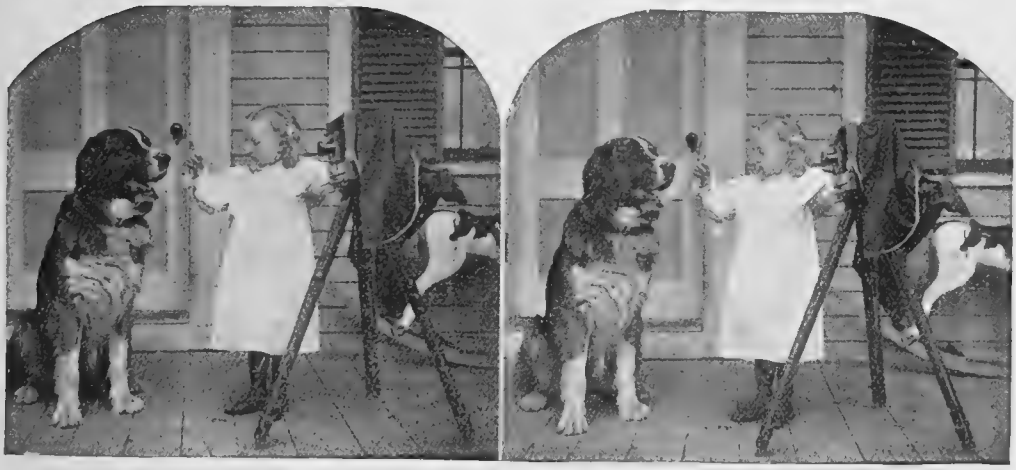
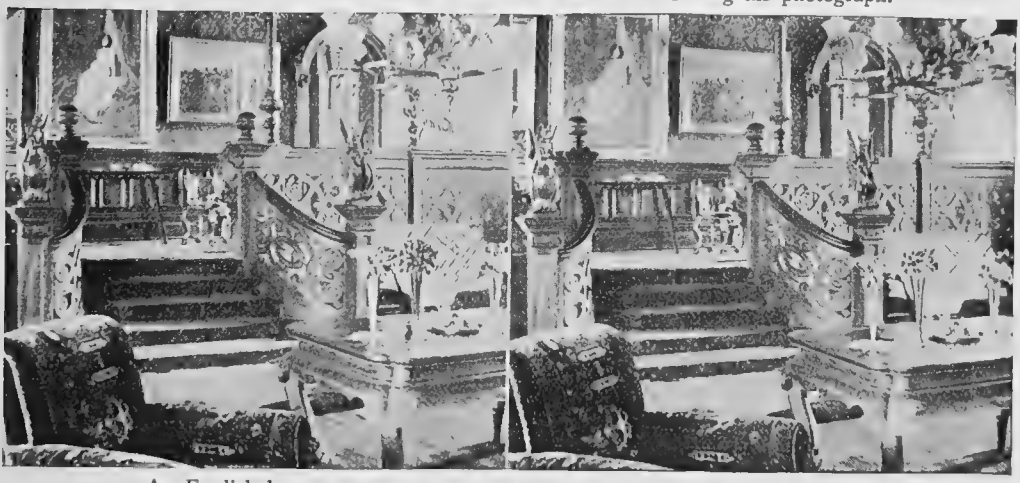
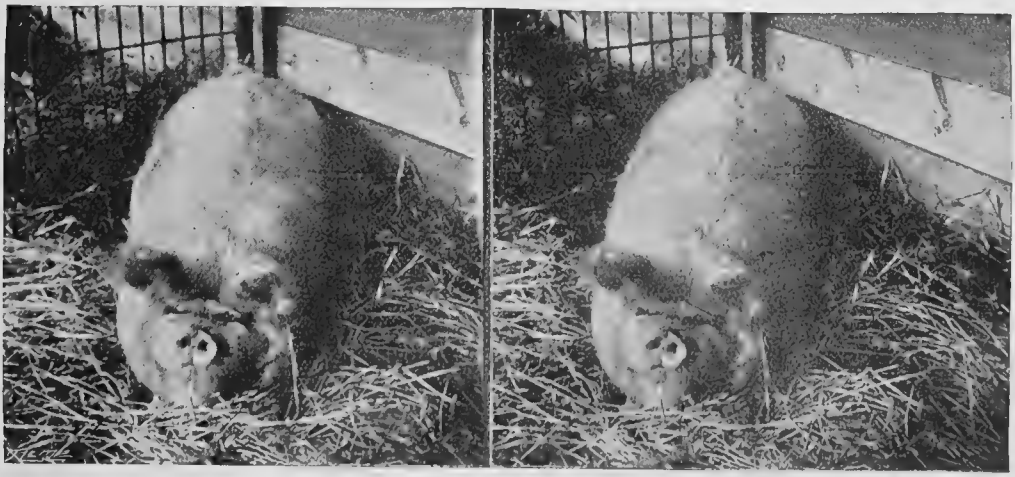
OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY.



Taking his photograph.



An English home.



An object of admiration.

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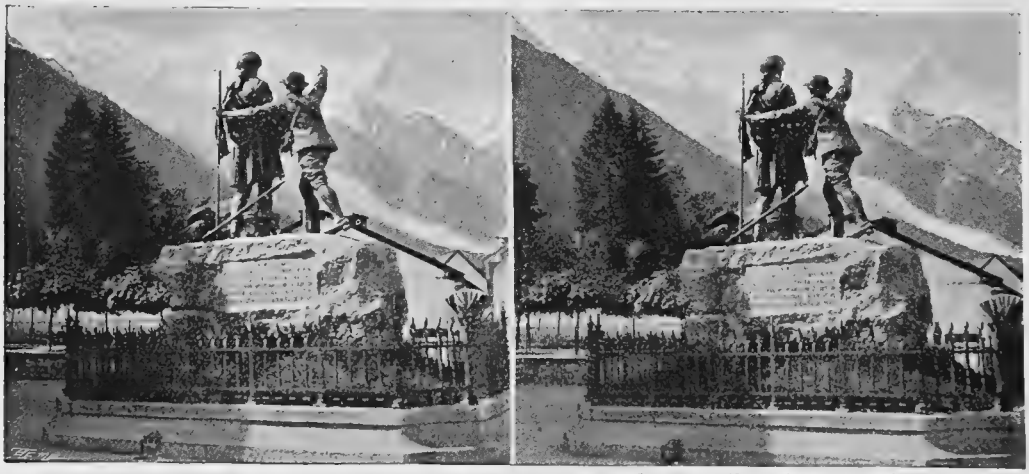
Moonlight frost effects.



In the valley of Chamounix.

Skating on the frozen river at Niagara.

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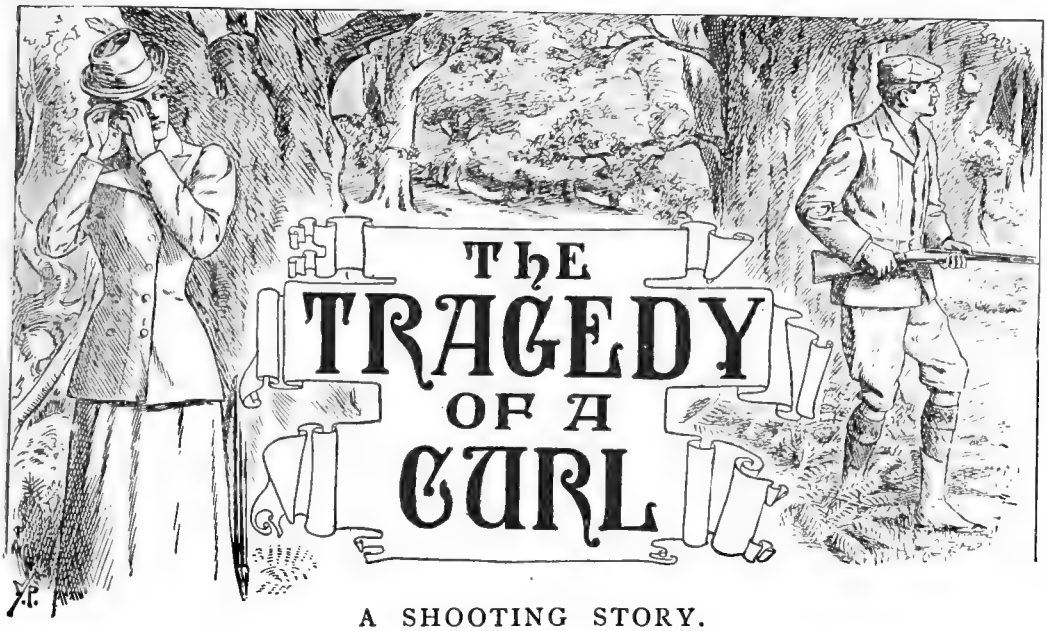

A SHOOTING STORY.

By Catherine Adams.

They had quarrelled over the matter all the morning. Being cousins they felt that they were privileged to say some disagreeable truths to one another, and also, being of the gender feminine, these same truths were made as unpalatable as possible. One or two remarks, especially, had the effect as they reached the person at whom they were launched of having been steeped in vinegar and then dipped in the stinging venom of adders.

And it was such a small matter after all.

Miss Le Marchant had simply preferred her request to be driven in the luncheon cart when it went to meet the shooters. Her cousin, Mrs. Frere, had as simply negatived such a proceeding, and had told Miss Le Marchant that her husband would be downright mad with her if she were to break through his hard and fast rule of "no petticoats on the first and second days of September."

"He won't mind about us joining them after the two first days, but the first and second are sacred to the men. Of course, it is awfully good of Jem to let us in at all, for he is old-fashioned, you know, and there is not the least doubt that we do spoil sport sometimes."

"Oh, nonsense!" Miss Le Marchant had retorted, "I am convinced that Jem will not mind a bit. You are trying to put me off because you don't like to own how very uncomfortably tight your shooting dress has become since last year. Really, Molly, you are putting on flesh most alarmingly."

"I'd rather be plump than scraggy," the other lady had flashed back, and then had followed that smart passage of arms in which both ladies had lost their tempers.

"Well," Mrs. Frere at length snapped, "are we going to waste the whole day in making nasty remarks at one another's expense?"

"No," said Miss Le Marchant, calming down and changing her tactics, "I will take you into my confidence, if you promise on your honour, that you will never give me away, not even to Jem!"

"Not even to Jem!" echoed Mrs. Frere. "My dear Gwen, I never think of telling him secrets. But I promise to respect your confidence, I'll swear it if you like." She quite forgot their recent war of words in her eagerness to hear the secret.

"Sir Jasper Sykes," began Miss Le Marchant.

"Oh," said Mrs. Frere, comprehensively, and with wide opened eyes, "how stupid of me! Really, Gwen, I am truly sorry to have been so dense in spoking your wheel so horridly. I quite understand. Sir Jasper is leaving here on the third; there is not much time. Do you think that he means anything?"

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"How can I tell?" her cousin said a little irritably. "You know what men are. No, you married so absurdly young, how should you know? Last night we were in the billiard-room, he seemed quite romantic, another minute and I really think that he would have spoken, but Jem came in and the opportunity was lost."

"Dear dunderhead! so like Jem!" murmured that gentleman's spouse. "Still Gwen, you must not hope too much, for I know that Sir Jasper has the reputation of approaching a certain point, and then—it may be mere fastidiousness or a shrinking from the inevitable plunge—he retires gracefully."

"Perhaps he has never met the right woman," said Miss Le Marchant, softly.

"Possibly. Still you shall have your chance. I will brave Jem's anger and the scowls of the others, and we will take out the luncheon. That in itself should ensure us a good reception, for we will not be exactly late nor will we be a minute too soon." Which remark showed that Mrs. Frere understood the workings of the masculine mind, or as she herself would have termed it, she understood "the material necessities of the brute."

"It is a mercy that Sir Jasper is so short-sighted," Mrs. Frere thought as she looked critically at her cousin and noted how the morning light showed up the wrinkles and fading hair. "Really, she is getting quite on the shelf, it is time she was settled."

A few minutes after the time appointed the luncheon cart lurched round the corner of the sandy road, and into the view of the hungry sportsmen.

"What! the dickens!" said Mr. Frere, as he caught sight of the ladies. His brow was very stern as he helped his wife to alight. "Now, Mary——"

"Yes, dear," she interposed quickly, "don't be vexed—I promise never to transgress again."

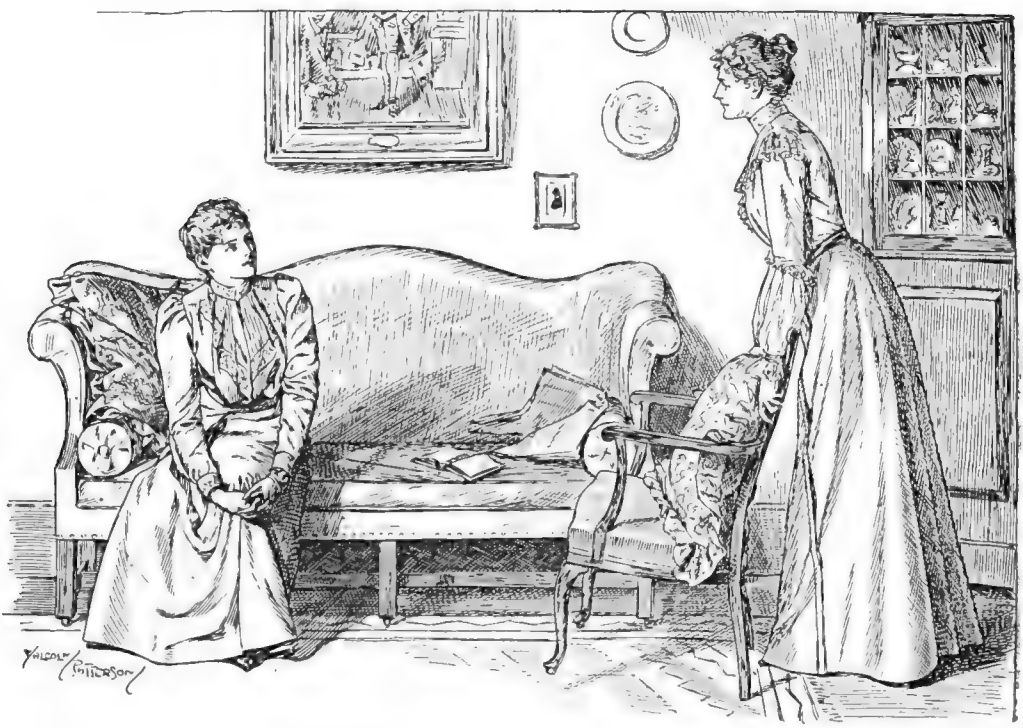
"Why have you put on that dress?"

"Why, to—to shoot, of course, just this once," she pleaded.

But her lord was not appeased so easily. He muttered something not at all complimentary to the sighting abilities of ladies in general.

"We don't shoot a bit worse than Sir Jasper," his wife said spiritedly.

"Oh, well, he is a muff. But I am bound to have him. He lets me do pretty well as I



"I will take you into my confidence if you promise, on your honour, never to give me away."

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please with his pheasants, you see. So it is give-and-take."

"Well, isn't it a little bit of give-and-take in our case too?" she asked slily. "Don't you ever displease me?" This was turning the tables on him, and he forebore to say any more.

The spot selected for lunch was an ideal one. A little hollow which dipped unexpectedly in the hillside, and which appeared, among the stretches of brown stubbly fields, like a welcome oasis. A tiny stream rippling among the lush grasses at the bottom of the warren, served as a natural wine cooler, and overhead the sun failed to trouble them through the thick canopy of young beech and oak.

"Now, Sykes, will you take your place there with Miss Le Marchant?"

Sir Jasper installed himself by Miss Le Marchant's side. Jem Frere looked across at them curiously.

"Capital rig-out, that of Gwen's," he remarked to his wife.

"Um—yes," she said with a smile.

"Oh, *that* is why you came. She wants to impress Sykes."

"I did not say so," his wife said, remembering her promise.

"She will never bring Sykes to book. He is too cute, and Gwen, well, Gwen is getting on, eh?"

"It is quite time that she was settled, or she never will be. Now, dear, you will give her a very nice place, won't you?"

"I could not give her a better place than next to Sykes, I guess," he chuckled. "He is an infernal bad shot, shoots wide, all over the place. He has got a perfect genius for disabling birds without killing 'em. But he might shoot Gwen, though," he added as an afterthought.

"Oh, nonsense, he won't mistake *her* for a bird."

Lunch over, they came out of the shady hollow and into the glare of the hot afternoon sun. It had been an exceptionally hot summer, notable for its exceeding drought. The harvest had nearly all been garnered in early in August, the stubble had turned from gold to dark brown, and crackled under foot like tinder. They left the plough for the turnips. Here, again, the dry season told its tale in the sparse show of green.

"No lay at all for the birds this year," grumbled Frere; "but we did not do so badly this morning over Hartwell, and, of course, the drive this afternoon ought to bring the bag up to the average. Now,

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Sykes, will you take your place there with Miss Le Marchant?" and he indicated a clump of hazels that overtopped the hedge. "Gwen, you had better get to the leeward of Sir Jasper. She will, perhaps, manage to bring over some of his maimed birds," he told his wife as they left the couple. "There are some hurdles put up in the next field; you can come with me and Grant, only *mind*, Molly, I dare you to shoot until I give you the word."

"Very well," she answered meekly, remembering how she was transgressing in being present at all.

The other shooters were soon assigned their respective positions. The Freres and Captain Grant stood ready in their hurdled entrenchment waiting for the drive to commence. Five, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour passed.

"How very long they are in beating them up," sighed Mrs. Frere impatiently.

"There they are," cried Frere, and over the crest of some swelling ground appeared the long line of beaters, their little flags fluttering gaily as they started the coveys.

"Hang them!" said Jem irritably, "why will they keep so close together?" Did I not tell them to widen the line more! They can compare notes as much as they like afterwards."

"Which shows that even menfolk like to gossip over their work sometimes," said his wife slily.

Then the work of slaughter began. Bang! bang! the detonating reports reached them in quick succession as the sportsmen nearest the line of beaters got their innings.

"There are some more fellows in the fields facing us; they ought to be working this way now. Oh, there they are. Now, Grant, ready. Molly, remember instructions."

Meanwhile the pair under the hazels were awaiting their turn complacently enough. Miss Le Marchant was making the best use of her time and impressing her companion as agreeably as she could, deferring to his views on shooting in general, and especially upon the desirability of partridge-driving. In spite of her close propinquity to old-maidism Miss Le Marchant was looking extremely well. Her shooting costume was of the latest and most approved pattern, and if her slim figure erred too much by way of slimness it suited the severe exigencies of her business-like attire. Sir Jasper eyed her approvingly through his glasses.

"Yes," he said in answer to a question of hers, "we did pretty well this morning, but the birds get wilder every year. Of course, the dry seasons account in a degree for their shyness, deficiency of covert, you see. The stubbles, too, by reason of so much reaping machinery, can scarcely be esteemed cover for the birds. If it had not been for a capital crop of mustard this morning our bag would have made a poor show."

"Why, now, how very reasonable that all sounds," said the lady, "how well you reason it all out."

Then he explained the advantages of the new single-trigger guns, in which Miss Le Marchant professed to be very interested.

"She is a downright sensible woman," he said to himself, "so deucedly pleasant, too: I might do worse than——" but his thoughts were interrupted suddenly.

"Mark! mark!" cried the lady excitedly.

"Where, where?" said Sir Jasper.

"There!" and she pointed to a feathery, brown mass coming tremulously towards them.

The baronet was too short sighted to be able to detach and aim at a single bird of the covey, but he shot straight into the mass, banging off his two barrels hap-hazard.

"Missed!" was on the tip of Miss Le Marchant's tongue, but with consummate diplomacy she checked the exclamation in time, and firing her two barrels in quick succession, managed to bring down two birds.

"Two to you, Sir Jasper," she said quietly, "I bungled my aim that time."

"Never mind," he said, taking her word that it was as she had said. "You must not be so precipitous next time."

"Of course, you can't expect a mere woman to hit off birds quite like a man," said the wily lady, inwardly thanking her stars that she had kept her shooting prowess a dead secret. Not even Mrs. Frere was aware how desperately hard she had practised under the supervision of her father's head keeper.

"Here they come again, mark," she cried a few minutes later.

"By Jove! Frere has put us into quite a hot corner," chuckled Sir Jasper, "he will be quite sorry he did not stay here himself, won't he, Miss Le Marchant?"

Bang! bang! he shot at random again, and wounded two poor birdies, who, however, soon received a merciful quietus from the lady's gun.

"Another brace to you, Sir Jasper," smiled the lady.

And so the little comedy went on. They were not only particularly lucky in getting

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"Another brace to you, Sir Jasper," smiled the lady.

coveys of birds their way, but stray birds kept flying past them in their flight from the other guns. Sir Jasper had never had such luck, and he was positively beaming with good humour and self-congratulation.

Presently a hare came hopping along. He did manage to hit that, seeing that he completely blew off the creature's head. By the time the signal was given to move on, the baronet's capital retriever, Bob, had brought quite a respectable heap of birds to his master's feet.

"Two, four, six, eight, ten—"

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the pleased sportsman.

"Ten and a half brace," counted Miss Le Marchant joyfully.

He actually patted her on the shoulder. "We will stick together, Miss Le Marchant; you have brought me the best of luck. Never mind what Frere says, you and I will see this shoot out together, won't we?"

Miss Le Marchant's face crimsoned all over with pleasure. "Of course, if you wish it, Sir Jasper," she answered demurely. . . . Jem Frere could scarcely believe in the identity of his friend's bag.

"Nonsense! You have changed bags with Simmons and Tyrrell."

No, Messieurs Simmons and Tyrrell, two noted shots, had to own reluctantly that they had only brought down half that number of birds.

"How many did *you* shoot, Gwen?" asked Frere suspiciously.

"I think that I managed three, or was it four birds, Sir Jasper?"

"We will say four," he said magnanimously.

Back again to the plough the party trudged, two at least of their number perfectly content with the proceedings so far.

Though the sun shone fiercely with mid-afternoon heat, the atmosphere was tempered by a cooling breeze that was gaining strength every minute and threatened to develop into a fine, full bodied wind. Miss Le Marchant put up her hand several times and anxiously patted the disarranged curls of her fringe into order. The continual tramping over rough fields and negotiation of high stiles was

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having a demoralising effect on her hair, which the half gale now blowing was not calculated to improve.

At last they arrived at the wood in which the day's programme was to end with a rabbit drive. First up, and then down, the narrow drives they toiled, in and out the golden bracken, then as the little brown creatures came scurrying along, a deafening cannonade was kept up for some minutes.

"You look tired, Miss Le Marchant; suppose we take up our station here," said Sir Jasper, making for the side of a fine oak.

To the right of them a golden mass of bracken stirred gracefully in the wind; on the left, great clumps of blackberry brambles rose above the green sward; oak and beech formed a pleasant screen from the sun; overhead the ringdoves cooed amorously.

"What an ideal spot!" said the lady romantically, when the others had gone out of earshot.

"Capital place to pot off Master Bunny," said her companion, who was still on his sporting mettle. "We'll see if we can't get a record bag."

"I hope so," she said a little drearily. She was tired. It is no joke to go tramping over rough fields in new, tight-fitting boots; it is tiring work to be always wearing one's pleasantest expression when one feels dead beat and is longing for a cup of tea. Still, she had pluck and held on determinedly.

"I shall always remember this day, it is my first big shoot, and, thanks to you, it will be marked as a red-letter day in my calendar."

"Ah! really, that is very nice of you. I shall remember it, too."

"I shall remember it as the luckiest day for shooting that I have ever had."

"That is all he cares about," she thought almost angrily.

The shouts of the beaters came to them faintly from the distance, a robin sang a bright little song from a hazel twig near by; the two stood so quietly, the robin sang so unconcernedly, that a rabbit hopping through the bracken, never dreamed of danger, and came carelessly into the ride.

"I've killed her!" he cried.

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Bang! robin and doves fluttered off, startled out of all consciousness, and a little corpse lay in the path.

"Capital," said Sir Jasper, "really I am in fine form to-day."

At that moment a great gust of wind came tearing through the trees, sending quite a whirlwind of leaves before it.

"Oh!" said Miss Le Marchant, hastily clapping her hand to her head.

But she was too late. Something soft and fluffy went scurrying along in the wind.

Bob had just retrieved the rabbit.

"Heavens!" thought Gwen, "if he should retrieve *that*, and bring it to his master.

Without a thought of the danger, she flew in pursuit of one of the little artificial curls which she was wont to pin in among her tresses to increase their bulk. It would be death to her hopes if Sir Jasper saw it. Anxiously she ran and caught up the little bunch of curling hair. With her back turned to her companion she quickly pinned it in its place again. Then she turned to go back. At that very moment a rabbit came scampering along.

"Stop where you are," called Sir Jasper, hastily raising his gun to his shoulder.

Miss Le Marchant could not have heard, for she ran right into his line of fire just as he sent one of his haphazard shots at the rabbit.

Miss Le Marchant fell like a stone.

"My God!" gasped Sir Jasper, "what have I done?"

He ran to the lady's side. She was lying perfectly inert and as white as a sheet.

"I've killed her!" he cried. Then he sent up a shout for help, and kneeling down by her side, rubbed her hands vigorously and peered anxiously into her face.

"Such a nice woman," he murmured, "I shall never forgive myself," and so on, incoherently, until help arrived.

Faces, with horror writ large upon them, came and glowered at the luckless baronet.

"Good lord!" said Jem Frere, "how on earth did you manage it?"

But Sir Jasper was past explaining, he could only groan and wring his hands helplessly.

Then Mrs. Frere came hurrying up. "Oh, Jem! is Gwen shot? is she hurt?" Then, as no one answered, "Oh dear, is she killed?" Hysterics seemed imminent.

"We must get her home at once, Molly, I have felt her pulse and tried to find if her heart is beating, but, there, there, little woman, don't fret so, it may not be so bad as we think. We must hope for the best."

Now that stereotyped phrase, "Hope for the best," is not calculated to inspire confidence, and Mrs. Frere sobbed afresh. The unhappy cause of the tragedy looked as wretched and woeful as did Mrs. Frere. The latter suddenly remembered his share in the disaster. She turned on him like a little fury.

"You have monopolised Gwen the whole afternoon, and now, *now* you finish by shooting her. Poor girl! she was so fond of you, too. Oh! I cannot ever, ever forgive you!"

"Oh, don't!" said Sir Jasper. "I shall be wretched for the rest of my life."

Mrs. Frere knelt down by her cousin's side.

"Look, Jem!" holding back Miss Le Marchant's coat, "the shots went through this."

"Just over her heart—it must have been instantaneous," said Jem.

And Sir Jasper felt as if he had heard his own death knell.

A hurdle which had been hurriedly sent for, was now brought up, and the inanimate form of Miss Le Marchant placed on it and carried from the wood to the luncheon cart waiting outside.

At a slow walking pace the solemn little *cortége* made its way to the Grange.

While waiting for the doctor, Mrs. Frere, sobbing bitterly the while, helped her maid to undress her hapless cousin.

"Look, Stubbs, that is where the shot penetrated." And she held up the coat for the woman to see. The shot holes could be seen very plainly.

"He fairly riddled the poor thing," said Mrs. Frere, with passion.

They then removed the waistcoat. It was a pretty affair, all of scarlet cloth lined with leather.

"There, ma'am, you can see where the shot went in this, too, and now it is buried in her poor heart," croaked the maid. As she turned the waistcoat she started: "Why, bless me, they have not gone through!"

"*What!*" screamed Mrs. Frere. "Then she can't be shot!" she cried joyfully. And forthwith she began to apply such stringent restoratives that in a few minutes Miss Le Marchant gave a little gasp and opened her eyes.

"What is it?" she asked faintly.

"Oh, dearest Gwen, you have given us the most awful fright! I am so thankful it is all right. We thought you were shot."

"Did Sir Jasper think so?" she asked nervously.

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"He is in the depths of despair. Look, this saved you!" holding up the waistcoat.

"It is a shot-proof one," murmured the sufferer.

"You will have to give the inventor a ripping testimonial, anyway," said Mrs. Frere. "Of course, it was the shot pitching just over your heart that sent you off into that dead faint. I never thought to hear you speak again."

Then the doctor's arrival cut short the lady's raptures.

The medico's report coincided with Mrs. Frere's deduction. Miss Le Marchant had been rendered insensible by the shock.

"If the shot had penetrated the waistcoat, she would have been shot through the heart," he said gravely.

"*Shot through the heart!*" said Mrs. Frere with due emphasis, as she reported the happy issue of what had threatened to be a most direful tragedy. "Oh, Sir Jasper, is it not awful to think of it?"

"I can never, never be thankful enough," he said, regarding the waistcoat, which Mrs. Frere had thought good policy to exhibit, with due awe.

"And how will you show your gratitude?" she demanded quickly.

"Eh, what?" he stammered.

"Do you think a testimonial to the inventor and patentee of the shot-proof waistcoat sufficiently adequate."

"I hardly know," he said lamely.

"By-the-by, Gwen wished me to tell you that she holds you blameless in the matter. She says that it was her fault entirely."

"Nonsense, I will not have her blamed. I did call, but I ought not to have let fly. I suppose there is no possibility of my being allowed to see her? I would wish to make my apology as soon as possible."

"Shot through the heart!" said Mrs. Frere.
"Oh, Sir Jasper, is it not awful to think of?"

The baronet saw Miss Le Marchant that evening, "And really," said Mrs. Frere to her husband afterwards, "Gwen looked quite pretty in that pink tea-gown of hers, and flushed up charmingly when he came into my sitting-room, where she is resting on the sofa."

"Yes, and then," said her husband, curiously, "what happened next?"

"Oh, you old goose! I did not wait to see. I just stepped out of the room."

"Well, what I never shall be able to fathom is, why Gwen ran out like that to do her own retrieving."

"Well, that is a mystery," said his wife mendaciously, for she had been told the story of the wind-wafted curl.

The inventor of the shot-proof waistcoat did not receive any laudatory testimonial for publication, but on the consummation of their marriage, Sir Jasper and Lady Sykes sent him a very handsome cheque.

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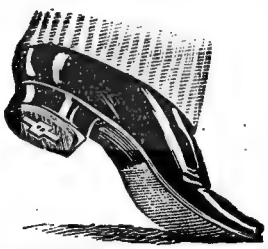

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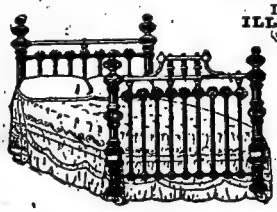

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